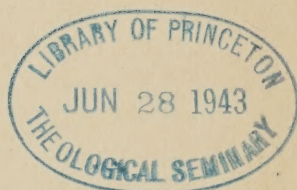
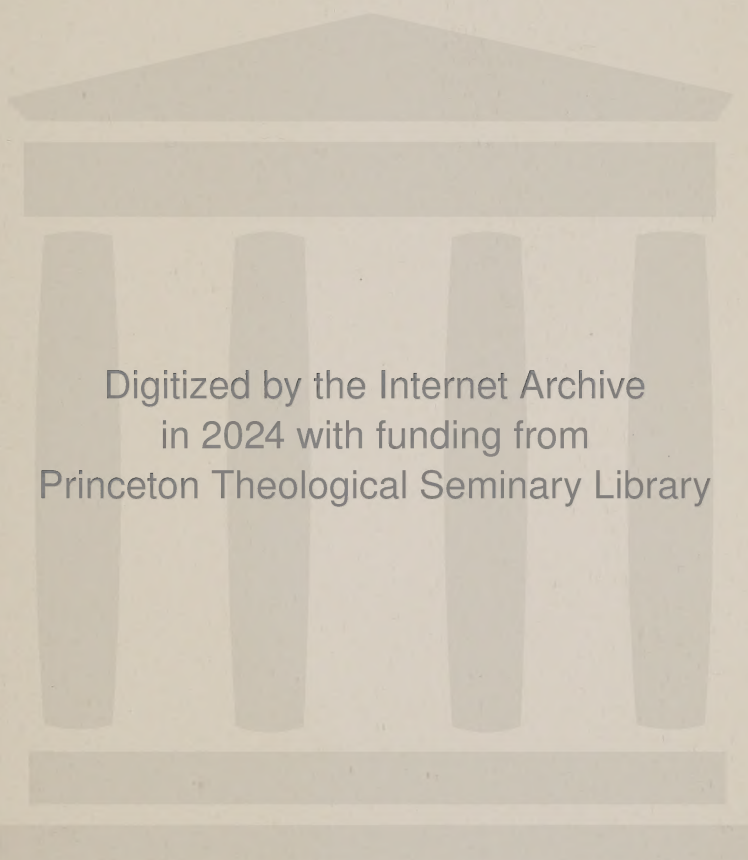


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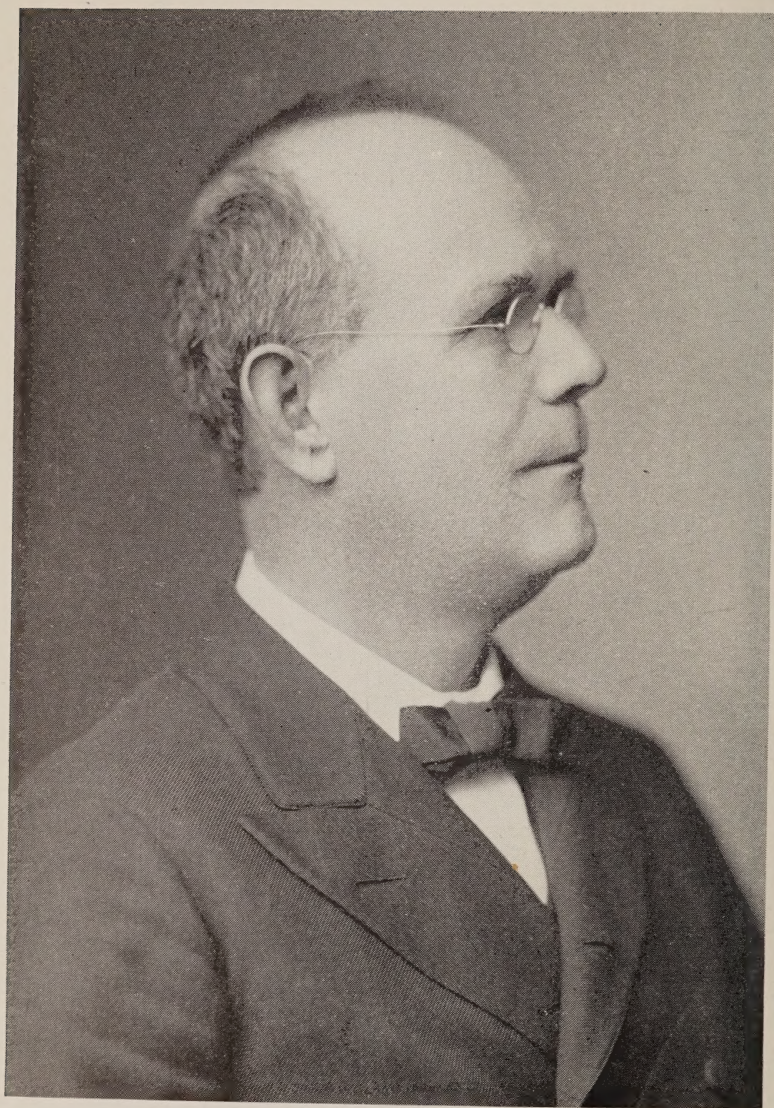
ECUMENICAL METHODIST



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Martin, Isaac Patton, 1867-
Elijah Embree Hoss,
ecumenical Methodist



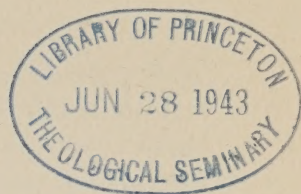
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BISHOP ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

Ecumenical Methodist



By ✓
ISAAC PATTON MARTIN

PARTHENON PRESS
METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
NASHVILLE

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

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Holston Conference
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SET UP, PRINTED, AND BOUND BY THE
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FOREWORD

A SHORT time after the death of Bishop E. E. Hoss, the late Rev. Andrew J. Lamar, D.D., then Senior Publishing Agent of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, proposed to publish a biography of the distinguished Bishop. It was known among the friends of Bishop Hoss that he had kept a diary. In a letter to Bishop Collins Denny, Dr. Sessler Hoss wrote of the papers which his father had left, and which he thought would be of value to the Church. The library and papers of Bishop Hoss were in his home at Muskogee, Okla., which the son had shared with his father, but the brilliant son survived his father for only a brief period. In some unaccountable way diaries and papers disappeared and have not been found. This irreparable loss delayed the work of preparing a biography, so that a regrettable lapse of time occurred before it was possible to assemble material for the writing of a life of Bishop Hoss. Earnest effort has been made to recover these papers. Their use would have added greatly to the value of this biography.

In the absence of these papers it has been necessary to rely, chiefly, upon the Journals of the Holston Conference and of the General Conference; and upon the Church Press of the Methodist Churches, North and South, the Press of other Churches, and the Secular Press; and upon such of the correspondence of Bishop Hoss as had been preserved by his daughter, and especially by Bishop Collins Denny, both of whom have given me free access to this correspondence.

I have been vividly aware of the difficulty of writing the life of Bishop Hoss. A seasoned writer might well have hesitated before trying to write the biography of a man of such brilliant and versatile personality. Despairing of doing so in a condensed, abstract, objective narrative, I have made the effort to allow Bishop Hoss to tell, as far as possible, the story of his own life. The reader may best judge whether this has been done. Much has been quoted from his correspondence, editorials, articles, addresses, and from comments of others. Much of this has been used for the

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

purpose of allowing the reader to see Bishop Hoss as he thought and spoke; as he labored and preached; as he lived and loved. There has been no effort at idealization. Like Elias, Bishop Hoss "was a man subject to like passions as we are." He was a man of flesh and blood; but he was also a man of faith and courage.

The generosity of many persons has been of inestimable value to me. Mrs. Mary Hoss Headman, who modestly calls herself a Searcher of Records, has displayed untiring zeal in making available such records as she had been able to gather together. Being highly efficient in genealogical research, she has made available many highly valuable documents.

Bishop Denny has allowed the use of his correspondence and has made many valuable suggestions. Dr. Curtis B. Haley has given much valuable aid; as have Mr. R. M. Heriges and Miss Bertha Childs. I am deeply indebted to my son, Robert Martin, for his untiring work in the preparation of the manuscript.

I gladly acknowledge the generous kindness of Dr. Alfred F. Smith, Dr. J. S. French, Bishop Paul B. Kern, and Mrs. William E. Brock, in reading the manuscript and making valuable suggestions for its improvement.

This modest volume is now published in the hope that it may enable those who knew Bishop Hoss to feel, anew, the inspiration of his genius; and that it may preserve to those who did not know him in the flesh, the genial warmth of his personality, the unflagging zeal of his faith in God, and his lifelong devotion to the work to which he was called of God.

Bishop Hoss was a son of the State of Tennessee. He was nurtured by the Holston Conference, to which he dedicated his life in young manhood. When he became a leader of world-wide Methodism he was yet the gracious and tender friend of all his brethren in the Holston Conference. To that great Conference this volume is now dedicated.

ISAAC PATTON MARTIN.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., September 1, 1942.

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BIOGRAPHICAL TABLE

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

- 1849 Born "On Cherokee," April 14.
- 1859 Joined Methodist Church, Jonesboro.
- 1866 Licensed to preach, February 8.
- 1866 Entered Ohio Wesleyan University.
- 1869 Graduated, B.A., Emory and Henry College.
- 1869 Admitted on trial, Holston Conference, September 28.
- 1869 Appointed to Jonesboro, September 29.
- 1870 First article for *Christian Advocate*, August 13.
- 1870 Appointed to Knoxville.
- 1871 Offered himself for missionary work in China.
- 1872 Transferred to California, midsummer.
- 1872 Married Miss Abbie Clark, Knoxville, November 19.
- 1874 Elected President of Pacific Methodist College, Santa Rosa, Calif.
- 1875 Left California; went to Washington City: Mount Vernon Place Church, July.
- 1875 Transferred to Holston, appointed to Asheville, N. C., October.
- 1876 Accepted Professorship in Martha Washington College.
- 1879 Elected President of Martha Washington College.
- 1881 Accepted Professorship at Emory and Henry College.
- 1885 Elected President of Emory and Henry College, June.
- 1885 Elected to Chair of Ecclesiastical History, Church Polity, and Pastoral Theology at Vanderbilt University, August.
- 1886 Delegate to General Conference.
- 1890 Elected Editor of *Christian Advocate*, May.
- 1891 Delegate to Ecumenical Methodist Conference, Washington City, October.
- 1894 Fraternal Messenger to Canadian Methodist Church.
- 1898 Elected Bishop. Declines.
- 1900 Fraternal Messenger to Methodist Episcopal Church.
- 1901 Delegate to Ecumenical Methodist Conference, London.
- 1902 Elected Bishop.
- 1903 Fraternal Messenger to British Wesleyan Conference.
- 1905 Bishop in charge of work in Brazil, continued for four years.
- 1905 Beginning of Vanderbilt Controversy, continued until 1914.
- 1909 First illness.
- 1910 Unification Movement begins.
- 1910 First visit to work in the Orient.
- 1912 Health greatly impaired.
- 1914 Epochal General Conference. Last of Vanderbilt. Vote on Unification. Bishop Hoss given a year's vacation.

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

- 1915 Messenger for all Methodism to Australian Methodists. Last visit to Orient.
- 1918 Retired because of feebleness.
- 1918 Death of wife, June 15.
- 1918 Last meeting with Holston Conference, November 3-4.
- 1918 Back in Muskogee for Christmas.
- 1919 Last letter to daughter, January 25.
- 1919 Death, April 23. Buried at Muskogee.
- 1924 Body reinterred at Jonesboro, April 12.

CHAPTER I

THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH

Patriotism was in his blood. He loved the State of Tennessee as well as any son that was ever nurtured upon her ample bosom, and especially that mountain portion in which he lived. Once when we were journeying afoot together through the Unaka Range and had come into an almost inaccessible cove, with a clear stream of water running through it and the wooded heights towering all around it, he took off his hat reverently and said: "I am kin to you."

I

THE first settlement of white people in what is now the State of Tennessee was made on the Watauga River. William Bean built the first cabin and established the first home of the Watauga Settlements. His cabin was built in 1769, near where Boone's Creek empties into the Watauga River. He was worthy of a place among the founders of one of the States of the American Union. His frontier cabin became the nucleus of a community which was to exemplify the spirit of American adventure in planting civilization on "the Western Waters."

To this community came several of the ancestors of Bishop Hoss, when there were not twenty-five families in the territory which was to become the State of Tennessee. His great-grandfather, John Sevier, was in that region in 1772, having come from his home at New Market, in the Shenandoah Valley, for his first visit to "the mountains." Those mountains claimed him as their own. On Christmas Day, in 1773, he arrived at the Watauga Settlements, with his family, which included his father, Valentine Sevier.

John Sevier was twenty-eight when he came to Watauga. Handsome, genial, brave, resourceful, he became at once a leader among the pioneers. Theodore Roosevelt ranks him, with James Robertson and George Rogers Clark, as one of the greatest of the

first generation of Trans-Allegheny pioneers. He was a trusted leader in the affairs of the pioneer community as it passed through the dramatic stages of its development. He was the unrivaled leader of the state which grew out of the pioneering skill of those untaught, but able, men who devised a way for maintaining order on the frontier, when they found themselves without the shelter of colonial government. No less solid, if less conspicuous, service was rendered by other ancestors of Bishop Hoss, some of whom will be mentioned in a later chapter.

The first settlers in Tennessee supposed that they were settling in Virginia; but when the western boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina was established, they found that they were in North Carolina. The colonial charter of both colonies extended their claims to the south sea. That part of North Carolina, west of the mountains, had been reserved for the Cherokee Indians. It, therefore, became necessary for the Wataugans to secure their homes by negotiations with the Indians. North Carolina had never exercised civil authority over the country west of the mountains.

To meet this situation they promptly organized a government of their own. They adopted written articles of agreement, which were, in fact, a Constitution, the first ever adopted by an American community. They established the first free and independent community in America. They wrote their own laws, taking the laws of Virginia as their guide; they set up a legislative body, a judicial body, and executive officers. In fact, the frontier community exercised the full rights of a sovereign state for six years. They enacted laws, held courts, preserved records of marriages, contracts, deeds, and legal proceedings; they executed the laws, even the death penalty; they made treaties with the Indians, and stood by them. The confidence of the Indians in John Sevier and James Robertson was the chief guarantee of peace. North Carolina organized Washington County in 1778, including all of what is now the State of Tennessee. But the same men who had administered as officers of the Watauga Association were continued as officers of the new county.

II

The military arm of the Watauga Association was effective against attack by the Indians. John Sevier was the militia leader in nearly all their campaigns and battles. He led in thirty-five battles with the Indians without the loss of a single battle. He was the most renowned Indian fighter of the Southwest. The militia of Watauga marched with the militia of Washington County, Virginia, to Point Pleasant, where they participated in the battle of the Great Kanawha.

At the darkest hour of the Revolution the mountain men performed a service which entitles them to a place of honor in the records of American heroism. After conquering Georgia, late in 1779, the British captured Charleston in May, 1780. This was followed by the swift and ruthless movement of Cornwallis and his able lieutenants, which swept the patriot forces in hopeless defeat from South Carolina and the Old North State. The latter part of July, Col. Isaac Shelby crossed the mountains with about two hundred men, who gave such good account of themselves as to greatly enrage Col. Patrick Ferguson, who sent to the mountaimen a threat, that he would cross the mountains, hang their leaders, and burn their cabins. When this message reached Shelby, he at once mounted his horse and rode to the home of John Sevier. They conferred for two days; a long time for a man of such quick action as John Sevier. They agreed to raise a force, cross the mountains, and attack Ferguson. When Shelby returned to his home he sent a messenger to Col. Arthur Campbell, of Washington County, Virginia, asking him to join them with the Virginia militia. The Virginia militia had been engaged in an expedition against the Indians at Bethcar, North Carolina. The request of Col. Shelby was at first refused, but later Col. William Campbell joined Shelby and Sevier at Sycamore Shoals, with four hundred men. About nine hundred mounted riflemen crossed the mountains and fell upon Ferguson with such swift and relentless fury as to capture or kill the entire British force. Ferguson himself was slain. Ferguson's force was wiped out; and Tarleton and Cornwallis were so filled with dread and alarm that they were never able to proceed with their plans; and, from that day, they

drifted fatefully toward Yorktown. When the number of men engaged in the battle of King's Mountain and the disparity between the trained veterans under Ferguson and the militiamen from the mountains are taken into consideration, it may well be doubted if history records a more signal victory. Campbell was in command by choice (vote) of the little army; but the conception and initiative belong to Shelby and Sevier. Even so, there was glory enough for all.

The colonial charter of North Carolina was to plague the Wataugans, even after British authority was ended. There was uncertainty as to whether the Union succeeded to the authority of the crown. Congress desired the cession of those lands. There were no precedents for such procedure. When the Assembly of North Carolina passed an act for the desired cession, the minds of the people in the territory involved were not prepared for such action. They felt that they were being left without the protection of state government, and with no provision for federal government. There had been discussion of the forming of a new state. These people had provided for their own government in early days. They felt themselves competent to do so again. On August 23, 1784, a convention was held. John Sevier was made president and Landon Carter secretary. Sam Houston was a member of this convention, which proceeded to declare themselves a separate state. Their act established the State of Franklin.

John Sevier was not fully convinced of the wisdom of the action taken; nevertheless he yielded to public sentiment. He was elected Governor without opposition. Thus, upon soil claimed by North Carolina under royal charter, and which was being sought by Congress for the Union, there was launched a free and independent state. There is not space to give the history of the State of Franklin. Unlike any other American state, in its origin, it was also unique in its history. It at least served the purpose of providing a government which the people trusted, while the state and federal governments were solving the problem of territorial authority. The seeds of discord were in the soil of the new state.

After a time North Carolina reasserted state authority. The

two states maintained rival governments. There was fierce and bitter controversy between Col. John Tipton and Governor John Sevier. The State of Franklin was doomed to failure. Sevier was arrested, but never brought to trial. The next year he was elected a delegate to the North Carolina legislature, and was made brigadier general of the Washington District. Misfortune only increased the fame of Sevier. In 1789 he was elected to Congress from the Western District of North Carolina.

When the State of Tennessee was organized in 1796, John Sevier was elected its first Governor. He served, first and last, in that office for twelve years. The State which he had guided during those early years gave him the highest confidence to the end of his life.

III

Bishop Hoss was of the fourth generation of Tennesseans. He sprang from the soil of East Tennessee. He was a true son of those sturdy men who followed John Sevier in building the State of Tennessee. It was but natural that he should have developed ardent love for his native state. Every element of family pride and sectional loyalty blended with patriotism to produce, in him, devoted love for the land of his birth.

From youth he loved the beautiful mountain country which surrounded his home. The place where he was born, "on Cherokee," commanded one of the loveliest views to be found in the Unakas.

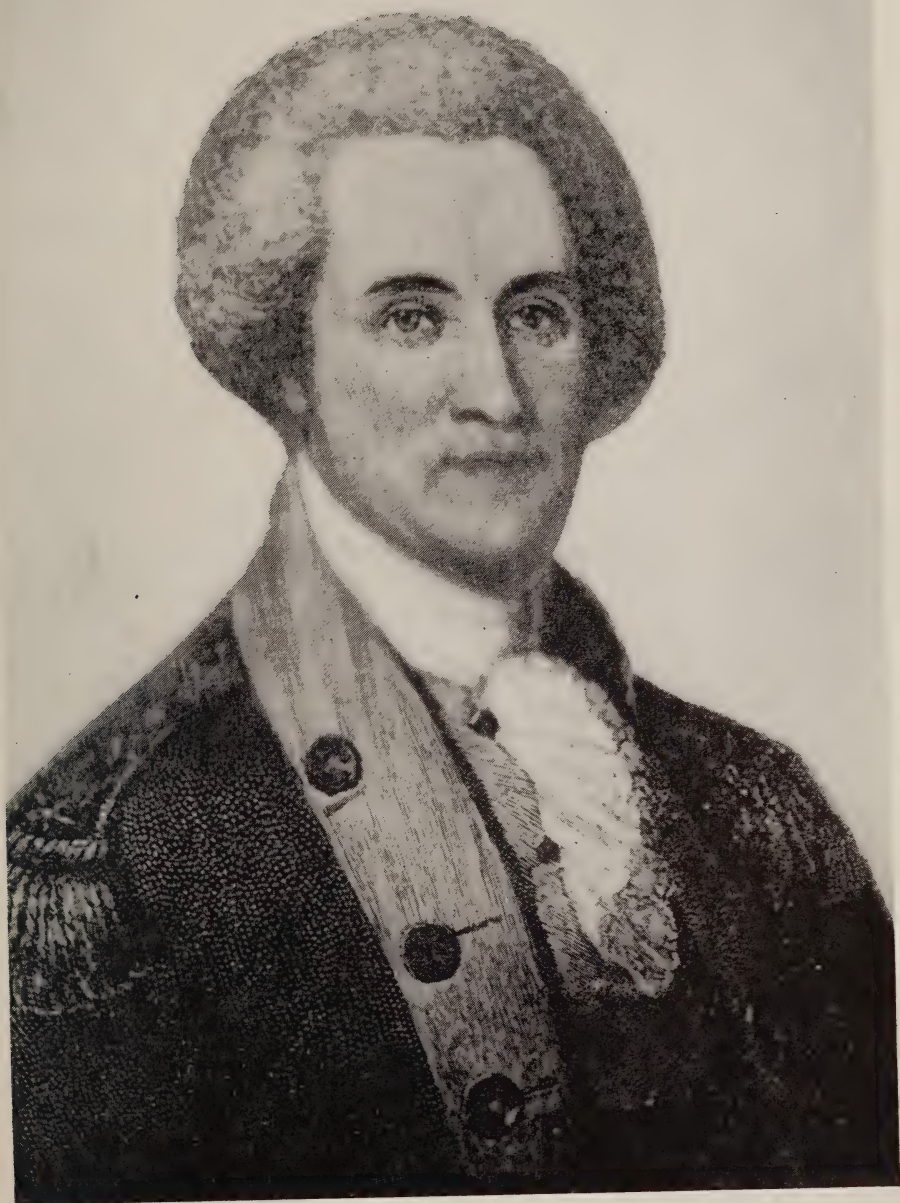
Many things combine to make the mountain country of East Tennessee one of the most beautiful in America. These mountains are among the oldest in the world. They are covered with forests from base to summit. Ferns, mosses, shrubs, and flowers abound in every valley, ravine, and nook.

The pioneers found the forests covering every part of this highland region, stretching from the banks of the rivers to the crests of the mountains. Travelers rode all day long, on the dim trails, beneath the shade of those great trees. The pioneer did not often pause to describe the majesty of the mountains or the beauty of the landscape; he was too busy making trails or clearing land for his cabin home. Not only the pioneer, but succeeding gen-

erations were slow in realizing the grandeur of the mountains and the loveliness of the valleys of East Tennessee. At first the forests were cut down and burned in clearing land for cultivation; but at the middle of the nineteenth century the forests of the real mountain sections were still untouched. Just after the beginning of the twentieth century the destruction of the forests was begun by the lumbermen, without any thought of their beauty or of their value to future generations; but happily, there are still large areas where may be seen the virgin loveliness upon which native red men looked before the coming of the pioneers. Now, after a century and a half, the Great Smoky Mountains National Park has been established for the preservation of the sublime beauty of the great mountains. No other region on earth has so great a variety of trees. Latitude and altitude combine to produce nearly every tree which grows between the tropical and arctic regions. This, together with abundant and well-distributed rainfall, produces, in the fertile soil of the Unakas and the Smokies, trees of great size and splendid quality. On Ekaneetla and on Cove Mountain, in the Park, and in Poplar Cove, in the Nantahala Forest Reservation, may be seen giant poplars, as well as other species of trees. The Joyce Kilmer Memorial is in Poplar Cove.

As Embree Hoss loved the State which his forbears had helped to create, he loved also that land which they had chosen for their home. In his boyhood he became familiar with its crystal streams; he roamed its fields; he climbed its mountains. It became an essential part of his life. It held his heart's affection through the threescore and ten years of his life. During those years, but few months passed without seeing him again among the scenes of his boyhood. Although circumstances required that he live elsewhere much of the time, Tennessee was always his home.

The changes which had come to East Tennessee, within the eighty years between the Watauga Settlement and the boyhood of Embree Hoss, were within the pattern of pioneer life. The clearings were enlarged and spread into farms. Cabins gave place to hewed log houses; and these to frame houses, which were followed by buildings of brick and stone. Along the course of "The



GOVERNOR JOHN SEVIER

THE LAND OF HIS BIRTH

Warrior's Trail" wagon roads were opened. Those and other roads were without pavement of any kind. Much travel made them impassable in the rainy season. The stagecoach came, after a time, along the road which passed through Jonesboro. Embree Hoss, then a small boy, watched its coming and going; and longed to sit on the driver's seat and blow the horn for the start of the journey.

When he was eight years old the railroad came, to bring quick change to the conditions of life in the little town, and in the entire region. He saw the first locomotive steam into the quiet valley in which lay his country home. Little did he then dream that this iron horse was to carry him to every part of the continent, and bring to his home in the mountains the culture and the customs of the ends of the earth.

Passionately did he love the mountains among which he was born. No other man surpassed him in love and loyalty to the State of Tennessee. No other land ever seemed so fair to him as the mountains and valleys of East Tennessee.

CHAPTER II

A SON OF THE PIONEERS

Of my four great-grandfathers, one was an unmixed German with the touch of Martin Luther on him, one was an unmixed Frenchman well drilled in the decrees of the Council of Trent and obedient to them, one was an unmixed Englishman and a most stubborn Baptist, and one was of mixed breed with the blood of Huguenot refugees and English churchmen flowing in equal currents through his veins. As for myself, I am a perfectly homogeneous product of all these mingled elements, an American from the top of my head to the soles of my feet, and a Methodist twenty-four hours out of every day from my heart's core to my finger tips.

I

JACOB HOSS, great-grandfather of Bishop Hoss, was of German descent. He was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, between 1740 and 1750. He spoke both English and German. Even amid frontier conditions in Tennessee he maintained a private school for his sons and daughters, and, incidentally, for his neighbor's children. Of the antecedents of Jacob Hoss it is not possible to speak with authority. In Frederick County, Maryland, he was married to Mary Deihlbohn, whose parents were Johannes and Mary Deihlbohn. This name has sometimes been contracted into Bohn, Bone, and Boone. It is quite unlikely that this is the family from which Daniel Boone was descended, for his lineage has been traced to Quaker ancestry in Devonshire, England. Jacob Hoss was a Revolutionary soldier. On December 24, 1779, he entered land on Boone's Creek; and the State of North Carolina "granted him 400 acres." There had been also a previous entry for 100 acres.

Jacob and Mary Hoss were fruitful and prosperous in their Tennessee home. They had eleven children. At his death he left a goodly estate, providing well for his children and grand-

children. To each of three sons he left three Negro slaves; and to each of three daughters he left one slave, naming each of the slaves so bequeathed.

Jacob Hoss propagated a valuable apple, which took his name and is still grown.

II

Isaac Hoss was the eighth of Jacob's children and was the third to be born in Tennessee (1786). He was a soldier in the war of 1812, was wounded, captured, and imprisoned. He married Hannah Bayless, daughter of Samuel and Mary (Nodding) Bayless, April 20, 1808, at the home of her father, a short distance from Jonesboro. This Hannah was a descendant of John Bayless, who was born in England in 1617 and embarked in the "True Love" for the Bermudas when he was eighteen years old. He was in "the jurisdiction of New Haven General Court in 1642," in Southold, Connecticut, in 1654, "sold his dwelling house and lot there in 1661, and removed to Jamaica, Long Island," where he became a leading citizen. Here his descendants lived for two generations, holding positions of trust and honor. Daniel Bayless (b. 1683), son of John and Ruth (Rusco) Bayless, of the third generation, removed from Jamaica to New Jersey in 1712. He was a magistrate in Hunterdon County for several years, but died in Middlesex County. His son, Daniel Bayless, Jr. (b. December 15, 1716, in Hunterdon County, New Jersey), married Joanna Lake, daughter of John (3rd) and Martina Lake, of Middlesex County, New Jersey. Daniel, Jr., moved from New Jersey to Cecil County, Maryland, and later to Loudon County, Virginia, and from thence to Washington County, Tennessee (then North Carolina), about 1779, where he died a year later. From the family Bible of Daniel Bayless, Jr., Bishop Hoss copied the birth of this grandson, who was born exactly one hundred and one years after the birth of his grandfather, John Bayless, the emigrant. Several of the sons of Daniel Bayless, Jr., served in the Revolution. One of them, Hezekiah, served under John Sevier.

The wife of Isaac Hoss (Hannah Bayless) was a granddaughter of William Nodding, or Noddy. He received from Lord Fairfax,

in 1756, a grant of land in Fairfax County, for which he was to pay 1,060 pounds annual rental. He sold this grant and removed to Washington County, Tennessee, in 1780, where he acquired considerable property, as shown by his will in which he disposed of extensive real estate holdings and several Negro slaves. He provided in his will for the freeing of these slaves. Hannah Bayless was a descendant of John Lake, 2d, who married Neeltje Claesen, daughter of Claes Claesen, one of the early settlers of Kings County, Long Island. Claes Claesen came from Amersfoort, Netherlands. His wife was Gertruyd Willekens, of Hamburg.

John Lake, I, appeared on Long Island by 1652. His wife was Anne Spicer, daughter of Thomas and Ann Grant Spicer, whose marriage took place in Sandwich, England, February 4, 1626. Thomas Spicer was Treasurer of Portsmouth, Rhode Island, 1642. He afterwards moved to Long Island. Thomas Spicer was the son of Nicholas Spicer and Mary Grant Spicer of Barfreston, Kent County, England, whose will was proved July 10, 1607. Ruth Rusco, the wife of John Bayless, 2d, was a descendant of William Rusco who settled in Norwalk, Connecticut, in 1635, but removed to Jamaica, Long Island. It is believed that the celebrated orator Roscoe Conkling was a descendant of William Rusco.

John Sevier, great-grandfather of Bishop Hoss, was descended from French Huguenot ancestors, who fled to England after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. His father, Valentine Sevier, emigrated from England to Orange County, Virginia, bringing a "number of indentured servants; for the importation of which he was granted lands," as shown by the records of the county. He was a man of good education and means.

In what is now Bedford County, Virginia, Valentine Sevier was married to Joannah Goad, who was the daughter of John Goad and Catherine Williams. Her ancestors were people of note from early colonial days.

John Sevier was born in Frederick County, Virginia, on September 23, 1745. He married Sarah Hawkins when he was but sixteen and she fifteen. He settled at New Market, where he engaged in the mercantile business. His father-in-law was a man

of large means, having established a trading post on the extreme frontier. Mrs. Sevier was a woman entirely worthy of the best pioneer traditions. Young as she was, she took charge of the trading post, in the absence of her husband; and was prepared to defend it with the help of two young brothers, ten and thirteen years old.

In 1773 she made the trip, in midwinter, to the new home in Tennessee, with a babe in arms; the seventh child in fourteen years. Three additional children were born in Tennessee, the youngest only a few months before the mother's death in 1780. With her brilliant and distinguished husband she made of their frontier home, "Mount Pleasant," on Nolichucky River, a place of lavish hospitality, where everyone was welcome to bed and board. John Sevier married, the second time, Miss Kate Sherrill.

The third son of John Sevier and Sarah Hawkins was John Sevier, Jr. He was married three times. His third wife was Sophia Garoutte, the daughter of Lieutenant Michael Garoutte, who "brought gold in ships to America" to aid the American cause. This enthusiastic young Frenchman was the son of Admiral Sir Antoine Garoutte and his wife, Lady Ann Lascour.

Henry Hoss married Anna Maria Sevier, the daughter of John Sevier, Jr., and Sophia Garoutte. Their second child was Elijah Embree Hoss.

This sketch of the ancestry of Elijah Embree Hoss shows the remarkable confluence of ancestral inheritance which met in his personality. English, German, French were blended in his blood; and the best cultural inheritance of those great races was mediated to him in the home of his American pioneer ancestors, who, amid the primitive conditions of the frontier, never lost the ideals of race and religion.

They came from the very best levels of European life. That so many of those who settled in New England and New York should have found their way to the obscure settlements on the Watauga seems almost incredible. Step by step they came: Connecticut to Rhode Island, to Long Island, to Delaware, to Pennsylvania, to Virginia, to "The Settlements on the Watauga."

That they came to this region proclaims them at once enter-

prising, fearless, and ambitious. They came when the danger from savage Indians was at its worst. There were no roads: only dim trails along the main valleys. There were no homes: only the trackless all-shadowing forests covered the valleys and the mountains. With their axes they must chop their farms out of the wilderness and fashion their simple cabin homes, until such day as there should be time and wealth to build dwellings in which they should realize the dreams of their stout hearts and hardy minds. Not for one moment did they entertain the thought of lapsing into barbarism.

CHAPTER III

HOME AND BOYHOOD "ON CHEROKEE"

The home of my childhood, though it is only a dull and sleepy old town in the hills, is a permanent and enchanted background in my memory.

I

THE home of Henry and Anna Maria Sevier Hoss during their early married life was "on Cherokee," a creek which rises among the gently rolling hills south of Jonesboro and empties into the Nolichucky. In a modest farmhouse, on the farm which belonged to the family from pioneer days, Elijah Embree was born. His father was occupied with farming, as his forbears had been; and as nearly all his neighbors were. In those days, doctors, lawyers, and merchants were usually farmers; and sometimes preachers also found it necessary to divide their time between the pulpit and the plow.

Nearly all industry of that time was carried on in the home. Almost everything for the table was produced on the farm on which the family lived. The fields, garden, orchard, and vineyard produced grain, vegetables, and fruit; meat for the table was raised on the farm, while game was still abundant and added to the zest of many a meal. Nearly every man was a hunter and fisherman, so that rich and poor alike were able to secure abundant game.

Everything which the family wore was produced on the farm: flax from the field and wool from the backs of sheep were manufactured into cloth and "made up" into garments by the family and its slaves, right on the farm where the material had been grown.

Whatever may have been true of the great southern plantations, where there were large numbers of slaves, the slave owners of Washington County, as of other sections of East Tennessee, la-

bored in the fields and in the home and required their sons and daughters to do their full share of work.

The family moved to Jonesboro when Embree was still a very small boy, but working on the farm was nevertheless a part of the training and routine of his life. He went to the fields and followed the plow from morning until night.

Then there was the harder labor of the harvest field and hay-making; and there was wood to be cut and hauled for winter use; and rails to be split and fences builded. There was always work to be done on the farm.

There were pleasures also on the farm for a lad so full of vital energy as was Embree Hoss. His fondness for horses began with handling, riding, and driving them in his childhood. The fields and the streams and the mountains were always calling him. The man who came back to those mountains "to go afoot through the Unaka Range" had learned the ways of the mountains while hunting grapes, muscadines, and chestnuts, and, as he grew older, fishing in their streams, or exploring them for the sheer delight of climbing their slopes and looking from their heights back across the valley to the white dot which he knew to be home. "He was kin to them." No other mountains ever seemed to him so majestic; no other forests so beautiful.

II

His mother was a frail woman. He was the firstborn son, although his sister, Dora, was two years older than he. There were eight children in seventeen years. While lying in bed, the devoted mother made the first dress for her eldest son. This is not a story of an impoverished home, but of the willing and glad service of an industrious and devoted mother of a family in which the family wants were met by the happy co-operation of every member.

She was from early life a devoted and exemplary Christian. Speaking before the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1901, Dr. Hoss said: "I cannot remember the day when my mother did not pray with her children. I cannot remember the day when she did not pray for my father." Later his father became a Christian.

Of his father he said: "It was rather an awkward task for him to take up family prayers, and he sometimes had to have my mother's promptings, for he was a reticent man and rather slow of speech, whereas my mother had a wonderful gift in prayer, as so many of the saintly women in early Methodism had. There are thousands of such women in America."

Of such a family life was born that devotion for father and mother, for sisters and brothers, which manifested itself in the boyhood of Embree Hoss and grew without abatement to the end of his life. Happy hours at work and play were made happier still by the experiences which came to them in the central shrine of the family. That bond was never broken.

There had been slaves in the Hoss family from the early days of their residence in Tennessee. There were slaves in the home in which Embree Hoss grew up.

In such homes there were slaves who became a part of the household; they became a part of the family. The burden of the care of children was shared by a negro woman who became a second mother to the children. "Black mammy" was second only to the child's own mother. In some cases she was even closer and dearer than the mother. Nowhere in all history has the essential loveliness and fidelity of woman's nature been more signally displayed than by the lowly negro women who gave loving and devoted service to the children who were committed to their care. Their love knew no measure; and they received the full measure of the love of those for whom they cared.

Phyllis was "Mammy" in the Hoss home. She was a woman of fine physique and commanding personality. Children were as safe in her care as sound sense, strong arms, an amiable spirit, love, and devotion could make them. Young Embree Hoss loved and respected Phyllis. When the slaves were set free and Phyllis and her family became free citizens, there was no loss of respect and affection on the part of either the former owners or the former slaves. Phyllis will appear again in the story of her "little master."

III

There are a few incidents of the early life of Embree Hoss the

memory of which has survived. When he was a very small boy his mother was having guests for dinner; the table had been prepared and, among other delicacies, a dish of blackberry jam. Embree had also been prepared for the coming of the guests. He was dressed in his best linen suit. He was very fond of blackberry jam; and, finding himself alone in the dining room with the open dish of jam, he helped himself to as much as his appetite called for and filled the pockets of his trousers with what was left. Tradition is not clear as to what his mother did when she found his plight—perhaps something besides changing his clothes. But, whatever took place then did not destroy his fondness for blackberry jam, of which he continued to be fond to the end of his life.

When about threescore he wrote "Some Reminiscences of an Old Courthouse," in which he tells of some incidents of his early childhood, which will be given in another chapter.

When he was somewhat larger he was one day with some boys at the "swimming hole" and got beyond his depth; and, not being a good swimmer, he was in danger of drowning when one of his companions pulled him out of the water by the hair of his head. As soon as the water was out of his mouth and eyes Embree attacked his rescuer with his fists, because he had hurt him by pulling his hair. Whether the hurt was to his head or his feelings it is impossible to say.

Embree Hoss remembered vividly to life's end an incident which occurred with his brother Henry, eight years younger than himself, who died when just above four years old. Embree had been sent on a hurry errand and the little fellow wanted to go with him, not being able to understand why his brother was unable to take him as he was accustomed to do. After fruitless efforts to persuade Henry to turn back Embree threw rocks about him to frighten him, so that the child did finally turn back. In after years the memory of the disappointed face, the tearful eyes, and the little touseled head filled the big brother's heart with regret.

IV

Of his early school days the records are indefinite. There had been good schools in the vicinity of Jonesboro from early days.

It is said that Jacob Hoss, great-grandfather of Elijah Embree, maintained a school for his own children and those of his neighbors. He had come to Tennessee in 1779, the year before Rev. Samuel Doak, D.D., established Martin Academy, near Jonesboro. Out of Martin Academy came Washington College, the first college established west of the Alleghenies. Henry Hoss, the ninth of Jacob's children, born in Tennessee in 1789, graduated from Washington College, October 1, 1813, as Bachelor of Arts. He later graduated from Princeton and became a teacher; and was elected President of Greeneville College (now Tusculum College) in Greene County, Tennessee. His body lies in the cemetery at Washington College.

It is certain that there were more than ordinary teachers at Jonesboro in the school days of Embree Hoss. It was at that very time that David Sullins and R. P. Wells were associate presidents of "the College." The former was a graduate of Emory and Henry, and the latter, being a Presbyterian minister, was also a college graduate.

Writing of his sister, Mrs. S. J. Kirkpatrick, Dr. Hoss said: "Her education was wholly acquired at the local academy and chiefly under the direction of that rare old Presbyterian scholar, the late Rev. Dr. James D. Tadlock."

Somewhere in his teens he was assisting his father in keeping the records of Chancery Court. He went away to college at seventeen and the probability is that he was at this work before that time.

The atmosphere of the little town in which his boyhood was spent was conducive to intellectual activity and development. Lawyers, educators, orators, and preachers of splendid abilities abounded.

Jacob Hoss had handed down to his children and grandchildren an interest in learning. The *London Spectator* was read in the home in which Embree Hoss grew up. In the old home at Jonesboro they still preserve bound volumes of that very period.

V

Much as Embree Hoss was enriched by physical and social in-

heritance from his father's ancestors, he probably received a greater inheritance, both physical and social, from his mother's family. John Sevier is said to have been a man who read but few books. But whether he read books or not, he influenced the development of civilization in the West so powerfully that his name is assured a permanent place among famous Americans. No other man on the western borders was so admired, loved, and trusted. Every office and honor within their power was bestowed upon him by the people of Tennessee. He had been in his grave only thirty-four years when Embree Hoss was born. The mother of Embree Hoss, who was granddaughter of John Sevier, was reared in the home of her cousin, the Rev. Elbert F. Sevier, who was one of the most cultured Methodist preachers of his day. He was a frequent visitor in the boyhood home of his younger kinsman who was to follow him in giving his life to the ministry of the Methodist Church.

Of his kinsman, Dr. Hoss wrote as quoted in Price's "History of Holston Methodism":

You ask me for the relationship of the Rev. E. F. Sevier to my mother. They were first cousins, she being the daughter of his uncle, Maj. John Sevier, Jr. There was a difference of nearly twenty years in their ages. As an orphan girl, she spent much time in his home; and when she was married, he officiated at the wedding. Her love for him was as intense as if he had been an older brother, and to the day of her death he was her ideal of all that a minister ought to be. I used to hear a great deal about him. That he was an able and eloquent preacher does not need to be said. He was also a man whose preaching bore abundant fruit. On one occasion three hundred people were converted under his sermons at Stone Dam Camp Meeting.

His popularity was without limit. From New River to Chattanooga and from Paint Rock to the Georgia line he had hundreds of namesakes. Though possessed of great dignity of character, he was not at all stiff or pretentious. The common people heard him gladly and loved him, while the rich and the great felt honored by his friendship.

I never saw him but once or twice. He came to see my mother in 1861, and I was deeply impressed by his appearance. He was more than six feet tall, rather slender, and with the air and bearing of a gentleman. His clothes were of good material, cut to fit,

and neatly brushed. His linen was scrupulously clean and his boots always well polished. There was a seriousness about his tone that could not escape notice. I listened with grave respect to every word he spoke. There were some topics which he and my mother did not discuss, for he was an intense secessionist and she, though as strong a Southerner as she could well be, was passionately attached to the Union, for which her father had fought before he was sixteen years old. After a few words about the prospect of war, they took up more agreeable themes, and spoke especially about old times and departed friends. When he went to leave, she insisted on returning him a sum of money which he had advanced to her father many years before. At first he declined to take it, but finally said: "Well, Cousin Maria, it shall be as you like. I am not as well furnished as I used to be, and I shall not deny you the pleasure of canceling this obligation, the existence of which I had long since forgotten."

VI

Of the religious life of his mother he often spoke and wrote, as in the address to which reference has been made. His kinsman and lifelong friend, Col. E. C. Reeves, writing of his parents at the time when Embree was converted and joined the Church, says:

Henry Hoss was a man of sterling qualities, and was a most useful and highly respected citizen. The mother was finely endowed and splendidly cultured, and was a deeply pious woman. Embree was the second child of eight. He was a precocious youth, and, withal, a good boy who followed closely the Godly precepts of his mother, whom he almost adored through all his life. His reverence for his parents was profound; and it is not believed he ever caused a shadow to rest upon the brow of either parent. He was reared in the rather aristocratic town of Jonesboro, and had the advantages of good society and excellent schools. He professed religion and joined the Church in 1859, under the pastorate of the late Grinsfield Taylor.

In an introduction to "Recollections of an Old Man," by Dr. David Sullins, published in 1910, Bishop Hoss said:

In 1854-55, or thereabouts, Brother Sullins—they did not call any preacher Doctor, except Sam'l Patton, those days—was station

preacher in my native town of Jonesboro. How distinctly he stands out before me as he then was: six feet and over tall, with a great shock of coal black hair on his head, blue-grey eyes that kindled when he talked to you, and a voice that could be as caressing as a mother's and as martial as a general's on the field of battle.

My mother was a Methodist of the old pattern, and Brother Sullins was often in the home. Two of my sisters went to school to him and loved him dearly. In social life he was a charmer, often breaking out into mirthful stories. Now and then he did not hesitate to play the boy. But for the scruples of his flock, I am sure he would have been glad on frosty October mornings to follow the hounds after a fox; for the breath of the country was in his nostrils.

He was even then a wonderful preacher; at least there was one little boy in his congregation that thought so. But I loved best to hear him exhort and sing. Once in the midst of a great revival, he came down out of the pulpit, his arms outstretched, the tears streaming from his eyes, and walked up and down the aisles, beseeching his hearers to accept Christ. There was nothing studied in it, and the spontaneity of it thrilled me. I wonder if he dreamed how much he was stirring my childish heart. And how he could sing! There were no choirs in those days, and he did not need one, as he was entirely competent to "set and carry" any tune. Now and then he would sing a solo before the morning service, usually one of the great old Methodist hymns; but occasionally something new.

Dr. Sullins refers to "Hoss" in a humorous story, of an incident which occurred while Coleman Campbell was pastor at Jonesboro, in 1853-54. He says:

Coleman Campbell was a superior preacher, but had suffered with some paralysis of the muscles of the face. He was a sweet-spirited and charming companion. I used to sit behind him in the pulpit and listen and wonder at the grace and force of his utterances. He used a large red bandanna handkerchief, and occasionally flourished it about while preaching. Well, I was sitting behind him one day, and Campbell had put his red bandanna in his pocket, leaving one corner of it hanging out. Just then a piece of mischief crept into my head, and I had as well tell it, or Bishop Hoss will tell it on me. My handkerchiefs were linen. I had not been married long, and my wife kept mine with hers, so when she gave me one, it filled the air with a delightful perfume. All right.

I slipped Coleman's out of his pocket, and put mine in its place. Soon he had occasion to use his, and, as he thought, got it out and flourished it before his face. He hesitated a moment, looked at it, and passed it under his nose; and it would have "made a dog laugh" to see his face. Of course I was looking out of the window just then. Campbell turned half around to see me, and then rallied and went on. Hoss was a wide-awake boy in the congregation, and a piece of that sort of mischief by a preacher in church was not allowed to pass unnoticed or be forgotten.

Nothing could give a clearer or more vivid impression of the religious services and revival experiences of the Jonesboro of Embree Hoss's boyhood, at the time of his conversion, than Dr. Sullins' account of a "Revival in School." He says:

During this year (1854) we had a rather peculiar revival of religion, which was largely confined to the school. I say peculiar, and so it was in its origin and progress and otherwise. Read on and see. After school closed one Indian summer evening, we all came down from the hill on which the school buildings stood, the young ladies and smaller children (say a hundred and fifty) chatting and laughing as usual, a happy group, I bringing up the rear. I remember, as I looked over the long line moving down the sidewalk, there came suddenly and strangely a most tender solicitude for the salvation of the playful rompers. Some of them were Christians, I knew; but many were not. But why there should come just at that moment such a sense—a burdening sense—of responsibility and obligation upon me touching those young souls, I could not tell. I have always felt a strong desire for the salvation of my pupils, and prayed and planned for it; but here was something deeper and more solemn, authoritative, and seemed to say: "Now is the time." And with this there came what amounted to an assurance that if I would go right forward and hold a meeting the Lord would graciously sanction and bless the services. There was no special religious interest in the town, and I had not thought of such a meeting at that time; and yet this impression was so definite and strong that, without once thinking of what might be necessary for the success of such a meeting, or of the numerous difficulties in the way, I determined to make the appointment.

I made the announcement to the school next day, after a few words of exhortation to the children, and invited them and the teachers to be present. The fight was now on, the responsibility assumed. The meeting moved right off at a good gait. Conver-

sions occurred in the church, in the homes, in the school, at recess, and under the trees on the campus. I preached at night, and taught during the day. We did not suspend the school.

I gave myself no concern as to when the meeting should close. It was the Lord's meeting. He had begun it; and I, with cheerful submission, left it with Him to close it. It continued for some ten days; and when the time came to close it, I did so, satisfied that it was according to His will. The closing night was full of interest. After a genuine song service and some few words of exhortation, I opened the door of the Church (the first time during the services), and in doing so said in substance: "Those who want to join the Methodist Church, come and take your places here on these front seats to my left." Sixteen came, nearly all grown young ladies. Then I said: "I know that many of you who have started the new life are members of Presbyterian families and ought to go into the church with your parents. But Brother Wells is not here, and I want such of you as will go into the Presbyterian Church at the first opportunity to come to these seats at my right. I will take your names and report them to him when he gets home." And eight came. And so it was done. That was the first time I ever opened the door of the Presbyterian Church. The next time was when I broke into it and got my wife out a year later.

Embree Hoss was ten years old when he professed religion and joined the Church in Jonesboro, under the pastorate of Rev. Grinsfield Taylor in 1859. Mrs. Priscilla Joanna Shields Haley (mother of Curtis B. Haley, long-time Associate Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South) was a student in Jonesboro at the time and joined the Church during the same revival meeting.

All of this adds up to the fact that Elijah Embree Hoss, endowed with unusual natural gifts, had the stimulus of dynamic and cultured intellectual and religious environment, with the result that he came to early and symmetrical maturity.



HENRY HOSS



ANNA MARIAH SEYLER HOSS

CHAPTER IV

JONESBORO—THE FIRST TOWN IN TENNESSEE

Into those mountain fastnesses came my ancestors from Virginia and Pennsylvania a hundred and thirty years ago, and pitched their tents by the sparkling waters of the Watauga when there were less than fivescore white families in the limits of the present State of Tennessee. Every foot of the soil is as sacred to me as Jerusalem to the devout Jew or Mecca to the Mohammedan. If I forget it, may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

I

JONESBORO was established in 1779, the first town in the State of Tennessee. Settlements had been made on the Watauga and at Wolf Hills at about the same time; and the towns of Jonesboro and Abingdon, the county seats respectively of Washington County, Tennessee, and Washington County, Virginia, were established in the same year.

These pioneer towns were destined to affect powerfully the development of the West. Both were settled by pioneers of the very highest character and ability. They gave many sons and daughters to their respective States and to the nation. The late Governor Henry C. Stuart was fond of saying that no other town of similar size in America gave as many distinguished sons to the South and the nation as Abingdon. Jonesboro should be placed in the same category. If there was rivalry between these two towns and counties, there was also co-operation. Together their sons marched to Point Pleasant; together they rode to King's Mountain.

Jonesboro is said to have had about one hundred and fifty houses in 1796. Towns did not grow rapidly in Tennessee in those early years. Knoxville had less than ten thousand population in 1870. The people of Tennessee lived on farms. The county towns were an integral part of this rural population. This was true of Jonesboro.

Although the town was small it was far from being a dull place. Here was published by Elihu Embree, beginning in 1819, *The Manumission Intelligence*, the first abolition paper published in America, changed the next year to *The Emancipator*. The first public meeting in the interest of railroad building, in East Tennessee, was held at Jonesboro in June, 1831. In 1849 Dr. Samuel B. Cunningham, of Jonesboro, was elected President of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad and held that position throughout the promotion and building of that road.

II

No better description of Jonesboro during the boyhood of Embree Hoss can be given than he himself gave in an article published in the *Nashville Banner* in 1911:

SOME REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD COURTHOUSE

By Bishop E. E. Hoss

Glancing over an issue of the *Banner* last week, I came across a telegram from Chattanooga announcing the fact that the present session of the Tennessee Legislature would be asked to authorize an issue of bonds for the purpose of erecting a new courthouse at Jonesboro in Washington County. As I read the lines, a train of memories was started which was most interesting to me, though it may not be so to anybody else. The telegram in question contained a number of capital errors.

In the first place, it stated that the present courthouse is the same one in which John Sevier and the other pioneers of that section used to meet. Nothing could be further from the fact. The first temple of justice erected on the organization of the county in 1777 was of hewed logs, and every trace of it has long since vanished. In my boyhood days, a few of the logs were still pointed out in the barn of Hon. John Blair, who for twelve years represented the First District of Tennessee in the United States Congress. But the barn itself is no more, having been torn down some years subsequent to the civil war. I doubt whether a single fragment of it is now in existence.

The courthouse as it now stands was erected somewhere in the late thirties or the early forties, and in that day was looked upon as an imposing structure. I used to be told—by my father, I

think—that the plans for it were drawn by the late Judge Thomas A. R. Nelson, who, though born in Knox County, had married in Washington County and removed thither to practice law soon after his graduation from the University of East Tennessee. My first recollection of the building goes back to 1853 or 1854, when I remember to have seated myself on the curbstone in front of it to indulge in a childish spell of crying. I had been to a store to get a pair of shoes for my sister, and going back home had twisted the string by which the shoes were tied together around my finger, and being unable to untwist it sought to relieve my pain in a flood of tears. A kindhearted gentleman, Mr. David T. Wilds, who kept a hardware store across the street, came over and helped me out of my predicament. I have thought kindly of him for his service these fifty years.

In 1856 I followed a crowd of other boys to the old courthouse again, to watch the village brass band go off to a Buchanan and Breckenridge mass meeting at Fall Branch. The most of the members of the band were Whigs, and, being myself of that persuasion, I could not at all understand why they should be willing to lend help to a Democratic gathering. A few days before, I had thrown up my hat and shouted when the Fillmore and Donelson flag was spread to the breeze. Like all respectable East Tennesseans, I was a born partisan. Such a thing as being neutral on any important matter was outside of my range. I knew the Democrats were bad, and didn't have to reason about it at all. Not till I was twelve did it dawn on me that a Democrat could really be a good Christian, though before I reached thirty I had grave doubts as to whether a man could be a good Christian that was not a Democrat. Age has cured me of a good many such follies. Partisanship was in my blood. My father had ridden from Jonesboro to Nashville and back in 1840 to hear Henry Clay speak, and before that, in 1832, my grandfather, Isaac Hoss, and my grand-uncle, Maj. James Sevier, stood up by themselves, a lonely couple in Washington County, and voted for John Quincy Adams against Old Hickory. The hero of New Orleans was one of my pet aversions. Not even the fact that he had whipped the British, worthy of admiration as it was, reconciled me to him. I believed without questioning all the evil things that were said of him, and not till long after I had reached man's estate did I begin to reconstruct my judgment concerning him.

As my father was for many years Clerk of the County Court, and later of the Chancery Court, I was about the courthouse a great deal. The speeches of the lawyers and the court proceedings in general interested me immensely. To this day I much doubt

whether an abler bar was ever gathered at any county seat in the State. The four leaders of it were William H. Maxwell, Landon C. Haynes, James W. Deaderick, and Thomas A. R. Nelson—each one a remarkable man in his way. Maxwell was slim, short, and keen-visaged, with a beautiful head of hair, a pair of bright eyes, and a voice that rang clear as a bell. Except by fits and starts, he was not a great student but, when he did set himself to work, his capacity was enormous. About the incidents and fringe-work of a case, he never bothered himself. His method was to plunge right into the heart of the matter from the word go. I have copied scores of his chancery bills in appeal cases. The first few pages of them were always legibly written, but the rest got worse and worse till they degenerated into a mere scrawl. No man that knew him ever reckoned him an easy antagonist. He often won even when he was pitted against the foremost of his colleagues.

Landon C. Haynes is known of all Tennesseans. He had the part of Jove. Tall, erect, graceful in every movement, he was nature's own orator. With words he was a perfect magician. The language of tenderness, of contempt, of scorn, was at his perfect command. His speeches often left stings that endured for a lifetime. Nobody equaled or approached him in handling an anecdote. To tell the truth, he did not always prepare his cases with the utmost care, and that sometimes put him at a disadvantage in dealing with men who knew their ground. But in such instances his habit was to make a dash, and that occasionally carried him through. He began life as a Methodist preacher, but a quarrel with Parson Brownlow drove him out of the ministry and out of the Church. What a preacher he would have made! His younger brother, Matt Haynes, the father of the present Chancellor, Hal Haynes, was reckoned a much more careful and painstaking counselor.

James W. Deaderick, afterward and for a long time Chief Justice of the State, did not begin the practice of law till he was about 40. Financial reverses then drove him to it for a living. To say he became very eminent in his profession is to tell the sober truth. To begin with, he was a gentleman, through and through, and a just man. There was not money enough in the world to tempt him to do wrong. He could not have told a lie if he tried. His moral nature was finely balanced, and his intellect was calm, clear, penetrating. He knew a good deal of the stuff that is in the books before it was put there. At the bar he was highly honored. No man ever called in question any of his statements of fact. What he said was accepted without a word. On the bench, so I am told, he was noted for his perfect fairness,

the lucidity and orderliness of his thought, and the brevity and conciseness of his opinions. His firm, large, round writing was an index to his character. It used to be a delight to me to get hold of his papers.

With perhaps a heavier brain, and certainly with more accomplishments than any of the rest, Judge Nelson filled the ideal of a learned and able lawyer. He knew the law in the principles and the history of it. Yet when it came to handling concrete and individual facts he was not slack nor indolent. All his life long, to use the words of old Thomas Carlyle, he toiled terribly. In even the most ordinary case he spared no pains of research or investigation. The only criticism that I ever heard of him was that he seemed at times to lack the sense of proportion, and to put as much emphasis on an unimportant detail as upon a graver matter. But he was so well equipped, both in general and in special, that it was a dangerous thing for anybody to go up against him.

In 1859 he was elected to the United States Congress, defeating Landon C. Haynes by a majority of 119. The canvass was a memorable one. Some day I should like to write about it. Soon after he had taken his seat at Washington he collided with Roger A. Pryor, a very presumptuous and rather superficial young Virginian, who lived long enough to make a fine lawyer and a great Judge. But at the time Pryor was still in a sort of adolescent stage, and had the folly to fling himself into a debate with the East Tennessean. Never was there so complete a discomfiture. In less than an hour Nelson had delivered a speech that was the talk of the nation. The *London Times* said of it: "There has been no such utterance in the Federal House of Representatives since John Randolph illustrated the power and purity of the English language."

When Andrew Johnson was impeached, Judge Nelson was one of his counsel. Ben Butler tried to bully him.

"If he had known his man," as Tom Sawyer used to say, "he would have undertaken a job that was nearer his size."

Nelson did not know what fear meant. Honorable, high-minded, the pink of courtesy, he was incapable of offering an insult and equally incapable of submitting to one. His later service on the Tennessee Supreme Bench, though brief, yet showed the true quality of his mind. Some of his opinions, notably the one on "The Belligerent Rights of the Confederate States," are monuments of legal learning and ability.

Outside of the law he had varied gifts. A great lover of poetry, he was himself an occasional writer of verses of no mean char-

acter. His "Epic Lament," written after his defeat for the United States Senate by Jimmy Jones, contains a good per cent of vitric acid, and his "East Tennessee" and "Secession" have real merit. I did not set out to write so much, but my pen has got away with me.

Of those four men, Maxwell and Haynes were Democrats, and Nelson and Deaderick were Whigs. At the beginning of the war Haynes was elected to the Confederate States Senate, where, so the record runs, his reputation for amazing eloquence surpassed his reputation for solid statesmanship. His death not many years after the war possibly cut him off from the opportunity to exhibit his maturer powers in the Senate of the United States. Of all Tennesseans he was perhaps the greatest orator. Maxwell followed Andrew Johnson and stood by the Union. But before the strife was over he had reacted and was almost on the other side. In reconstruction days he was the bitter opponent of Republicans, but ended by removing to Kansas and swallowing Republicanism whole. Nobody ever thought him insincere; his convictions simply lacked staying power. Deaderick was, in the abstract, a strong Union man and opposed the calling of a Constitutional Convention in 1861. He also took part in the several conventions of the Union men of East Tennessee. All his sons, however, went into the Confederate army, except two, who were too young to carry arms, and gradually, his sympathies shifted toward the South. At the close of the war he was outrageously treated by a lot of blackguards who were not worthy to loose the latchets of his shoes. Nelson was a stanch Unionist. He and Johnson, after a lifetime of disagreement, locked shields and stood together for the Federal Government. But the radical measures adopted by Mr. Lincoln went sorely against his grain. Two of his sons were Confederates and two Federals. Only one of them is now left; my honored boyhood friend, Judge Thomas A. R. Nelson of Knoxville, who carries without reproach the great name that he inherited without stain.

The telegram to which I referred above also says that the original records of Washington County are still kept in the old courthouse. That is not the fact. Many years ago—15 or 20—they were, through the agency largely of my dear friend and brother-in-law, Judge Samuel J. Kirkpatrick, recently deceased, transferred to the keeping of the Tennessee Historical Society at Nashville. Under his careful supervision a minutely exact transcript of them was made, and that is now at Jonesboro. I may say, in conclusion, that no Tennessean in recent years had better illustrated the high traits of patriotic citizenship, or adorned more

JONESBORO—THE FIRST TOWN IN TENNESSEE

worthily the noble profession in which he spent his life, than Judge Kirkpatrick. May the breed of such men never perish in our grand old State.

Rev. Dr. David Sullins says of Jonesboro:

My appointment this year was to the Jonesboro Station. I took public conveyance (had no horse), and got to Jonesboro Saturday evening, October 2, 1852. I stopped at the hotel. Next day I preached twice, and had the pleasure of meeting many of my people. Here I found a good membership in a good, new church. The colored membership was large, and I usually preached for them at three in the afternoon in the Sunday-school room, which was the basement. Jonesboro was then the best town between Knoxville and the State line, Bristol. There was no Bristol then; it was known as James King's Meadows; post office, Sapling Grove.

Dr. Sullins tells of a romance in Jonesboro at the time of the boyhood of Embree Hoss:

Our music teacher was Miss Chisom, from Fort Smith, Ark. She was one-fourth Cherokee, carried strong marks of her Indian blood, and was a good musician and a sensible, practical woman. This was at a time when the E. T. & V. R. R. was being graded. Mr. R. L. Owen was chief engineer, and afterwards became President of the road. He and Miss Chisom and I boarded at the same hotel. To make the story short, he courted and married her. I had the pleasure of officiating at the wedding, and Miss A. R. Blair, mentioned elsewhere, was bridesmaid. He took his bride to Lynchburg, his native town. To them were born two sons—Otway and Robert L., manly young fellows who used to visit us with their mother when they were but lads. Otway, I think, died young. After the death of Mr. Owen, she took her son, now grown and educated in a Virginia college, back to the Territory. I see stated in the papers of this week that Robert L. Owen, who is one-eighth Cherokee, had been nominated by the Democrats for a seat in the United States Senate, at Muskogee, Ind. T. Bravo! Bravo! Well, Robert is no milksop, I'll warrant you, and his good tomahawk will be a match for Mr. Tillman's pitchfork.

He tells of the results of other romances:

Bear with me and note that I am not bragging on myself, but

on my pupils. The very best men of the land sought them for wives. Let me mention a few of them and the sensible men who married them: Virginia Blair, wife of Rev. Dr. W. E. Munsey; Eva Dulaney, wife of Rev. Dr. John Bachman, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Sallie Cunningham, wife of Rev. Nathan Bachman, Sweetwater, Tenn.; Jodie Burts, wife of Rev. W. H. Bates, of Holston Conference for twenty-nine years; Nannie Ripley, wife of Rev. J. N. S. Huffaker, twenty years a member of Holston; Eva Snapp, wife of Rev. A. A. Blair, sometime professor in Tennessee University; Sophie Hoss, wife of Rev. Dr. G. D. French, of Holston Conference, and Dora Hoss, wife of Judge S. J. Kirkpatrick, Johnson City, Tenn. (sisters of the Bishop); Irene Blair, wife of Rev. John E. Naff, of Holston; Ann Mary Deaderick, wife of the late W. T. Van Dyke, Esq., of Chattanooga; Laura Mitchell, wife of Judge J. F. J. Lewis, of Knoxville; Kitty Wiles, wife of the late Judge A. J. Brown, Greeneville, Tenn.; Ella Luckey, wife of the late Judge Jesse Gaut, of Cleveland, Tenn.; Issadore Deaderick, wife of Hon. J. A. Moon, Chattanooga, Tenn. (M. C.); Sallie Luckey, wife of the late Colonel Moore, of Dalton, Ga.; Sallie Foster, wife of Rev. Samuel Rhea, missionary to India; Eva Burts, wife of the late Hon. Felix Ernest, Johnson City, Tenn.; Mollie Dulaney, wife of M. M. Butler, M.D., Bristol, Tenn.; Miss Dulaney, wife of Judge C. J. St. John, Bristol, Tenn.; Ann Rebecca Blair, wife of D. Sullins, of Holston Conference for fifty-seven years; and others whose names do not occur to me at this writing, now after the lapse of fifty-four years. In addition to these, there are half a score and more wives of the most influential and successful merchants and farmers in the State. These men and their wives have had much to do in the shaping of public sentiment in the State; and especially in the religious life of this land for the last fifty years. Look over the list and say if I may not be a little proud of having had some humble part in the education of such a class of wives and mothers.

In this small county town lived the family of Henry Hoss and his wife. Here Embree Hoss spent his boyhood. It was the ideal of his youth, the Mecca of his later years.

CHAPTER V

SCHOOL AND COLLEGE

He gave me my first distinct conception of the value of accurate scholarship by refusing to tolerate any slipshod methods in the classroom; he put me upon the constant reading of the Greek Testament in the very beginning of my ministry; and he helped my diffidence with kind words at a time when kind words were worth their weight in gold.

I

EMBREE HOSS was twelve years old on the day of the surrender of Fort Sumter, April 14, 1861. He was sixteen years old five days after the surrender at Appomattox. He spent those four years, from twelve to sixteen, in Jonesboro. Nowhere in the country were those years more stirring than in that small town: "The village which has had its thousand inhabitants—few more and few less—any time this century past."

Embree was entirely too young to enlist as a soldier and his parents were too wise to allow those precious years of his life wasted, although the fever of war raged through those years. That they were well used in study is manifest in the fact that he was prepared to enter Ohio Wesleyan University in 1866. He had acquired the foundation for a good literary education at the academy of his native town.

Jonesboro had not changed in population; nevertheless, important changes had come. Four years before the war the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad had connected Jonesboro with the seaboard, east and south. This brought at once immense quickening of intellectual interest to all but the dullest minds, both young and old. Even before the railroad came Jonesboro was the gateway of travel from both the south and east to the rapidly developing west.

Henry Hoss was for several years Clerk of the County Court

at Jonesboro. Embree assisted his father at this work during vacations and at such hours as could be spared from his studies. This brought him into contact with the best lawyers of the State. In a community as democratic as Jonesboro, this was of immense value to the alert lad who did a great deal of the work of the Chancery Court Clerk.

Toward the end of the war Henry Hoss accepted a position with the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, at Knoxville. The work required an assistant and Embree joined his father and worked at Knoxville with him for some time. His mother recalled to the day of her death the homespun and homemade clothes which she prepared for him when he left home to join his father at Knoxville. She especially recalled the rough cowhide shoes which he wore away. There was always something of pride and something of merriment in the way she described his dress and appearance as he left home.

But he was not destined to be a railroad man, so, in a short time, he was at home again with books which he loved and surrounded by the people who interested and inspired him from his earliest boyhood.

II

In 1866 Elijah Embree Hoss was ready for college and his father sent him to Ohio Wesleyan University at Delaware, Ohio. Here he studied for two years.

Nearly forty years later he wrote of his experience on leaving home to go to college:

When I went away from the old home for the first time to spend a whole year at school, my heart grew a little sick and faint, and to this day I never leave without a similar feeling, and never get back without a sense of grateful delight. The humblest home on earth is better than a king's palace that belongs to other people. To get up in the morning and look on the faces of those you love, and to go to bed at night with their kisses on your lips, this is surely the greatest of earthly goods and blessings. And the everlasting home. O, shall I reach it at last, and be at rest and peace in the presence of my Lord? God grant it may be so!

The late Senator Joseph B. Foraker was a student at Ohio Wesleyan when Embree Hoss entered in 1866. So deeply was the Senator impressed by the ability of his young college mate from Tennessee, that he names him as "one of the most brilliant men he has ever known."

III

The memory of Ohio Wesleyan and the days spent there as a student was a source of unending joy to the youth who entered Ohio Wesleyan at seventeen. He was not again on the campus until 1884.

Writing of this experience he says:

By a conjunction of favoring providences I am having the pleasure of a short respite from my work and a hurried run through the West. When I left home I feared excessive heat, but the weather has been comfortably cool all the time. Texas is my destination, but my route lay through Cincinnati; and when I reached that point I found myself so near to Delaware, Ohio, where I spent two years of my college life, that I could not resist the temptation to go thither, though I had only a few hours for the trip.

Delaware is a beautiful town of 4,000 or 5,000 inhabitants. Its chief attraction is the Ohio Wesleyan University, which has had an honorable history of nearly fifty years, and now legitimately ranks among the great schools of the country. It has a fine campus, ample buildings, good equipments, and a productive endowment of \$340,000. Its strong point, however, has always been in its Faculty. The first president was Dr. Edward Thompson, who subsequently became the most accomplished of all the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was succeeded by Dr. Frederick Merrick, who was a fellow student of our Bishop Keener at Middletown, and who, after having sagaciously administered the affairs of the University for many years, retired to the professorship which he now holds. The present president is Dr. C. H. Payne, whose book on *Character Building* is highly commended by competent critics. Several other eminent scholars have given their work to the University. Among these is Dr. L. D. McCabe, a brilliant preacher, an original thinker on some of the highest lines of theological and philosophical investigation, and a most warm-hearted and genial man. Worthy of such association is Dr.

William G. Williams. He knows the Greek classics as an anatomist knows the human body and teaches them with an inspirational force that could scarcely fail to quicken and stir the minds of his students.

I had not seen the University for sixteen years, and my heart beat sensibly faster as I stepped from the train and went down through the town. Every step stirred up a thousand recollections, and finally the rush of memories became so tumultuous that I found the silent tears running down my face. Sixteen years are a long time, a large section in a man's life. In that period I have reaped a full harvest of human joy, and waded heart-deep through human sorrow. Meanwhile, the horizon of my thought has widened indefinitely; but I have never for one moment ceased to regard as sacred the place where, in the most impressible stage of my existence, I received so many impulses to a high and noble life.

My old teachers met me most kindly. Dr. McCabe's face looked to me like the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. He laid down his pen, and broke off his meditations on *The Will*, to talk to me; and his talk was like angel's food. Dr. Williams came out of his library—I left him there at nine o'clock on a winter evening sixteen years ago, and the presumption is that he has been there ever since—at any rate he came out, and when he knew me, took my hand in both his, and made me feel at once as if I were in a friendly presence. I owe him more on many accounts than I can ever repay, except in that realm where gratitude and love are current coin. He gave me my first distinct conception of the value of accurate scholarship by refusing to tolerate any slipshod methods in the classroom; he put me upon the constant reading of the Greek Testament in the very beginning of my ministry; and he helped my diffidence with kind words at a time when kind words were worth their weight in gold.

My heart was touched at the sight of Dr. Merrick. I found him standing alone. The sweet-faced wife who so long cheered his pilgrimage has passed the flood and entered into rest, and he, though yet at work and happy in his work, is looking upward through clear heavens, and listening for the sound of the voice that shall call him hence.

At Cincinnati I saw Dr. Hoyt, another of my old professors. He has been for twelve years the editor of the *Western Christian Advocate* and has made of it a strong, bright, and pure paper. Dr. Bayliss will have to do well indeed to surpass him.

I had the privilege of seeing Professor Seamans long enough to assure him of my regard; but I missed Professor Whitlock en-

tirely. Professor Lacroix, who translated Naville's "Problem of Evil" and Wuttke's great book on "Christian Ethics," is dead, but alive by the work he did while yet in the flesh. How many of those I knew and loved sixteen years ago are gone hence! I shall meet them no more on the dusty highways of human life; but I see them by faith among the blood-besprinkled bands on the other side, and they stretch glad hands to me, and call me up to the high places of the universe. O that I may follow whither they have gone!

When I returned to Cincinnati I called for a little while at the office of Judge Foraker, who was last year the Republican candidate for Governor of Ohio. He was my classmate in college, and by that token is yet a very young man; but is, nevertheless, old enough to have won many honors, and to have won them worthily. We could not easily agree about the tariff and some other things. He thinks that I know nothing of politics except from books, and he is nearly correct; but we had a delightful conversation, revived old times, and renewed our pledges of friendship in a most friendly way. If he will only come to Virginia I shall be glad to show him some things that are possibly a little unfamiliar to the range of his ordinary thoughts.

I shall go on from this place to Arkansas and Texas, and will possibly write you again, though I am somewhat afraid that this rather sentimental effusion will not put you in a humor to publish more.

During his second year at Ohio Wesleyan University some negro students were admitted to that institution. His father, although an intense unionist during the War between the States, promptly took action which resulted in the withdrawal of the son from Ohio Wesleyan and his return to his home. It is said that his father received a letter from the President of the institution, telling of the trouble which had arisen and suggesting that it might be well for him to come and look after the matter; and that his father replied that "Embree was entirely capable of making up his own mind."

It was perhaps as difficult for the President to understand why Embree Hoss should leave Ohio Wesleyan on account of the admission of negro students, as it was for Embree Hoss to understand why Ohio Wesleyan University admitted negro students. If the President of Ohio Wesleyan University had been, in 1867, an

eighteen-year-old Tennessee youth; and if Embree Hoss had then been sixty years of age, having spent those sixty years in Ohio, it is probable that the President and the boy would have acted precisely as did the President and the boy whose actions are here recorded.

When Embree Hoss entered Ohio Wesleyan University there arose a possibility that he might become a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His father was a supporter of the Union. His mother was passionately attached to the Union, though a strong Southerner. They sent their son to a Northern College, probably because they preferred to place him in an environment congenial to their political feelings. There is little doubt that there was a time when he was strongly inclined to sympathize with the views which then prevailed in the North.

Several years after this time, when he was pastor at Knoxville, he was one of the speakers at the unveiling of a Confederate monument, in the Confederate Cemetery. He surprised and shocked his hearers by telling them that a few years ago he had held views contrary to the views which he was then expressing. Mr. W. L. Lyons, who died only last year, had a distinct recollection of the chill which came over the auditors when this statement was made. But, such was the sincerity of Embree Hoss in making this statement, that he did not lose the esteem of his people by so doing.

It is, at least, conceivable that, but for the incident connected with the admission of negroes to Ohio Wesleyan University, he would have completed his college course there, and might have entered the ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Such an incident may have been small. But it did not seem small to a boy of seventeen, whose mother "was as strong a Southerner as she could well be." The feelings arising from such incidents often have far-reaching consequences.

IV

Elijah Embree Hoss entered Emory and Henry College in 1868 and graduated with the Bachelor of Arts degree in 1869.

Dr. S. A. Steele, writing in 1918 of the time when he entered

college "fifty years ago," says: "There was much talk about a brilliant student who had just left college named E. E. Hoss."

His college mates have remembered, through the years, his prodigious capacity for work; his clear and ready grasp of the subjects studied; his ability to express what he had learned; and most of all his capacious and unfailing memory. I have heard one of his classmates say that "Hoss could hear a lesson read once and make a better recitation than any other member of his class." He had instant command of his store of knowledge, which was ample in college days and grew until he was an old man.

At Emory and Henry he found a faculty of high ability and splendid Christian character. At the head stood Dr. E. E. Wiley, New England Puritan who became Southern to the core, whom he came to admire with what almost amounted to adoration. Then there was Edmond Longley, a Yankee from Maine, who became the Patriarch of Emory and Henry; James A. Davis, a son of Southwest Virginia, who became an institution in his native land; John L. Buchanan from the "Rich Valley" in Smyth County, able to fill almost any chair and who was a model of all manly qualities; and Charles E. Vawter, in his Junior year at Emory when called to the Confederate colors, was a Captain under Stonewall Jackson; returning after the war, he graduated in 1866 as the sole survivor of a class of twenty-four members, and was long remembered as teacher of mathematics. These and other such men were his teachers.

Among his classmates was James Atkins; two years later came Walter R. Lambuth; and ten years later still, when E. E. Hoss was a Professor, came Richard Green Waterhouse; the four of them were to sit together in the College of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

In 1883, while teaching and living at Emory and Henry, he wrote:

Only a few days ago I was looking over the original subscriptions to Emory and Henry. The great majority of them were exceedingly small—five dollars, and not many above that figure. The college was built mainly by the common people. It has been a blessing to the common people. From the very first its influence

struck the mid-level of society in Southwestern Virginia and East Tennessee, and it has gone on diffusing intelligence and spreading light among those who otherwise would have remained in ignorance.

By the memory of our sainted fathers; by the 5,000 young men whom she has educated; by all the long list of souls that have been converted in her halls; and by the sum total of her positive influence for good from the day of her birth to this year of grace 1883, Emory and Henry pleads for the continued sympathy, the fervent prayers, and the liberal support of the Church.

After graduating from Emory and Henry College, at twenty, he at once entered the itinerant ministry. Education was to be one of the major interests of his life. Fifteen years were to be given to teaching. The general interests of Christian Education occupied much of his time while he was teaching; as an editor he was always alert to that cause; and much of his time as a bishop was given to the development, strengthening, and defense of the educational work of the Church.

FAMILY RECORD.

BIRTHS.

Henry Hopf was born on the 24th day of Oct. in the year of our Lord 1818.

Ann Maria Hopf, formerly Ann Maria Sevier was born on the 4th day of February in the year of our Lord 1825

Amanda Adora Hopf was born on the 11th day of May 1847- on Cherokee Creek.

Elijah Emile Hopf on the 14th day of April 1849- on Cherokee Creek.

Harriet Sophia Hopf was born on the 3rd day of February 1851. In Jonesborough.

BIRTHS.

Archibald Calvin Hopf on the 11th day of December 1853. In Jonesborough.

Martha Ellen Hopf on the 24th day of March 1855. in Jonesborough.

Henry Lewis Hopf was born on 20th day of April 1857. In Jonesborough.

Minerva Elizabeth Hopf was born on the 5th day of December 1859. in Jonesborough.

John Isaac Hopf Born 8th March 1864 in Jonesboro about 3 O'clock A.M.

CHAPTER VI

ANSWERING THE CALL TO PREACH

The Kingdom of Christ spreads by the spontaneous activity of those who have already become its subjects.

I

THE religious atmosphere of the home in which Elijah Embree Hoss grew up was favorable to normal religious experience and development. His mother, a most devout and Godly woman, had spent much of her girlhood in the home of her near kinsman, Rev. Elbert F. Sevier. After her marriage to Henry Hoss her distinguished kinsman was a frequent guest in her home. Throughout life Embree Hoss carried the fragrant memory of those visits; and held his kinsman in reverent and affectionate esteem. He also grew accustomed to the frequent visits of the many Methodist preachers who, passing through Jonesboro, were welcome guests in his father's home. Such families came to think of the preachers as a part of the family rather than as visitors. Thus it came to pass that Embree Hoss felt as much at home with Methodist preachers, even in his boyhood, as with his own devoted parents.

The Jonesboro Church record is that "in 1859, under the pastorate of Rev. Grinsfield Taylor, he professed religion and joined the Church." It seemed so natural for such a boy, reared in such a home, in the midst of such a community, "to profess religion and join the Church" that no chronicler has thought it necessary to add anything to that statement. The ten-year-old boy took his place in the church and in the religious life of the home with such simplicity, loyalty, and sincerity that it did not occur to anyone that any other way of life could have seemed possible to the lad whom they had known from his birth. Straight and steady he kept his course during those four dark and troubled years of the

war. The year after the close of the war he finished the courses offered in the excellent schools of Jonesboro and was ready to go to college.

He was now seventeen years old. At this time, February 8, 1866, he was licensed as a Methodist preacher, by the Jonesboro Quarterly Conference, in the Methodist Church, to the building of which his family had made generous contribution. Thus it came to pass as he left home for college he carried with him his license as a Methodist preacher. He went away to Ohio Wesleyan University to make preparation for the vocation to which he had been called. But just as his coming into the church had followed the pattern of his boyhood, so entering the ministry as a local preacher was a part of the life of the youth.

He preached at Jonesboro, among the friends of his boyhood. He doubtless preached at Ohio Wesleyan among his college mates. When, two years later, he entered Emory and Henry, he preached, as his turn came, among the students who were preparing for the ministry. So that when he graduated from Emory and Henry in 1869, he had been preaching for three or four years, although he was then but twenty years old.

II

The fact that no autobiographical reference to his call to preach has been found does not at all indicate that he had no soul-stirring struggle with the call to preach. It rather means that such experiences were too deep for words. He was not given to introspection, although one of the frankest of souls who has lived among men.

What he has written about his friend Dr. David Morton's call to preach probably tells the story of his own call. He says:

The old Methodists were as certain that God calls some men to preach the gospel as they were that He calls all men to believe it and obey it. From their standpoint, it was a piece of inexcusable presumption for any man to enter the ministry without a special vocation thereto and an act of open rebellion for him to refuse to do so when convinced that he was divinely designated to the work. And they had good scriptural reasons for both beliefs.

While the Lord Jesus was still in the flesh He himself singled out of His disciples those whom He wished to surrender everything else and to devote themselves entirely to the work of proclaiming the Kingdom of God; and when He went away He did not delegate this authority of choosing His ambassadors to anybody else. On the contrary, He expressly reserved it in His own hands. Having ascended up on high and seated Himself on His mediatorial throne, "He gave gifts unto men." St. Paul further says: "He gave some to be apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ; till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." It is not too much to say that, according to this teaching, every true minister is a direct gift from the risen Lord to His Church.

The divine call does not always come in the same way, but usually follows the natural idiosyncrasies of human character. Sometimes a distinct premonition of it is felt even in childhood. I have known not a few men who were convinced long before their conversion that sooner or later they must preach. David Morton seems to have had some such anticipation. As a usual thing, however, the call is coincident with conversion or follows shortly thereafter. Of course it is heard, not in audible tones, but only in the depths of the spirit. When analyzed as far as it can be analyzed, it is found to be a sense of obligation to preach the gospel, so deeply impressed on the conscience that the man who is the subject of it must needs interpret it as having come from God. Sometimes it has a compulsory clearness that cannot be misunderstood, and then again it is rather vague and general, leaving its meaning to be made out with some pains and difficulty. A few men give in to it without the least hesitation and joyfully. The most draw back at first, not because they are unwilling to serve, but because they doubt their fitness for so great a work. Some utterly refuse to yield and go through an ordeal of agony. In the case of these the Spirit often persists for months and years, though now and then He seems to be silenced by defiant disobedience. Always, however, there remains for a time at least a troubled heart, and now and then there follows a lapse into flagrant sin as a sort of retreat from known duty.

The mind of the Church, and especially of deeply experienced and nurtured Christians, is often a help and a guide to those whose own minds are not clear as to their duty. The Church calls nobody and dares not presume to do so. But

in proportion as she is filled with the Spirit she is capable of noting and discriminating the true signs in those that are called of God. This at least is what she must do, for it lies with her to give or refuse a visible authorization to those who apply for it; and she must, therefore, canvass every case and seek to find out whether the Lord has or has not spoken. To take this function lightly, as if it were not a matter of grave importance, is to be guilty of a serious sin. Among Methodists from the beginning there have been three accepted tests for those who ask for license: Have they gifts, a good natural understanding, with the capacity to acquire knowledge and the power to speak clearly and forcibly? Have they graces, the fruit of the Spirit abiding and abounding in their lives? Have they fruits, the outcome of their spontaneous and unofficial efforts for the salvation of others? Where these three signs agree, it is usually safe for the Church to give her formal consent and approval.

He wrote also of the call which came to William McKendree:

When the thought of formally entering the ministry was thus thrust upon McKendree's mind, he was much perplexed by it. The possibility of disobeying the Divine will troubled him greatly; but the danger of running without a call was equally repugnant to him. At times he would be almost ready to say: "Here am I; send me." But when he reflected on the difficult and weighty responsibilities of the ministerial office and considered the scantiness and inadequacy of his own equipment, he drew back. While he was in this confused state of mind, his father, discerning his condition and surmising the real cause of it, said to him one day as they were sitting at the table: "William, has not the Lord called you to preach the gospel? I believe he has, and I charge you not to quench the Spirit." These solemn words, coming from such a source at such a time, impressed him greatly and no doubt helped him to reach a right conclusion.

A little later, when he was quite ill, Mr. Easter, to whom he was already so much indebted, came to see him, imploring the Lord to raise him up to health and strength and then to thrust him out as a laborer in the vineyard. With renewed submissiveness and much fasting and prayer he looked to God for direction, and was not disappointed. The direction came to him, as he himself in his later years always thought, through the active but unsolicited intervention of Christian friends. And why not so? The mind of the Church is often the medium through which the mind of the Lord is made known. The Church may not properly

issue a call to preach. That is a prerogative which the Lord has expressly reserved in his own hands. But the Church must test all those who profess to have been called, and determine whether their profession is genuine. And her judgment is never to be despised.

He believed in a divine call to preach. He also believed that "the mind of the church is often the medium through which the mind of the Lord is made known."

He was licensed to preach at seventeen and became an itinerant preacher at twenty. Of seventy years he gave fifty-three to preaching.

III

Elijah Embree Hoss was admitted on trial into the traveling connection in Holston Conference at Abingdon, Virginia, on September 28, 1869. His recommendation came from Jonesboro Station. The only surviving member of the class of ten who came into Holston Conference with him is Thomas R. Handy.

Bishop David S. Doggett presided at the Conference when Embree Hoss was admitted. Again and again he refers to Bishop Doggett as one of the greatest of preachers.

When in 1890, during his first year as editor of the *Christian Advocate*, he wrote of hearing Bishop Doggett, he was doubtless referring to this time when he entered the Conference. He wrote:

Twenty-one years ago we had the pleasure of listening within one week to Matthew Simpson, David S. Doggett, and William E. Munsey. It was our deliberate conviction then, as it is now, that Bishop Doggett was by odds the most accomplished and attractive speaker of the three, though he did not have the tremendous force of sensibility with which Bishop Simpson was endowed, nor the almost supernatural sweep of imagination that characterized Dr. Munsey in his best estate.

His first appointment was Jonesboro and Greeneville. Fourteen years before, when six years old, he had stood in front of the old courthouse to watch the preachers come in to Conference. His own story is too good to omit: "I also remember to have stood there in the fall of 1855 to watch the Methodist preachers come in

to the session of the Holston Conference, over which Bishop Robert Paine presided. There was no railroad then, and the preachers all came in buggies or on horseback. It was a wonderful sight to me. Little did I suppose at the time that I should ever take the road and ride with them."

In the "Life of William McKendree" he refers to this experience and to the experience which came when he received his first appointment:

The writer of these lines, now nearly half advanced in his seventh decade, has never yet forgotten the thrill of interest that swept through his spirit when he saw the spectacle for the first time, nor the deep feeling of awe when, a few years later, he himself first lined up to get his own marching orders. He expects to carry these memories into eternity.

With the thrill of this experience he went back to Jonesboro where he had been brought up and where he had spent all of his days except those when he was away at college. Here he was to be pastor to his godly mother and more than pastor to his upright and steadfast father. At Jonesboro, four generations of his people, descended from four great-grandfathers, had lived since the Watauga Settlements were made. It was almost literally true that he was kin to nearly "every mother's son of them."

His appointment to Jonesboro was a high compliment; but it carried also a great responsibility. As he had grown to manhood war had played havoc with Jonesboro as with every part of East Tennessee. Families had been divided, some going to the Union army and others to the Confederate army. The ending of the war did not end strife. The years of reconstruction were almost as terrible as the days of war had been. Those who came into power under reconstruction were obsessed with the idea that they were authorized to overturn every institution of society in the South and destroy everything which did not accord with their view of things.

To such people the Southern Methodist Church seemed the very embodiment of everything which was evil. Some men who were otherwise good men became so obsessed with this idea that

they lost sight of the most basic principles of right and justice. Apparently without the slightest compunctions they seized the Southern Methodist Churches, dispossessing the church members and preachers by whom they had been built and who had held them without question until after the close of the war.

When young Embree Hoss went to his home town for his first pastorate, that is exactly the situation which he found.

The account of this procedure written for the *Christian Advocate* by the young preacher in 1870 will give a more accurate impression than the writer can frame. He writes:

Now that the General Conference has adjourned, you can, perhaps give me room for an item of news, which will no doubt be interesting to many of your readers. As you know, our house of worship at this place was five years ago occupied by the representatives of the Northern Methodist Church. Since then we have made several decided, though unsuccessful, efforts to get them to give us back our own. For the past year, however, they have been gradually assuming a less defiant attitude, and now at last they have entirely yielded to our Christian solicitations and to the demands of public sentiment. We are once more in possession of the building which we erected, and for years occupied without any dispute. The terms upon which it was surrendered to us involve an utter backing down from every position in which our Northern friends have stood. I am glad that the matter is settled. Such cases as this has been constitute an impassable barrier between the two Methodisms. I hope that the ministers and members of the M. E. Church in other places where our property is unlawfully detained by them, will display a similar prudence. They will thus vindicate the honesty of their motives in making propositions for union, fraternization, etc. To deal justly and to love mercy is (*me judice*) of more value than many Episcopal commissions. As a general thing, we are progressing very well in this part of the work. The present year is by far the most prosperous since the war. Our Church has a deep hold on the affections of the community at large, and is destined to exercise a controlling influence in molding its sentiments, and in determining the character of its individual and aggregate life. Much credit, for the present state of affairs, is due to the Rev. G. W. Miles, our worthy Presiding Elder. He entered this territory immediately after the war, and has assiduously cultivated it ever

since. For the sake of our Zion, he has gone through a very fiery furnace of personal persecution.

IV

Jonesboro entertained the District Conference and the young preacher wrote of it to the *Christian Advocate*:

The Jonesboro District Conference, Holston Annual Conference, convened in Jonesboro, Tenn., July 29, and adjourned August 1. . . . By a happy conjuncture of circumstances, Dr. McFerrin arrived on Friday evening. He did effective service, preaching once and making three or four fine speeches. Verily, he is a many-sided man. You know he has friends wherever he goes, but none are warmer than those in Jonesboro. We love him very much. Dr. Munsey preached Sunday forenoon to an immense congregation. He was in one of his grandest moods. The tongue of fire was upon him. I doubt if he ever made a much finer effort. Thank God for having given such a man to the Church.

The camp meeting season came in September and he wrote vividly of the meeting at Bond's Camp Ground:

I reached Bond's at 11 o'clock. Brother Miles had just commenced preaching. Before he finished, a gospel-gale swept over the congregation. I know a good brother who says that if a sermon makes him cry, he counts it good. Judged according to this rule, Brother Miles did certainly deliver a most excellent discourse; for when he finished there were not many dry eyes in the great congregation which sat before him. Ay, Mr. Editor, and it would have done your soul good to hear the old-fashioned shouts of "Glory!" and "Hallelujah!" that kept ringing out from the Amen-corner. After the sermon was over, some time was spent with the penitents, and the services were adjourned until 3 o'clock. I then learned that the meeting had been increasing in interest from the beginning. Brothers Wheeler, Mitchell, Freeman, and Sullins all had done pulpit-service. The sermon of the latter, on Sunday forenoon, was thought by many of his friends to have been among the finest, if not the very finest, effort of his life. Not one-half of the congregation could get under the shed on that occasion; but Brother S. knew how to make himself heard. Did you ever hear him preach? My judgment is that he was cut out for a camp-meeting preacher. But his special gift, in this direc-

tion, does not disqualify him for usefulness elsewhere. He works well in any kind of harness. The first conversions were on Sunday night. Three young ladies received the unspeakably precious gift of pardon. On Monday after my arrival the decree went forth that I must preach. But this was no great affliction; for it is not hard to preach when everybody is in the proper frame for the reception of the word.

How it does loosen one's style of talking to attend such a place! At 5 o'clock the brethren and sisters retired apart from each other to hold their respective prayer meetings. God met with them, and made the groves all around the very "neighborhood of heaven." At night Brother Murray, a local preacher, occupied the stand. The altar was crowded with penitents. Eight or ten were converted. I never saw deeper conviction or clearer conversions. I noticed one young man in particular. He wept, prayed, groaned, wrestled for hours. Finally there was a momentary pause, then a leap, then a shout. The struggle was over, the victory won. On Tuesday the exercises were continued in the usual manner, two prayer meetings, morning and evening, and three sermons. At night the excitement was intense. Sinners all over the congregation were pleading for mercy. Even to the very outskirts of the large shed, penitents were on their knees. It was impossible to tell the number converted this night. More, however, experienced a renewal than on any former occasion. It was 1 o'clock before the altar was cleared. Wednesday morning was the last service.

On the following Friday quite a crowd of us visited the top of the Grandfather Mountain. It is about 6,000 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent, though not very steep, is quite laborious. Halfway up the path, you come upon a ledge of rock 100 feet long, 50 feet high, and projecting 10 to 12 feet, so as to form a beautiful shelter. Underneath this gushes up a spring of water, so cold that it makes one's teeth ache. At this point we lunched and again took up our line of march. The balsam-firs stood so thick that we could only now and then get an outward glimpse. But, when we reached the top, our guide suddenly led us out on to a large flat rock. The sight was the grandest I ever saw, and the effect was greatly increased by the suddenness with which it burst upon us. Some members of the crowd were overwhelmed, and gave way to an irresistible impulse to shout aloud. Five States were in the reach of our eyes, and all the territory that we could see was intersected by towering mountains, which stretched one beyond another till they bounded the very horizon. Mount Mitchell, Elk Knob, Roan Mount, Clingman's Peak, Table Rock, Stone Mount, Iron Mountain, and I know not how many others

were distinctly visible. Rich Mountain, about ten miles distant, is the dividing ridge of all the waters in this section. East of this, the streams flow into the New River, which becomes the Kanawha, and unites with the Ohio at Gallipolis, Ohio. On the west the Chucky and Doe drain the country. The Holston receives these. It flows into the Tennessee. The Tennessee goes southward through East Tennessee, passes northward through North Alabama, across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky, and commingles with the Ohio at Paducah.

V

There was compensation for perplexing problems and disturbed social relations, which the aftermath of the war brought, in the fact that he had the loyal support of his kindred and friends. And he enjoyed the intimate friendships which had their springs in childhood and were to flow in ever deeper, stronger channels through middle life and old age.

Col. E. C. Reeves writes of him at this time:

This writer had superior opportunities to discern the basic principles upon which that character was built, he believes, and hopes it will not be amiss briefly to set forth some of them. . . . Our ancestral families were related by blood, and were intimate. The writer knew Embree Hoss when he was a small boy. In the year 1869, in Greeneville, Tenn., one commenced his pastor life and the other his professional career. Both occupied the same office and the same bed in that office. Their aspirations and hopes were a common knowledge. An intimate friendship was then formed that grew into closeness and strength, as fifty years flew past, without a strain or a jar. The younger, by some eight years, first grew weary, lay down to rest, fell on sleep and awoke in the paradise of God; and now, the elder is trying to do that which the younger stood pledged to perform had the conditions been reversed as to longevity.

At Jonesboro he was in his boyhood home. At Greeneville he shared room and bed with "Eb" Reeves; and their love was like that of David and Jonathan "e'en down to old age."

The joys of social and religious life swelled to a mighty crescendo in some of the experiences which came to him in the pulpit and at the altar. Colonel Reeves says:

ANSWERING THE CALL TO PREACH

The first pastorate to which the young preacher was assigned was to the Jonesboro and Greeneville Station, in 1869. Among the first members received by him into the Church, if, indeed, not the very first, were his father and his brother-in-law, the late Judge S. J. Kirkpatrick, of Jonesboro, Tenn.

Speaking before the Ecumenical Conference in London, on September 12, 1901, Dr. Hoss said:

It was my good fortune, the first year that I became an itinerant preacher, to be sent back as pastor of the charge in which I was brought up, and it was my great joy to receive my own father into the Church. He was the first person that I received into the Church.

Writing for the *Christian Advocate*, August 31, 1899, Dr. Hoss said:

If it were not for the calendar, I should refuse to believe that three decades have passed away since I joined the Holston Conference and was sent to serve the little companies of Southern Methodists at Jonesboro and Greeneville, Tennessee. But the calendar is so serenely positive that only a bold man will venture to quarrel with it. Out of such an engagement one always comes second best. The Conference met in 1869 at Abingdon, Virginia, and I went away from the session with the great periods of Bishop Doggett and Dr. Munsey ringing in my ears like thunder peals. My stock in trade was very scanty, and it was a serious question in my mind what I should do when the three sermons that had served me as local preacher in my college days should give out. But the vigor and enthusiasm of youth are a great offset to the lack of intellectual attainments, and God helped me all the year through. The people were indulgent beyond belief. They bore with me for what they hoped I might do in the future. From time to time there were tokens of the divine presence in the congregations; and on a certain winter morning, raw and chilly, I had the great and unexpected joy of receiving my own father into the Church. How pleasant the memory of it is! I can hear even now the glad shout of my sainted mother, quietest and humblest of all God's children, as she suddenly realized that the prayers of half a lifetime had been answered. But this is too personal to be dwelt upon.

At Greeneville we had in those days an exceedingly feeble flock

—only fifteen or twenty members. The rest had gone out from us because they were not of us. This remark is not to be taken in any offensive sense; for the most of the departing brethren were excellent people, and simply stood upon their convictions. They took the house of worship with them and held it till it was restored by the decree of the Chancery Court. With rare kindness the vestrymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church allowed me the use of their pulpit, and I occupied it for several months. One of those liberal Episcopalians was a prominent lawyer of the old school. When he showed signs of religious emotion under my preaching I was “mightily holped up.” A little later, however, the fact came to my knowledge that he never failed to pay the tribute of his lachrymal glands to even the feeblest sermons. The incident made me a little doubtful as to the value of tears.

My Presiding Elder was Rev. George W. Miles, long since “to glory gone.” If ever a man magnified his office, he did. He had committed his whole soul to the work of the ministry, and kept back nothing. Strong enough in body to do any amount of work without fatigue, clear-headed, broad-minded, devout—he literally laid afresh the foundations of Southern Methodism in all Upper East Tennessee. The times were troublous, and often he was in peril even of his life; but none of these things moved him. His memory ought to be kept fresh and green forever. The Church owes him a debt of gratitude which can never be canceled, and my personal obligations to him are so great that I shall always think of him with deep affection.

In a memoir of Rev. George W. Wiles, Dr. Hoss wrote:

First and last he filled circuits, stations, and districts, and succeeded well in them all. But it was as a Presiding Elder that his gifts showed most conspicuously. For the quadrennium following the war he was at the head of the Jonesboro District. That period of his life belongs rightly to the chapter of heroisms. In the face of almost impossible difficulties he went steadily forward, reorganizing the scattered societies, hunting up the wandering sheep, and laying himself out to the uttermost for the glory of God and the advancement of Southern Methodism. Of his immense labors, his constant self-denials, his unswerving courage, we may not here speak at large. It is only the truth to say, however, that for many months his life was in danger, and that he endured persecutions compared with which death itself would have been easy and sweet. His devotion to the Church of his choice was a passion.

He had surrendered himself absolutely to her service, and he never recalled the gift.

VI

Embree Hoss was twenty years old when he was sent to Jonesboro, and he remained there one year. The year's work was successful and happy. The year was all too short and its close meant another Conference with the threat of taking their pastor away from them. They were aware that he had attracted the attention of the Conference, and was wanted elsewhere. It was, at least, some comfort to them as they saw him leaving them that he was being called to larger usefulness. In the years which followed they watched his career with affection and pride.

CHAPTER VII

PROVING HIS MINISTRY—AT KNOXVILLE

In Knoxville—after many years. It was my privilege to spend Sunday, March 26, 1893, in the beautiful metropolis of East Tennessee. Beautiful it is. The view from Holston Heights, or from the University Campus, with the river sweeping away in broad, majestic curves at the foot of the hills, and the Great Smoky Mountains bounding the Southern horizon like a wall of sapphire, is equal to any on which the human eye ever rested. Twenty-three years ago, when I went to Knoxville as a young pastor, it was simply a brisk town of 8,000 or 10,000 inhabitants.

I

AFTER one happy and successful year among his own folk at Jonesboro, he was moved to Knoxville.

Holston Conference met at Wytheville, Virginia, on October 5, 1870. Bishop H. H. Kavanaugh presided and preached as few men have ever preached.

Bishop Kavanaugh has been with us again. How beautifully he grows old! There is not a particle of sourness or moroseness about him. The world to him is a good world, and he loves it, and makes the most of it; yet still he subordinates all of its uses to the ministry and discipline of a higher life. How he preaches! With what simplicity, tenderness, and passionate energy does he set forth the truth as it is in Jesus! He is much loved in Holston. We thank God for such men in the high places of our Israel. They are a guarantee against corruption and intrigue. May we never have any other kind!

He went at once to Knoxville and plunged into the work of his new charge.

Methodism started late and grew slowly at Knoxville. The Presbyterians were first on the ground with a church which, at once, began its work. Indeed the very first settlers were Presbyterians and, true to the steadfastness which is characteristic of

their faith, they were really never without a church in Knoxville.

Methodism in America was young when Knoxville was founded in 1791. The first Methodist preacher to cross the Blue Ridge and "take charge" of a circuit was Jeremiah Lambert and the year was 1783. Lambert was probably no nearer to "the forks of the river" than Greene County. As early as 1788, Thomas Ware was preaching on Big Pigeon, and by 1792 William Burke was preaching on French Broad and even west of the Little River. He had followed the Great Indian War Trail almost to the Cherokee Towns near Fort Loudon. In 1802 a new circuit was set up and named French Broad which served all the territory that had been settled in the region of Knoxville. French Broad Circuit reported, in 1803, 648 white and 14 colored members.

Knoxville appears in the appointments for the first time in 1812. The following year it reported 492 white and 45 colored members. In 1819 there are two appointments: Knox and Knoxville. The next year Knox reports 516 members and Knoxville 68. Growth was more rapid in the following years, so that by 1825 Knoxville reports 973 members; and Little River, which has absorbed Knox, reports 1,148 or a total of 2,121 in the Knoxville area.

In 1827 "Knoxville town" is named in the appointments with Isaac Lewis as pastor. At the end of one year he reported a membership of 129, which may be taken as representing the strength of the Methodist Church in the town of Knoxville at that time.

The holding of the first session of Holston Conference in Knoxville, November 27, 1824, fixed attention on the fact that Knoxville had become an important, perhaps a chief, center of Holston Methodism. It became increasingly important to supply the best possible leadership for the district and for the station.

Knoxville itself did not grow rapidly. In 1824 it was no more than a village. It scarcely rose above a population of 8,000 at the beginning of the War between the States. Methodist Church membership rose to 342 in 1860.

War had laid heavy toll on the lives and the spirits of Knoxville Methodists as indeed of all Methodists in the South. This was

strikingly shown in the conditions which confronted Embree Hoss when he began his work in Knoxville.

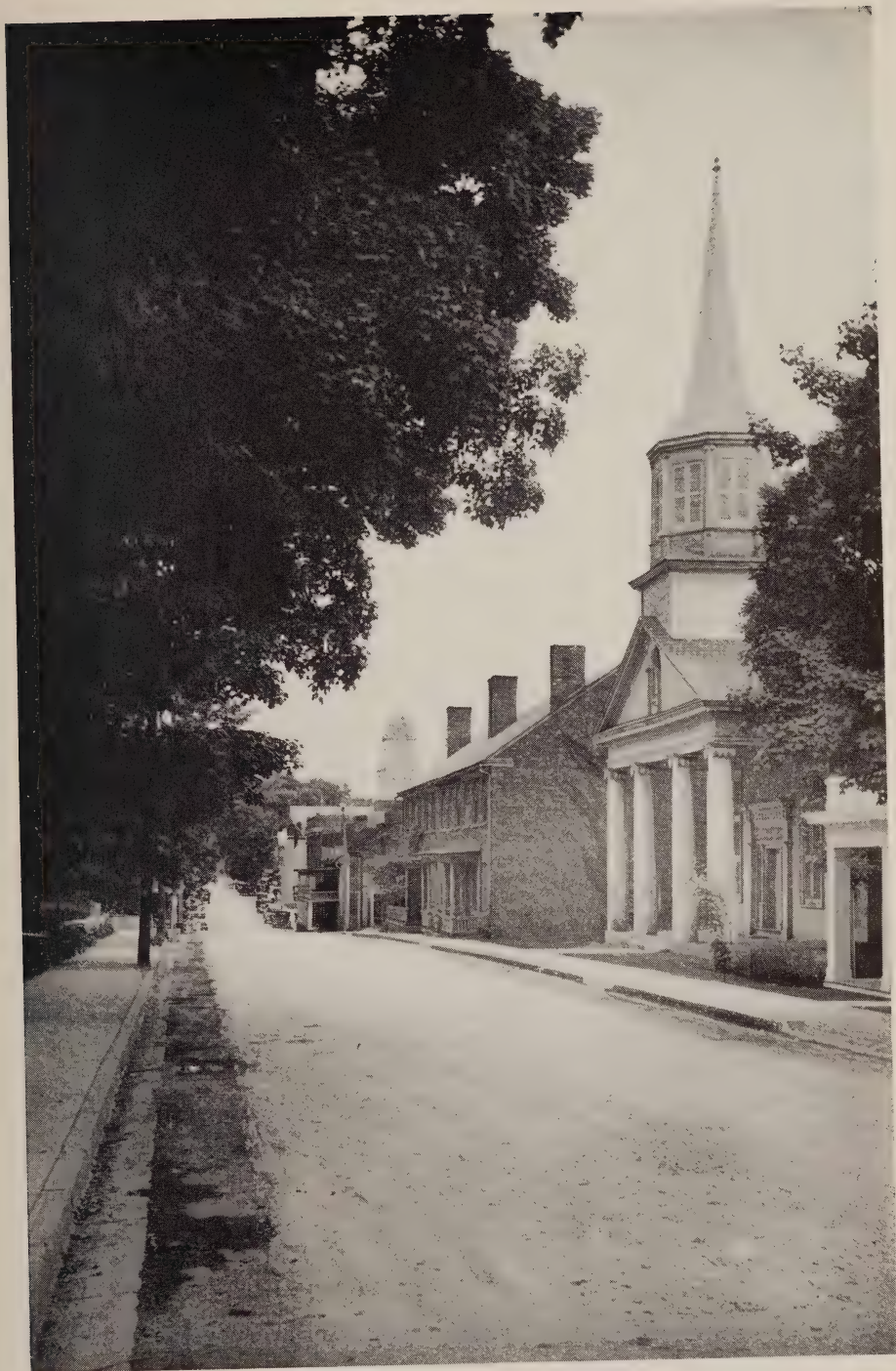
II

When the war ended, with the abolition of slavery and with power in the hands of men who believed in reconstruction by turning society upside down, it was, perhaps, not unnatural for many well-meaning men to believe that everything which had been closely identified with the old South was marked for destruction. The minds of men had been swept by the raging fires of partisanship. If these fires burned fiercely in the hearts of those who supported the Union, they burned no less fiercely in the hearts of those who supported the Confederacy. The overwhelming defeat which came to the Confederacy may have left the vanquished emotionally exhausted; while the sense of victory may have started fires afresh in the hearts of the victors. But fires there were on both sides.

At the session of the Holston Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, held at Athens, Tenn., October 15, 1862, with Bishop John Early presiding, charges were preferred against ten or twelve members of the Conference for disloyalty to the Confederate States of America.

A great part of the time and almost the entire attention of the Conference was occupied with the trial of these men. Some of them were excluded from membership in Holston Conference because they were loyal to the United States. So far as the records show, no voice was raised against this procedure by any member of the Conference; although some of the ablest, wisest, and most godly men who have ever belonged to Holston took part in the heated, partisan proceedings of these so-called trials. No recital or comment can change the facts; but the knowledge of what took place does enable us to see how men's souls were swept by the loyalties and passions of those times.

Those fires were to continue their flaming course after battle flags had been furled and war drums had ceased to beat.



METHODIST CHURCH, JONESBORO

III

When Embree Hoss went to Knoxville, the first thing which confronted him was the fact that the church to which he had been sent had been seized by ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and no Southern Methodist preacher had been allowed to use it for several years. The First Presbyterian Church had allowed them the use of their basement for some time. Until this day there is warm gratitude in the hearts of the older inhabitants of Knoxville for this courteous and genuine kindness. Later the First Baptist Church gave the same assistance for a time. In 1870 the Southern Methodists had built a plain brick house on Church Street, between Market and Gay, which they used until their property was restored to them by order of the civil courts.

There is nothing at all strange in the fact that these conditions were of very grave interest to Embree Hoss. He would have been more than human if he had not felt keenly the injustice of the seizure of property which, as the courts afterwards decided, belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the use of a church which had no existence in the State of Tennessee since 1844. The really strange fact is that, despite these conditions, he was able to plunge at once into the work of saving men to which he had dedicated his young life.

IV

From his youth he had the ability to see things clearly and in due proportions; he had a passion for sincerity and candor. Whatever he saw and knew lived vividly in his memory. To keep the records straight concerning the facts of history seemed to him of primary importance. The time never came when he could keep silent about the things of which he had knowledge when others misrepresented or distorted the facts.

An editorial from his pen, published in the *Christian Advocate* on September 29, 1898, sets forth the facts in the Knoxville church property case and exemplifies his convictions. It speaks for itself:

1. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was the legal own-

er of the Church Street Church at Knoxville, Tenn., else it was not the legal owner of a foot of ground that was deeded to the Methodist Episcopal Church before 1844. If Dr. Spence had a right to seize this building in the name of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then Dr. Gee had a right to seize McKendree Church in this city [Nashville], and Dr. Newman had a right to seize Carondelet Street Church in New Orleans. Such a claim, in view of the unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court, is a piece of colossal impudence.

2. This Church Street Church was seized and held by the Methodist Episcopal Church for about ten years, and was finally surrendered under the compulsion of a lawsuit that could have had but one end, the defendants giving up the property and paying all the expenses of the suit in order to avoid a trial.

3. While this suit was pending, the sum of \$3,600 that had been allowed by the Federal Government for the use, occupancy, and damage of the church during the year 1863-1864 was collected by Rev. John F. Spence, D.D., who claimed to represent the rightful owners of the Church. This money, according to Dr. Spence's own showing, was put into the new Clinch Street Methodist Episcopal Church, Knoxville, and is there to this day. The Doctor is now, and has been ever since, a man of good standing in the same Conference to which Dr. Cooke belongs. His action was never repudiated nor called in question. If Dr. Cooke will give a categorical denial to any of these statements, we shall be greatly surprised.

The things here recited belong to a past long gone; and are here set down with no thought of malice toward those who were involved on one side or the other.

At least one thing is certain; no biography of Elijah Embree Hoss can be written without an understanding of what occurred. His life was not lived in a vacuum. What took place about him became a part of himself; and he was very likely to become a part of what was taking place about him. He did not know; he did not want to know, how to withdraw himself from moving events in the community, in the church, in the commonwealth, or in the world. His voice was to be heard concerning all the great questions of church and state until that voice was silenced by death. When he spoke men understood what he was saying; and his word was destined to carry great weight wherever it should be spoken.

V

It will be remembered that when he went to Knoxville, in 1870, he was but twenty-one years old. He went from Jonesboro with the warm glow of the revival of his home church upon his heart. It was a blessed introduction to the work of his life as he left Jonesboro to go to Knoxville. He had occasion to be happy. He was happy.

Immediately upon beginning his work at Knoxville revival fires began to kindle.

On December 2, 1870, he wrote to the *Christian Advocate*:

We are now in the midst of a gracious revival of religion: 14 or 15 have been converted, and as many have joined the Church. We expect scores and hundreds to be saved. Brother Parker, of Athens Station, and Brother G. Taylor, of Cleveland Station, have both rendered me material aid. My revival labors have suspended my canvass for the *Advocate*; but, as soon as I get time, I intend to resume work in that direction. I have several names already. You may look for a large list.

Rev. John M. McTeer, Presiding Elder of the Knoxville District, wrote of this meeting in April, 1871:

The year, thus far, has been blessed in a remarkable degree. Gracious revivals of religion have come down on all the charges of the district, save one. Knoxville was blessed last winter with a work which gave new life to the Church, was felt in all classes of the community, and added a large number to our Communion. The demands of the Church in that city on those two young workers, Brothers Hoss and French, call for all their energies, which they are not reluctant to give.

Two years later he wrote again:

When Rev. E. E. Hoss succeeded to the charge he found a well-organized congregation, and work enough for two men. With an intellect strengthened and polished, and a heart overflowing with love for dying sinners, he entered on his work with a zeal and fidelity worthy of commendation. In the early part of the year tokens of a revival were seen in the congregation, and by the co-operation of divine and human agencies a remarkable work of grace came down on the people. This work continued for weeks,

resulting in over one hundred conversions and additions to the Church. The Presiding Elder was permitted to attend a great portion of the time. He labored earnestly if not acceptably, and sang himself voiceless. . . . Who can review the facts connected with the history of the M. E. Church, South, in this city without seeing the wonder-working hand of God? As before observed, the house of worship had been converted to Government use. When the owners of the property applied for damages, they were allowed \$3,500. This money is now invested in the fine building in which the members of the M. E. Church now worship! The recovery of the house, with rents, and the thirty-five hundred dollars are the questions involved in the famous "Knoxville church suit." The cause will soon be decided—so reported. When that long-looked-for day is passed, the brethren of Church Street propose the erection of a fine edifice. "What hath God wrought!" At the close of the war the M. E. Church, South, had no house in her possession in the city, no congregation, and no preacher! Now she has two churches—will soon have a third—a membership of about 700; at least 400 in Sunday schools and a people able and willing to meet the demands of the Church.

In a letter to the *Christian Advocate*, February 25, 1870, we see both the pastor, with tender sympathy, and the preacher-in-charge, happy in the prosperity of his work. He writes:

Recently I performed an office that was both pleasant and sad. Until within the past few days, Mrs. Elizabeth A. F. Trusslow has been the matriarch of my congregation, and one of the oldest members of our entire communion. Eighty-four years of age, she had been seventy-two years a Methodist. It was her good fortune to be intimately acquainted with Asbury, McKendree, Jesse Lee, and many others of the first generation of Methodist preachers. Her character was eminently beautiful. For a long while she enjoyed "the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ." Her life was as thick-set with good deeds as the midnight sky with stars. As her obituary will, I suppose, soon be published, I will say no more, except that she died in great peace.

Methodism is flourishing in these parts. At the last session of the Holston Conference the congregation here was divided. So rapid has been the increase since that time that the old congregation is now larger than before the division. A new house of worship is now on foot for North Knoxville Station. It will be completed during the coming summer, and will be a very hand-

some edifice. The pastor, Brother George D. French, is deservedly popular with his people. . . . There is no room for longing after the glory of bygone days. The former times were not as good as these. The very best way to cure a croaker is to set him to reading impartial history.

The last sentence is one of those aphorisms which frequently flashed from his mind.

The first of July, 1871, he wrote the *Christian Advocate* of attending the Convention for the M. E. Church in the Southern States:

While in Athens, I attended several of the sessions of the Convention for the M. E. Church in the Southern States. As you no doubt know, the call for this Convention was made several months ago. About 35 or 40 delegates were present from various parts of the South, besides a number of visitors from other sections. There were only two colored delegates. Dr. Cobleigh was elected Chairman. He presides well. One of the colored brethren (I forget his name) was elected Vice President. Taken all together, they were rather a presentable body of men. Among the visitors, I noticed Dr. Hitchcock, of Cincinnati. He is a pleasant-faced old gentleman. The impression his appearance makes is that he lives well and keeps a clear conscience. One would infer from his talk that he is rather a man of business than of letters. His English needs a little mending, in order to accommodate it to Lindley Murray's standard. Dr. Rust, of the Freedmen's Aid Society, is "a jolly good soul." His hobby is "old-fashioned Methodism," "the John Wesley Church," etc. Rev. J. S. Ostrander arrived late in the session, and spoke on the subject of Sunday schools. He is a plain, mechanical sort of man, who, I should judge, succeeds by dint of hard work. I was more interested in Dr. Matlack, of New Orleans, than in any other of the prominent members. His honest letters, written about a year ago, gave him quite a high place in my esteem. I soon discovered that he stood at the very polar extremity of radicalism. But he is sincere. The object of the assemblage was, by mutual consultation, to fall upon plans for the promotion of the general interests of the M. E. Church in the South. The sentiments expressed in the essays, debates, etc., were, as a general thing, quite as temperate as could be expected. To this, however, there were some exceptions. An essay from a Dr. Webster contained some sentences in substance about as follows: "Many persons who have returned to us since the war

did not voluntarily depart from us at the time of the secession. They were torn from the bosom of the old Church by the same bloody hands that afterward hurled them into the seething chaos of the rebellion." "They helped to build churches which were afterward forcibly taken away from them." The boldness of this latter declaration astounded me, especially when I remembered that it was made in the chapel of a college building, which, according to their own boast, by taking advantage of circumstances, they had gotten from us for less than half of its value. Dr. Webster's assertion was "untrue in toto."

He was equally frank with approval and disapproval.

He wrote of the Camp Meeting at Fountain Head, September 23, 1871, and closed with such an anecdote as he was fond of telling:

The camp meeting at Fountain Head, near Knoxville, Tennessee, closed September 14, 1871. We intended to carry it on some time longer, but the rain came down upon us in torrents, so we yielded to the logic of events, and put a period to our labors; or rather we transferred the field of action to the Broad Street Church, where we expect to gain a glorious victory in the name of the Lord. Taken for all, the meeting was a most delightful one. I never saw more harmony and brotherly love than prevailed. Each one seemed to act in concert with all the others. Of course, the Church was edified. Many longings after a higher life were born in the hearts of God's children; many good resolutions looking to increased consecration were formed. We had much joy in the Holy Ghost. The spirit which in olden times endued the disciples with power was there both to comfort and sanctify. There were also about 35 conversions. Many of these were the children of pious parents in my congregation, in whose behalf I had often prayed. Thank God! Quite a number of visiting brethren were present. The Presiding Elder, Rev. J. M. McTeer, came "in force." He is both the Heman and Boanerges of our Conference. When he gets to heaven there will be very many stars in his crown of rejoicing. Brother George W. K. Green, of Maryville Circuit, also assisted us. In view of the numerous prefixes to his name, some of our mischievous young preachers call him Dr. A. L. P. Green. He has a peculiar habit of buttoning his coat while preaching. On one occasion, as he was holding forth, an old man walked down the aisle of the Church and said in a loud voice, "I'm a little hard of hearing, and thought I'd

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come up near.” “Take a seat, and I’ll try to make you hear,” was the response. Everything moved on pleasantly enough until secondly was about exhausted. At this stage, the coat began buttoning. Whereupon the elderly auditor, imagining that the sermon was finished, raised himself to his feet and startled the congregation by another utterance: “Well, as I’ve done you all the harm I can, I’ll go,” and out he went. Green was considerably perturbed.

During his first year at Knoxville two men belonging to his church were licensed to preach. One, John H. Parrott, was admitted on trial that year; the other, James A. Lyons, entered the traveling connection in 1875. Both lived long and usefully in the ministry of the Church. Alfred N. Jackson united with the Church, but it was years later that he entered the ministry.

With a glad heart Embree Hoss went to Conference at Morristown, on October 18, 1871. Bishop George F. Pierce was presiding over the Conference. He was then at the noonday of power and fame as a Methodist preacher.

VI

Embree Hoss was returned to Knoxville for the second year. The name of his charge was changed to Church Street Station. The work which had been organized the year before as North Knoxville was named Broad Street. Although the Church Street Church, erected in 1877, which took the place of that of famed litigation, burned to the ground in 1928, and the congregation built a beautiful and well-equipped church on the corner of Henly and Hill Streets; it still bears the name given it in 1871, Church Street Church. It is recognized as the handsomest church in the city.

Accompanying his pastor to Morristown as a lay delegate was Col. J. W. Gaut. A man of patriarchal appearance and saintly character, he long held a place of usefulness in Church Street, and for many years represented Knoxville District in the Annual Conference. He was also elected a delegate to the General Conference. To Mr. Gaut and his devoted wife “Brother Hoss” was a member of the family.

The work of the second year moved steadily forward in the pace set by the preceding year. The pastor was interested in the work of the Sunday school. Along with J. W. Gaut, Dr. David Sullins, and F. W. Earnest, he was appointed on a committee "to prepare a program for the Sunday School Convention, to be held in Bristol, Tenn., the fourth Wednesday in May next."

It was about this time that he offered to go to China as a missionary. Forty years later he told the story in "An Episcopal Itinerary." He was in 1910 ready to sail for China as Bishop-in-charge of the missions of his Church in that field. He says:

Somewhat more than forty years ago I became a candidate for the China Mission—the first one from our Church for any foreign field after the War between the States. When Bishop McTyeire received my letter on the subject, he joyfully mentioned the fact, though naming no names, in the *Christian Advocate*, saying: "I have gotten a man from the Lord." But the old debt to Carlton and Porter was still due, and it was not thought advisable to send me out till that was discharged. Money was scarce among us in those days, and it took nearly two years to raise the comparatively insignificant sum. When it was secured the Treasurer of the Board, Mr. William T. Smithson, concluded to put it into Wall Street and make it grow by speculation. The result was what might have been expected. Every dollar of it was lost, and the whole process had to be gone over again. How discouraging this was only those can know who have a keen memory of that period. Finally, however, the Church rallied and paid the whole amount a second time. But nobody was then in a mood for expansion. With much ado we managed to take care of Drs. Allen and Lambuth, but that was all. My good friend, Miss Melissa Baker, of Baltimore, long since in Paradise, grew so earnest that she at last offered to send me out and to pledge my support for one year. "But what," said the Board, "will he do after that?" In such circumstances I settled down to my work at home, and Dr. A. P. Parker, in 1875, got the honor that might otherwise have been mine.

I mention these facts to show how feeble was the interest in missions at that time. Even these facts do not bring out the whole truth. In very few quarters did I get the least encouragement as to my plans. The Southern people had been terribly thrown back upon themselves by the events of the war, and were little disposed to engage in any enterprises beyond their own

borders. "We need all our young men at home" was the common answer that met me from even my best friends. All the world seemed indifferent to us, and we grew indifferent to all the world. The splendid enthusiasm that had flamed up in 1850-60 burned now very low, and, indeed, looked as if it might almost expire. When Dr. Allen met me at the General Conference of 1878 and said, "You belong to us in China, and we shall look for you still," I could only answer: "The Lord knows."

But now at last I am going. For the vast change of feeling in these forty years my heart is profoundly grateful to Almighty God. At the same time I am oppressed and bewildered by the sense of my responsibility. How shall I, with all the limitations of my ignorance, presume to enter upon the supervision of a work so large and so important? Were it not for my faith in Him who is set as Head over all things to the Church, and Who has promised His presence and blessing to those who are seeking to obey His commands, I should draw back and beg that someone more competent be sent in my stead. May I not hope that here and there in the homeland many hearts are being lifted up in prayer that I may come to the Churches of Asia "in the fullness of blessing of the gospel of Christ"? The belief that I am remembered in the closets and at the family altars of God's children encourages my spirit and strengthens my hands.

VII

Just when Embree Hoss met Miss Abbie Clark is not in the records. It must have been pretty soon after he began his pastorate in Knoxville. The older people, who were eyewitnesses, told their children that, by the time the camp meeting was held at Fountain Head, there were signs of well-developed courtship. Camp meetings did not dam up the streams of love which flowed in the lives of ardent and devoted young preachers and the fair young women who were to be their wives.

Embree Hoss was a man of ardent and magnanimous nature. His love for his mother is a model of filial affection. For his sisters he had from youth to old age the warmest and most generous love.

From the early awakening of love for Miss Abbie Clark until "the last low whispering of his dead" he gave her the complete and undisguised love of his heart. Twenty months after he came

to Knoxville, when he took leave to go to California, it was understood that he would soon return to claim Miss Clark as his bride.

After twenty-one months at Knoxville he was moved, by the call for men, to go to California, and offered himself for work in that field. He was accepted and appointed to San Francisco, where the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had a small congregation.

He had been pastor of the church at Knoxville for twenty-one months. His labors there had been eminently satisfactory and successful. Revivals had been held, members had been added; the church had been rehabilitated, and had recovered the spirit of courage and hope. He had won a place in the confidence and esteem of the church and community which he was to hold to the day of his death. Now, when more than seventy years have passed, and the generation to whom the ardent young pastor ministered is gone, his name is held in high esteem by the church to which he preached and by the city which has grown to be one of the important cities of the nation.

CHAPTER VIII

CALIFORNIA—AT TWENTY-THREE

"The Rev. E. E. Hoss passed through Nashville last week, *en route* to San Francisco, where he is expected to open his commission tomorrow. May he have great success." (*Christian Advocate* news note.)

I

LIFE was in its age of romance when Embree Hoss left Knoxville for San Francisco in midsummer of 1872. He was then twenty-three. Behind him lay three blessed years in the ministry. The first of three years he spent among his own kinsfolk and lifelong friends, who added to the loyalty of long friendship the adoring affection which Methodist people lavish upon an attractive and promising young preacher.

At Knoxville he had won the full confidence of the growing young city; and the discouraged congregation of Southern Methodists, whom he had led to the light and victory of a new day, had taken him to their hearts to be forever their beloved son. In the years to come when he had been set apart to the work of the Episcopacy, one of their leading men always spoke of him as "the Bishop." To him there was but one Bishop.

At Knoxville also he had wooed and won the love of a fair and beautiful woman, who was soon to become his bride and go with him to the land of their hopes and dreams.

More than twoscore years later he wrote of recollections of his setting out for California. He says:

The trip to the Pacific Coast from the Mississippi Valley—a little over 2,500 miles—is pretty trying, especially in hot weather. Nevertheless, it is never without interest. I took it first forty-three years ago in company that makes the recollection of it an enduring benediction. Every stage of one's life has its peculiar fascinations. Even the withered years of old age hold many springs of joy. But can anything ever equal the glory of youth

with its eager and crowding aspirations? Not even the cold hand of death can cause me to forget that distant week of perfect joy when I set out from Tennessee to find a new field of labor on the Pacific Slope. Since then the world has all been changed. A vast transformation has taken place in things social, political, scientific, and religious. Nearly the whole generation of those who were my companions and friends at that time have passed on into eternity. But the love which I had for them abides with me still, as fresh and sweet as the morning dew upon the summer roses. It never grows old nor stale.

II

Of the trip across the continent he wrote, while its memory was fresh, to his beloved *Christian Advocate*. He had begun writing for the *Advocate* before he was twenty years old and the course of his life and thoughts flows like a clear and beautiful stream through its pages for fifty years. How vivid are his descriptions of the things and persons which he saw! This was his first long journey. In the years to come he was to travel in many lands and tell in purest English of things which he saw and heard. His published accounts of his "Itineraries" would make a large volume and would contain a record of much valuable information concerning the world in which he lived.

Here is the story of the trip to California:

Mr. Editor: Thinking that perhaps you would not be displeased to hear a few words from a Californian (?), I have seated myself and taken my pen. I went in search of you as I passed through Nashville, but you were across the river. Of course this was matter for regret. In fact, the preachers generally were so scattered that eyes could be laid on only a few.

Arriving in St. Louis on Saturday morning, I proceeded to inspect the city. It is a great place, having now near 400,000 inhabitants. Much of this latter fact is due to the action of the Missouri legislature, which, from State pride, or some other consideration, enlarged the corporate limits of St. Louis, so as to take in all of the outlying suburbs. On this basis, a Chicago paper has built up quite a good joke. The citizens are duly impressed with their greatness. One of them has written a book entitled "St. Louis, the Future Great City of the World." Will his dream ever be realized? I visited quite a number of points of in-

terest. Nothing pleased me more than the LaFayette Park. It is public property, and a most delightful spot. The trees, shrubbery, flowers, grass, lakes, fountains, springs, rustic arbors, etc., all arranged after the most artistic style, present a most attractive picture to one wearied with the excessive heat of the summer.

Our Church is, in many respects, quite strong at this point, though in fact very weak when we consider the opportunities and facilities of Christian effort. The Southwestern Book and Publishing Company is general headquarters. Here congregate all of the preachers who visit the city. Here I met Dr. Finney and Brother Dameron. To the latter I am indebted for substantial favors which I shall not soon forget. Sunday morning was spent in St. John's Church. Dr. Morris is pastor. The audience was small, as it usually is in cities during the heated term. At night several of us attended Centenary, where Bishop Kavanaugh preached after his usual fashion from Revelation 1: 18, 19. This is said to be the finest church edifice in the Connection. It is indeed a grand structure; and, unlike many other fine churches, is admirably adapted to preaching purposes. On the occasion of which I write it was crowded. The organ attracted my attention considerably. On the lower and softer notes it makes very sweet music; but when put to its utmost test, and made to pour forth its full volume, the sound is horrible.

On Monday at 9 A.M., Mrs. Kavanaugh and I started via the North Missouri route for a six days' trip across the continent. At St. Charles, twenty-odd miles distant, there is an iron bridge one and a quarter mile long across the Mississippi River, and others across the Missouri, both at Kansas City and Council Bluffs. The conception of such works, and much more the execution, are truly wonderful. I never ceased to be surprised at them. From Kansas City to Omaha you go almost directly north, through the Missouri Valley, as fine a country as one could wish to see—literally groaning beneath its burden of all kinds of grain.

At Omaha you change cars, and get on board the Union Pacific. Ample time is allowed for the transfer; but there is, nevertheless, quite a rush for tickets, checks, sleeping-car accommodations, etc. If you happen to have much baggage, it is no little trouble. It was noon of Tuesday before we were fairly settled, and I was both tired and hungry. As good fortune would have it, we had managed to secure a whole section in a Pullman Palace. No sooner had the train gotten under good headway than we ordered the porter to fix us a table so that we might proceed

to dinner. O the mysteries of that lunch-basket! And how I sounded them to the bottom. Just here, let me say that if any of my readers ever make the same trip, a lunch-basket is something which certainly should not be forgotten. It will save many dollars, and afford a world of comfort. At some of the eating houses along the line the fare is very good; at others it is very indifferent. Sidney and Laramie have the best repute. After leaving Omaha, you make but one other change, at Ogden. There you take the Central Pacific cars. I might write you a long letter of what I saw on the way—of the rivers, valleys, mountains, of the Pulpit, the Devil's Slide, the Palisades, of Cape Horn, and the snow-capped peaks of the Sierra Nevadas. But these have already been thoroughly "done up" by newspaper correspondents, and I shall desist. On the whole, the journey was a delightful one; I stepped on to the San Francisco wharf, feeling every whit as fresh as when I started. The only inconvenience we suffered resulted from the fact that one night while we were near the summit of the Rocky Mountains the porter left all the sleeping-car ventilators open, and those who occupied upper berths suffered a good deal from wind. It would have amused you no little, if you could have seen, as I saw, a shivering German, all arrayed in flowing night-gown, going through the car just before daylight with a long stick in his hand, endeavoring to remedy the evil.

The brethren and friends here received me very kindly, and I am fairly settled down to my work. In my next I will give you my impressions of California, though on that subject I will be rather cautious for the present.

In late autumn he returned to Knoxville to claim Abbie Clark as his wife. Together they made the trip across the continent and were soon happily located in San Francisco. In 1910 he was in San Francisco and wrote of those days:

As North Beach came into sight, and then receded into the distance, a great rush of tender memories swept over me. The years that are gone came back to me as vividly as yesterday. Once more I was a youth full of hope and enthusiasm, and living there on the hill—my young wife and I—in a kindly home that had been opened to us, and going often to gaze at the distant Golden Gate when the setting sun covered it with floods of glory. Alas! I shall never go that way again, but the recollections of it all linger with me as an indestructible and inalienable possession which I hope to carry over into eternity.

III

He was keenly interested in what he saw in California, whether scenic attractions or human interest; and he writes piquantly of both. Sometimes there is a nostalgic note—more frequently humorous. In May he wrote of several things in one:

On April 15 I left home to attend the San Francisco District Conference, which convened at the town of Hollister. The distance is about 100 miles, and the intermediate country is the most beautiful I ever saw. It is not sublime, after the fashion of East Tennessee or Western North Carolina. You see no rugged wildness, no towering mountain, no majestic forests—but a long, broad valley of unequaled fertility, spreading out as level as an Illinois prairie, inclosed by distant hills, and carpeted with a luxuriant growth of wild flowers, grass, and wheat. While looking at the scene one might almost imagine himself as already translated to the beautiful fields of the better land. . . . The proceedings of the Conference were of the most pleasant character. All of the vital interests of the Church were investigated and discussed. There has been a slow, but steady and universal progress. San Francisco appears to be more difficult of access than any other point. The woman-suffragers are now in session in this city. They are a motley crowd of strong-minded women and weak-minded men. As usual, they are split up into two parties; the one less, the other more radical.

He attended a Chinese New Year celebration and gave this account of what he saw:

Mr. Editor: A portion of last week, January 28-31, was one of great excitement in San Francisco, owing to the celebration of the Chinese New Year. This occasion has a threefold significance to our celestial friends. First, it is the time when all accounts are made off and expected to be paid. I am informed that the Chinaman who fails to cancel his obligations, either by payment or by giving merchantable notes, is forever disgraced in business circles, and need look for no more favors. The merchants all put on a peculiar dress, so that they are easily distinguishable from other classes. It is a kind of loose gown, made of dark blue cloth, somewhat similar to that worn on ordinary occasions, only finer and much longer. Secondly, it is a time of social enjoyment. Rare, good fun they have of it. Such a popping of firecrackers!

I never knew what the words meant before. For whole blocks on Washington, Dupont, and other streets in this city, the ground was literally red with remnants, being covered sometimes to the depth of two inches. A great deal of calling is done, the Chinese excelling in this respect even the New Yorkers. But, mind you, the ragpickers, of whom there are many, do not call on the merchants. Class distinctions are rigidly kept up. Food of many kinds, including rich pastries, nuts, candies, etc., is set out; and every caller is cordially invited to help himself. I examined some of the displays, and found them to be very nice looking; but, as my appetite was not about me, I did not partake. The Chinese quarters were visited by large numbers of Americans, many of whom were ladies. It was rather a queer sight to see fair damsels and matrons under the escort of a gallant Chinaman. Thirdly, it is an occasion of religious festivities. The temples, or joss houses, are thrown open and everybody visits them. This year, there was a perfect stream of humanity pouring in and out, and it was necessary to call the police into requisition, in order to keep anybody from being hurt. John has a sharp eye for business, and is rapidly acquiring American customs. In some respects he improves on them; instead of passing round the hat after you go in, he stands square in the way of your entrance, and sings out "Two bittee." Accompanied by two ladies, Brother Parsons and I started at about 9 A.M. to go the rounds. The first thing that attracted our attention was a Chinese band of music! A college charivari is melody to it: such singing! I never heard the like—it was execrable. We next entered a bonton restaurant; its furniture was gorgeous, reminding one of some of the passages in Aladdin's Lamp. The element of simplicity, so prominent in all our conceptions of beauty, was utterly absent. At last, turning off from this street, we walked for about twenty-five yards down a dark, dingy alley of three or four feet in width, then climbed up a long flight of very steep stairs, and were ushered in. The first sensation was shocking, and every subsequent one was of a similar nature. To the right, immediately upon entering, was the advertisement of a Chinese physician; just underneath it was a shrine with a miniature idol. The room was long and narrow, and divided into three apartments of equal size, each of which contained an incense altar and several idols, with an occasional dragon. Everything was fitted up in handsome style, Chinese taste of course being the standard. The idols were part male and part female. Of the former, all had tremendous mustaches and corresponding chin-whiskers. I noticed one with the dark



EMREE HOSS AND ABBIE CLARK HOSS (IN 1873)



DORA HOSS

EMBREE HOSS

features of a Tartar. The ornamentation was very profuse, costing in a single temple between \$40,000 and \$50,000. Let Christians who complain of the price of their religion contemplate these figures. No priest could be seen. Our questions as to his whereabouts received the invariable response, "No sabe," which is, being interpreted, "I don't understand you." Of reverence, little or none was visible. The Chinamen were talking, laughing, and smoking opium on every side. In one instance, however, we saw a poor fellow with a sad face, bowing after the manner of a Ritualistic Episcopalian. My heart was moved for him, and I felt an intense desire to declare unto him Christ and him crucified. But the difference of our tongues was a wall between us, and he would possibly have been hard to reach anyway. May the good spirit guide all who, though in the dark, are feeling after him, if haply they may find him. As I came away, I felt a profounder love for Christ than ever before. For the difference between me and this idol-worshiping heathen is entirely a result of Christianity.

In conversation with an intelligent Chinaman the other day, I asked him if he thought that Christ was a better teacher than Confucius. "Yes," said he, "Confucius teach men to be good, but Christ teach the resurrection." There is a considerable amount of activity in the mission work at this point. Rev. Mr. Gibson, of the Northern Methodist Church, and Rev. Mr. Loomis, of the Presbyterian Church, spend all their time in this labor of love, besides having numerous assistants. Their success, though not as great as could be desired, is very encouraging. The last service at the Presbyterian Mission, for 1872, was the burial of a Chinese colporteur, Mong Man. His death was triumphant, his last request being that there should be no heathenish ceremonies whatever in connection with his interment. The first service for 1873 at the same place was the baptism of the first Christian child born of Chinese parents in the State of California. The name of the father is Tam Ching; of the mother, Ah Ho; of the child, Oi-chan. The *Occident*, of this city, has a very beautiful account of the two incidents to which I have just referred.

IV

The condition of affairs in the Southern Methodist Church in California, in 1872, was, to say the least, different from that with which Embree Hoss was familiar in East Tennessee, both at Jonesboro and Knoxville.

Writing about the proceedings of the District Conference, he

says: "The proceedings of the Conference were of the most pleasant character. All of the vital interests of the Church were investigated and discussed. There has been a slow, but steady and universal, progress. San Francisco appears to be more difficult than any other point."

Bishop McTyeire was attending the San Jose Camp Meeting in the fall of 1872 and while there wrote: "Brother Hoss has a good congregation, and growing. Our interests in this city (San Francisco) have suffered many reverses, but this cause has never lacked faithful and self-sacrificing witnesses and stanch adherents. The brethren are encouraged, and begin to devise for enlargement. May they be blessed in their deed."

Bishop Hoss wrote, in 1910, of the religious conditions in San Francisco as he had known them for nearly forty years; and of his experience as a pastor there:

Religious conditions are little changed. San Francisco, as of yore, is still a city of this world. In a population of over 450,000, there are not more than 12,000 Protestant communicants, and most of them are women and children. The strength of the Roman Catholics, though much greater, is, nevertheless, not great. Our own Church remains very weak, much weaker than it ought to be. We have never really put forth a fair effort to win success. First and last, many men of ability and courage have represented us, but no one of them has ever had adequate support. My own experience can never fade out of my memory. I was just twenty-three when Bishop McTyeire transferred me to the Pacific Conference and stationed me in the metropolis. The first Sunday was like a plunge bath in ice water, and for two whole years I did not get done shivering. Not a few of my predecessors and successors could tell a similar tale were they minded to speak out. The time has fully come for a new departure. We ought to pick the best man in sight, not a novice, but a seasoned stick of timber, build him a worthy house of worship and a comfortable parsonage, and back him up at every point. The field is as distinctly a missionary one as any part of Japan or China, and should receive precisely the same kind of consideration. Such are the conditions that we can never take the primacy in Christian effort. But we can, with proper plans persistently worked out, achieve a good position and render a large service in the building up of the kingdom.

Our new lot, purchased by the Board of Missions at a cost of \$68,000, is worth every cent of the money that it cost. If it were not quite so far out, it would be an admirable place for our purposes. Whatever we do must be on a scale far surpassing our former endeavors. A denomination that does not intrench itself strongly in the center of things cannot hope to lead in the civilization and Christianization of the State. Our religion from the very first has been urban in its character. Jerusalem, Antioch, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Rome are the names that recall the labors of St. Paul. From these radiating points it spread till it covered the Roman Empire. This is the substance of the message that I tried to proclaim in a missionary address before the Pacific Conference at Colusa in 1873, and it is the message that I wish it were possible for me to lay on the heart of the whole Church now. Outside of San Francisco our cause on the Coast is reasonably prosperous. We have many strong circuits and stations. Our preachers are a heroic band, worthy of all praise, and our members, on the average, are as good as can be found anywhere in the world. In what I have said it is not my intention, in the least, to speak words of censure or criticism. When men are doing their best, it would be most ungracious to hold them up for condemnation. Rather let us give them the praise that is their due, and come to their help with a brotherly vigor that will cheer them in all their toils. My heart has been with them since the days of my boyhood, and will be till the end.

During the three years he was in California the entire gain in Church membership for the Pacific Conference was 632; this was an average of 211 for the three presiding elders' districts. Embree Hoss must have felt the contrast pretty strongly. "It left him shivering." After two years as pastor at San Francisco, he was elected President of Pacific Methodist College at Santa Rosa. He gave one year to educational work in the office of President of that small college.

So far as this writer knows Embree Hoss took counsel with himself concerning the road which he should now pursue. With sincere respect for the worthy members of the Southern Methodist Church and for the devoted ministers by whom they were served, he could not have failed to see that the field of opportunity for constructive service in California was definitely and, perhaps, permanently limited.

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

With clear vision he saw the way which led to large usefulness and took that way. Perhaps we should not be assuming too much to say that the Divine light shone upon his way and the Divine hand led him on. The Southern Methodist Church needed him at the center of her vital body. The way in which he set his feet as he turned back to Holston Conference led surely to that central place of service and power.

CHAPTER IX

TEACHING IN HOLSTON

"He flourishes on steady, hard work—and Emory and Henry flourishes under him and his colleagues. It would be hard to find more book-learning, sound theology, and thoroughgoing religion combined in one man than in this able Christian educator."

I

It was midsummer of 1875 when Mr. and Mrs. Hoss left Santa Rosa, after the close of one year at Pacific Methodist College. Mrs. Hoss parted from her husband at St. Louis and went to East Tennessee. He went directly to Washington to take charge of Mount Vernon Place Church as supply for Dr. A. W. Wilson, who was ill. He remained in Washington until the meeting of Holston Conference in October. Three months passed pleasantly. The young preacher was very popular and there were many people in Mount Vernon who eagerly sought to retain him as their pastor. He had formed many friendships in Washington which were to continue through the years.

Dr. W. V. Tudor said in 1902, just after Dr. Hoss had been elected Bishop:

I have known Dr. Hoss from his earliest ministry, and have noticed with admiration his development and usefulness. He was pastor for a time of our Mount Vernon Place Church, in Washington, D. C., and his record there has specially impressed itself on my mind because I was the first pastor of that church and naturally followed its fortunes with interest. His name is still held in highest honor and affection by the people that remain of the flock at the time. He is sometimes called a walking encyclopedia.

Dr. Hoss was still very young, but he was far from being a cal-low youth. Observant and thoughtful people had become aware

of the breadth and grasp of his mind, and of the charm and power of his personality. The church loves young preachers for the freshness and initiative of their youth. It loves them even more for the promise and prophecy of talents and devotion.

The experience of a pastorate, although brief, in the nation's Capital, was not lost on the young man whose eyes saw with understanding whatever passed before them; and whose mind was ever open to such knowledge as nourished and enriched his life for service to God and man. The course of his life from youth seems to justify the assumption that Providence was working with the eager-minded, humble-hearted youth and man who, being (as Thomas Carlyle would say) "God created, was true to his origin."

Whatever may have been the forces and motives which sent him to California and to Washington, he was being thereby trained and disciplined for service in wide fields into which the changing years were to bring him. The plan and pattern of his life from childhood moves steadily in preparation for great usefulness, wide service, and eminent leadership.

Holston Conference had met in its first session in Knoxville. Although its meeting in 1875 was its fifty-second session, it was observed as a semi-centennial session. Methodism had traveled far in Knoxville since that first session was held in "a red house on Main Street, loaned by Hon. Hugh Lawson White."

The question of ownership of church property which had confronted Embree Hoss when he came, as pastor, five years before, had been settled by the courts; and the Southern Methodists were in their own church on Church Street. They were preparing to build the substantial and commodious brick church in which the congregation should worship for more than a generation.

The people of Church Street knew that the start toward prosperity and enlargement had been made when "Brother Hoss" had been their pastor. His presence among them during this session of the Conference gave very great delight to the church and to the city, rich and poor together. Embree Hoss never knew any distinctions of class; he was a friend to rich and poor, high and low.

His appointment for 1875-76 was Asheville, North Carolina.

There was then but one Methodist Church in Asheville, which was the leading town in Western North Carolina. Its growth and popularity as a resort and health center came later.

The church to which he was appointed afterward came to be known as Central Methodist, and became one of the foremost congregations of Southern Methodism. Among its members were some of the leading families of the cultured little city.

The year at Asheville was to be the last year that he should give to the pastorate. It was filled with labors in the pulpit and in the pastorate. He had the joy of seeing people converted at the altar and brought into the church. His genius for friendship added many to that long list of friends, which grew from his boyhood to the last day of his life. His capacity for friendship was without limitations. He found friends in every walk and condition; and among every race with which he was associated. His friendliness was so genuine and hearty that he greeted every person whom he met with such genial gladness as to assure that person that he was the object of personal regard. Friendship is always an individual matter between two persons. There may be ten thousand times ten thousand friends; but friendship is personal between two friends. Bishop Hoss loved humanity; he loved mankind; but he loved mankind because he knew and loved men as individuals. Friendship was the breath of life to him.

Before the end of the year at Asheville, voices were calling to service in a field to which the next fifteen years of his life were to be given. He left Asheville at the end of one year.

II

He accepted a professorship at Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Virginia, in 1876, and remained there as professor and, later, as president until the end of the college year in 1881.

Martha Washington College was a school for girls which had opened its first session on March 15, 1860. The first session closed on July 4. The establishment of this school by Holston Conference was made possible by the enterprise and educational vision of the people of the cultured town of Abingdon. Martha

Washington College had continued its work through the four tragic years of the War between the States. Sometimes the march of armies and the pressure and dangers of war had made it necessary to send the girls home for a time, but the college managed to complete its work for each of those dreadful years. When the war closed Martha Washington College took high rank among schools for girls in the South.

Its location in a lovely Virginia town, nearly twenty-five hundred feet above sea level, with the mountains in full view in every direction, was attractive to people of the Southern States. The high social ideals and established culture of the community created an atmosphere favorable to a school for girls.

It did work of a high grade from the beginning. Emory and Henry College was only ten miles away and the genuine scholarship and high ethical standards which it maintained were imparted to its sister denominational college.

Only seven years before his election to a professorship at Martha Washington College, Embree Hoss had graduated with the A.B. degree from Emory and Henry. One of those years was given to Pacific Methodist College as President.

He had all the while had a keen and sympathetic interest in Martha Washington College, with which, of course, he became familiar during his student days at Emory and Henry. When two boarding schools, one for boys, the other for girls, are only ten miles apart, they do come to have real interest in one another. Through all the years the Emory and Henry boys have had great interest in "Ab.," and many romances have blossomed there.

Professor Hoss began his work at Martha Washington College at the opening of the fall term of 1876. He brought to his classrooms the mental training which he had received at home, in the academy at Jonesboro, in Ohio Wesleyan, and at Emory and Henry. He brought also the harvest of constant reading of the best literature, both ancient and modern. There was also the result of wide acquaintance with men and things which, although still a young man (he was then twenty-seven), had come to him from his residence and experience in the West and in the East. More than any of these was the charm of his personality which

never failed to secure the attention and win the esteem and affection of those who came in contact with him; especially was this true of young people. The girls of the small school at Abingdon flocked gladly to his classrooms, and gathered eagerly about him upon every possible occasion. He soon came to know every girl in the college, as he knew every teacher, as well as others who were attached in any way to the school.

Indeed Martha Washington College and the classroom were but the means for building Christian character in the girls who listened to him in the classroom and were delighted by his brilliant conversation. During the five years of his connection with Martha Washington College many hundreds of these girls went out to every part of the South, carrying the impress of the influence of Professor Hoss.

III

In the summer following his first term, he was in the field opening the way for parents to send their daughters to Martha Washington. He was always willing to do even the hardest drudgery to get students into college. The men and women whom he helped to go to college cannot be numbered. He simply could not bear to see them denied that privilege when they showed sincere interest in securing such educational opportunity. He spent his vacations in securing students.

The best opportunity for publicity for the church school at that time was in the District Conferences. The District Conference is the youngest of the conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The General Conference of 1870 had passed a law providing for the holding of District Conferences. They became at once popular and were attended by great throngs of people, especially in Southwest Virginia and East Tennessee, where they are still popular. In some measure they took the place of the camp meeting.

Professor Hoss probably attended many of these meetings. At any rate he attended two District Conferences in the late summer of 1877, in company with such men as Dr. John B. McFerrin, Dr. E. E. Wiley, Dr. David Sullins, and Dr. W. E. Munsey. Is it any

wonder that people thronged the place when such men were to preach?

His letters about these conferences give a picture so vivid and complete as to be worth more than can now be written of the scenes among which he moved and his manner of life among the lowly and the great, whether in mountain homes or in the "solemn assemblies." He writes from Jonesboro on August 1, 1877:

Nowhere in the Church has the District Conference been more popular than in Holston. From the time when it first became a feature in the Church-economy it has been approved and used by our people, and has been fruitful of the best results. The Wytheville District Conference was held at Hillsville, Va., July 19-23. This town is the county seat of Carroll County, and is twenty-two miles from Max Meadows, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. Sixteen delegates and visitors, of whom I was one, made the trip between the two places in carriages, hacks, and wagons, which had been kindly provided by the good people of Hillsville. The road leads through a country of enchanting beauty. Great level meadows and towering hills, both clothed with a carpet of finest grass, stretch as far as the eye can see; and here and there, in all directions, herds of blooded cattle browse lazily in the sun, or rest themselves under the shade of the trees. By all tokens the land is a land of wealth. The farmhouses are large, airy, and mansion-like. People that you meet are well dressed; horses are fat; the orchards are neatly trimmed, and bend under their burden of fruits. Our company was a lively one. Besides the presiding elder, G. W. Miles, and several preachers of the district, there were Drs. Wiley, Sullins, and Munsey, from a distance. We had occasion to test the strength of Old Virginia hospitality. You may imagine the strength of the test when I tell you that every one of us ate dinner at the house of Mr. John Early, a gentleman of large wealth and great liberality, and a distant relative of our departed Bishop. And such a dinner! Literal loads of roast chicken, boiled ham, gallons of cold, unskimmed sweet milk, and whatever else could tempt the appetite! After a trip of fifteen miles across the mountains we did the occasion full justice. Some of the gentlemen attempted to apologize for their appetites by emphasizing the fact that they had drunk very freely from a noble chalybeate spring that bursts out in a corner of the yard. Iron is a tonic and an appetizer. A great part of the preaching was of the best order. Dr. McFerrin, who came in on the second day, was

in his best mood. He preached and talked as only he can do. The like of him is not on the earth, and quite probably not in heaven. No man has a warmer place in our hearts. Long may he live to bless the Church by his faithful ministry. Drs. Wiley, Sullins, and Munsey found large and attentive audiences, and the word, as proclaimed by them, was in demonstration of the Spirit and of power.

The following week he is at the Asheville District Conference. His letter enables us to travel with him and his father across the mountains and almost hear him talk with his beloved mountain people:

The Asheville District Conference, the Rev. A. J. Frazier presiding, was held at Bakersville, N. C., July 27-30. To get to Bakersville you leave the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad at Johnson City and cross the mountains—either by hack or on horseback—the latter is the preferable method. I have never been disposed to seek for martyrdom, and am specially averse to the idea of death by jolting; and so, leaving the hack to those who were otherwise-minded, I procured a quick, steady, sure-footed horse for the trip. If you can ever find time to desert your editorial den, and your musty old books, and turn yourself loose in God's great world for a little while, just wander this way. In these mountains are life and health, beauty and sublimity, high thought and glorious inspiration. Do not mistake these words for the gushings of an immature youth—come and verify them for yourself.

To make the pleasure of the trip complete, my father volunteered to accompany me. Leaving Johnson City, we very soon struck the Buffalo Creek, which flows east and empties into the Watauga River. It is unmistakably a mountain stream. The water is clear, cold, and swift—so swift that at flood it has swept out of its channel and torn up the land in every direction. The soil is fine. Corn grows almost as tall as in the Missouri bottoms. Wheat and oats yield abundant crops. Great stacks of hay proclaim it a country of grass. The trees are full to breaking of apples and peaches. The general prospect for living is as good as could be desired.

After a travel of some eight or ten miles we crossed over a small ridge into the Limestone Cove. This cove is the valley of Indian Creek, a bold, turbulent stream which flows west and empties into the Nolichucky River. The valley itself is very peculiar. Some-

times it narrows down until there is nothing left of it but a narrow and stony space of level ground; and again it broadens out into wide-spreading meadows and waving fields of corn. On the right the Unaka Mountain lifts its lofty summit; on the left rises the Stone Mountain. The Iron Mountain bars your way to the south, and you must cross it to get to North Carolina. It is steep and pretty rough. The distance from base to summit is about two miles; but when you are once on top the view is an ample compensation for the trouble of getting up. We spent the night in the cove at the residence of Dr. Bell. Don't you think you could sleep soundly after a hard day's ride, a good supper, and a bath in the purest of cool running water, especially if the temperature were such as to allow of double blankets? O ye swelterers in crowded cities, think of it and sigh!

The Iron Mountain crossed, we found ourselves in the valley of Rock Creek. Here are the great magnetic iron-ore banks—no better ore is found in the world. It is so thoroughly magnetic that the smallest fragment of it, if properly mounted, will invariably assume a north and south position. It makes a needle fairly dance. Some of it was sent to England and made into knives and razors. Ordinary ores must be put through seven distinct processes before being fit for such purposes; this, however, needed only two, and the knives are of such quality that you can easily shave the hardest nail with them without breaking their edge. You will, perhaps, classify this story among the tough ones, but I write only what I have seen with my own eyes. Gen. J. T. Wilder, of Chattanooga, is the proprietor of the banks. He is a gentleman of great enterprise and much public spirit, and withal pleasant and genial. We need many more such men as he is in the land.

Rock Creek abounds in speckled trout. On one occasion, to gratify some visitors from a distance, General Wilder put out a notice among the boys that he would give a cent a piece for all the trout brought him. He had the pleasure of paying for 1,700.

Traveling through these mountains you meet with many sorts of people; with rare exceptions, however, they are both quick and kind. At a certain place we stopped to ask for a drink. The house was made of hewed logs, and was quite small. It was well furnished, however—with children. I did not count the number, but there were enough to entitle the parents to the blessing of the Psalmist. Looking around, I saw a fine young orchard, and mentioned the fact. "Yes," said the wife, a good-humored, talkative woman, "John has two plantations over the mountains with orchards on 'em; but they didn't do him much good so he took

'em up and brought 'em here." Feeling interested in the family, I asked, "What are the names of your children?" Pausing for a moment, as if not knowing just where to begin, she answered, "Well, that one coming down the road there is Wesley, and—"

"Wesley," said I; "then you are Methodists?"

"O yes! but I ain't; but John and some of the children are."

Bakersville is a new town, built since the war. It is the county-seat of Mitchell County. Mica is mined here in large quantities. The proprietor of the principal mines, Mr. Heap, whose good wife is of the best Methodist extraction, showed us a great variety of specimens, some of them very beautiful. Both he and Colonel Irby and Brother McClabarty promised very kindly to furnish me collections for our cabinet at Martha Washington. Many associated minerals, such as feldspar, garnets, beryl, etc., are also found here. Bones, stone implements, etc., have been found in the mines. There is one cut 1,700 feet long, worked ages ago. No one can tell just how long since, nor for what purpose, the toilers toiled in these hills.

When we arrived at Bakersville we found the Conference in session and the business well under way. The usual routine was followed, except that all discussions were had in a committee of the whole. Brother Frazier is a young Presiding Elder. He is now closing up his fourth year on the Asheville District. From the very beginning his work has been successful, but the past year has far exceeded all preceding ones in this respect. Numerous revivals are reported from all parts of the district.

The Asheville District Conference was probably the last to be held in Holston that year, and the college session would be opening at Martha Washington in a few days. After the summer's work there was need of recreation and the mountains called their "kinsman." He answered the call and has left to us a most fascinating account of his experience:

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Mr. Editor: According to Professor Guyot, of Princeton, there are fifty peaks of the Appalachian range, which rise to a height of over 5,000 feet each above sea level. One of these is Roan Mountain, in Mitchell County, North Carolina, whose altitude is nearly 7,000 feet. Being recently at Bakersville, North Carolina, I determined not to miss the chance of seeing this great wonder. It is an accepted article of my creed that he who is indifferent to

the stupendous exhibitions of God's power in the natural world is stupid. What say you?

The distance from Bakersville to the summit of the Roan is about six or eight miles. It is a fact that if you ask an inhabitant of this section how far it is to any place, he will almost surely tell you that it is "about" so far. Whether this disposition to give indeterminate answers arises from forgetfulness, or from some other source, it becometh not this deponent to say. About three miles of the distance from Bakersville is a steep and steady ascent. The road, however, is pretty good.

What first strikes you when you strike the mountain is the amazing fertility of the soil. These giant trees could not spring out of poor ground. Afar up, in the coves and the gorges, clearings have been made, and, until you reach that height where the air is too cool, corn grows finely. It is one of the best countries in the world for Irish potatoes, and buckwheat and rye are here perfectly at home.

It is interesting to watch the successive belts of timber as you ascend. Toward the bottom, oak, chestnut, and hickory prevail. Higher up, wild cherry, elm, and beech are the prominent growths; while on the very summit only the fir is found.

This last statement is to be taken with qualification, for the rhododendron covers the whole face of the mountain, and about the last of June makes the scene gay and glorious with its blossoms. A great many species of ferns, some of them exquisitely beautiful, are also to be found.

Water is very plentiful. Here and there are bright, sparkling streams that taste as if they flowed through a succession of ice-houses, and less than 200 feet below the summit a vigorous fountain bursts forth. General Wilder has recently built a summer house near this spot. He will, of course, utilize the water in the interest of cool milk and firm butter. What a trout pond he might make!

The most beautiful moss that I ever saw abounds here. In some places it is a foot thick, and so tough that you can hardly pull it up. When you step on it, it springs like a spring-mattress. Here also is the sand myrtle, the hellebore, and many other interesting plants. Large quantities of the hellebore are being dug for the roots. North Carolina beats the world for "roots and yarbs."

It was nearly noon when we reached the summit, and we were well tired; but the sight that spread itself out before us at once refreshed both soul and body. We seemed to stand upon a lofty

elevation which rose from the center of a vast amphitheater. Around us on every side, and far away from us, swelled and stretched the mountain ranges, range above range, range beyond range, till the most distant stood like a solid wall against the horizon itself. The intervening valleys could almost be traced by the vapor that hung like broad belts of silver over the streams that wound through them. The farms looked like little cleared patches in a universal forest. Afar below us to the south lay a mass of clouds, and on their faces the sun was busy with his brush, now painting here a rainbow, again erasing it, and resuming his work at another point. Immediately beneath us was a precipice hundreds of feet high. The scene grew upon me like the spell of an enchantment, and at last I threw myself down, communed with its beauty, and drank in its meaning, till I felt "Surely God is in this place." A strong wind began to blow, and frequently we saw a cloud forming over Iron Mountain, not less than ten miles distant. In a very few minutes it was upon us, and we were enveloped in the mist. A convenient ledge of rocks gave us shelter for a little while, and presently the sun was shining in all his beauty.

By this time we were ready for dinner—ready in the amplest sense of the word. No half rations would have sufficed us. Bread and ham, pickles and chicken, jams and jellies—how they flew!

Some of the company put in the afternoon at sleeping. And what delightful exercise it was! The thermometer at 60, no flies to disturb you, and a luxurious bed of moss. If Rip Van Winkle had gone to sleep here he would have slept twenty years longer than he did.

A little before sunset we hurried off to see the sight, and took our position on the highest accessible point. Along the western horizon a bank of clouds stretched for fifteen or twenty degrees. Between ourselves and these clouds hung a veil of white mist. As often as a gust of wind caused this veil to rise we saw the sight, or rather sights, for which we were looking. At first view the clouds looked like mountains of burnished gold. When we saw them a second time they resembled a succession of medieval castles, with towers and battlements aflame with light. At the third raising of the mist a widening river of fire quivered along the sky. At the last the cone of a great volcano shot into the field of vision. We could see the corrugated rim of its crater, and after we had gazed for a little while, it seemed to be in a state of eruption. Floods of fire rose to its mouth, trembled and pulsated on its surface, and shot like a thousand streamers toward the zenith.

Just as we were about to leave, thinking that night had come, the sun himself brushed the mantle from his face, looked on us for a moment, bowed us a grand good-night, and went to rest.

We spent the night on a bed of small fir branches, which we cut and carried into the house, and over which we spread our blankets. Some of the party professed to sleep comfortably, but I came near to freezing. On reflection, I am disposed to take back what I said about Rip Van Winkle. The first cool night would have waked him up.

Our breakfast was not quite as good as our dinner of the day before. Someone had played us the practical joke of abstracting the greater part of our food. But, you would not have thought us in a bad plight if you could have seen us broiling our middling bacon on the ends of pine sticks, drinking black coffee out of tin cups (divers drinkers to one cup), and dispatching various hoe-cakes without much regard to method.

We attempted to descend the mountain on the northern side, by a way that is steep, difficult, and dangerous. It was made for an ox-sled, and the horse must be very careful who does not get himself entangled in the roots, or who avoids stumbling over the stones. A thousand streams of water rush through the ferns, and tumble tumultuously down, till at last they unite to form a bold, strong torrent, that dashes over the rocks, lashes itself into foam, and whirls away in mist. At one point there is a fall, with an inclination of about seventy degrees, of over 200 feet. It is beautiful.

But I must stop this nonsense, or else you will wave me away forever from the columns of the *Advocate*.

Professor Hoss was elected President of Martha Washington College in May, 1879. He took up the work of the presidency with the same industry and eagerness with which he had served the college as a member of the faculty. The result of his work was plainly visible in the increased prosperity of the college.

The editorial page of the *Christian Advocate*, October 9, 1879, bore this item:

It gives us pleasure to learn that Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Virginia, has had the best opening for four sessions, and that President Hoss and the friends of the college generally are encouraged with the hope of a very successful collegiate year. Our Holston people show a determination to cherish this time-

honored and excellent institution, which was never more worthy of their confidence and patronage than now. Its faculty is able, its equipment thorough, the climate delightful, the society equal to the best. Its halls should be filled.

The Editor of the *Christian Advocate* was present at the commencement in 1880. He wrote for the editorial page:

The commencement exercises of Martha Washington College took place last week. The Editor was present part of the time, and was highly gratified at the evidence of the increasing prosperity of this famous school. The past year was one of great prosperity in all its departments. The health of the pupils was good and its morale excellent. The announcement of the reelection of President Hoss on Tuesday evening was received with enthusiastic and long-continued applause by the immense audience present. We have the promise of an account of the exercises by a competent hand, and so desist, though strongly tempted to give our readers a glance at some of the specially pleasant features of our visit to Abingdon during commencement week.

Dr. Hoss began writing "Notes on the Sunday School Lessons" for the *Christian Advocate* while at Martha Washington College. The first of these Notes was published in March, 1880. They were continued for several years. Later he published "Notes on the Sunday School Lessons" in book form for several years.

The enrollment in the fall of 1880 exceeded that of any of the preceding years since he had been connected with the college and the year was equally prosperous.

This was his fifth year at Martha Washington, three years as Professor and two years as President. The Trustees, the patrons of the school, and the people of Abingdon were deeply disappointed at the close of the year, when he announced his decision to accept a professorship at Emory and Henry College. With the commencement of 1881 his work in Martha Washington came to its close.

IV

Professor Hoss was at once recognized by the faculty of Emory and Henry College as a worthy member of that distinguished

group. He felt it an honor to be elected to a professorship in the college from which he had graduated twelve years before.

Dr. E. E. Wiley had been in the faculty of Emory and Henry College for forty-three years; during seventeen years he was President. Writing many years later, Dr. Hoss said:

Dr. Wiley was born near the city of Boston, in the year 1814. In blood and lineage, he was unmixed Puritan. In 1839, through the interposition of Wilbur Fisk, he came to Emory and Henry College, Virginia, to be the colleague of Charles Collins; and with the exception of one brief interval, during which he served as President of Martha Washington College, he remained there until his death, a period of more than half a century. From the first he took a high stand among his brethren. In 1854 he was elected as a delegate to the General Conference and was shown the same honor for nine successive times thereafter, frequently heading his delegation. It is not too much to say that for at least thirty years he has been undisputedly the foremost man in his Conference. On more occasions than one he received a large vote for the episcopacy, a position that he would have filled with great dignity and honor. It may be proper to add here that, in spite of his New England antecedents, he became the most pronounced of Southerners.

Dr. John L. Buchanan had been in the faculty since 1856, one year as President. The later years of his life he spent as President of the University of Arkansas from which he resigned at an advanced age. He retained the powers of a highly gifted mind to the end of a radiant old age.

Dr. David Sullins was President during the years that Professor Hoss was in the faculty of Emory and Henry. He has been frequently mentioned in former chapters. Then there was the brilliant and versatile Dr. Thomas W. Jordan, who became President in 1885. Later he was Dean of the University of Tennessee for twenty years, during much of which time he was acting President of that institution, Dr. Dabney being greatly occupied with other public duties during the "strenuous" days of President Theodore Roosevelt. His great ability as a teacher was enhanced by a most brilliant and charming personality, which was not dimmed by the lengthened years of illness which estopped him from his loved

work in education. Of the older men at Emory and Henry were Professors Edmond Longley, James A. Davis, and R. N. Price.

Dr. Hoss took the chair of Mental and Moral Science. His abounding energy could not be confined to any narrow limits. He was active in every enterprise which required the thought and energy of men in every region in which he lived. He continued to preach during the years of his teaching. One year he served as pastor of Mary Street Church, at Bristol. He was appointed Treasurer and was later elected Vice President of Emory and Henry.

In June, 1885, he was elected President of Emory and Henry, to the delight of the Board of Trustees, the faculty, the students, and the patrons generally.

The *Christian Advocate* in announcing his election said:

Professor E. E. Hoss succeeds Dr. Sullins as President of Emory and Henry College. The retiring officer leaves with the good will and good wishes of everybody; his friends and his acquaintances are the same. The new President has fully proved himself. He has scholarship, the teaching gift, and religion. He is the sort of man with whom we would like to place a boy of our own. He and his colleagues will make old Emory and Henry move forward. Professor E. E. Hoss, of Emory and Henry College, gratified his many Nashville friends by a visit last week. He flourishes on steady hard work—and Emory and Henry flourishes under him and his colleagues. It would be hard to find more book learning, sound theology, and thoroughgoing religion combined in one man than in this able Christian educator.

Before the opening of the fall term he had been called to other fields of labor. He was succeeded at Emory and Henry by his friend and college mate, the versatile Dr. Thomas W. Jordan.

CHAPTER X

AT VANDERBILT

It fell to my lot for many years to teach young men. The experience was of at least as much value to me as to any of my students.

I

DR. HOSS was elected President of Emory and Henry College in June, 1885. Before the opening of the session for that year he was "elected to a chair in the theological faculty of Vanderbilt University."

His election to the Presidency of Emory and Henry brought him to the place of largest responsibility and highest honor in the Holston Conference. Four men had preceded him in that office: The Rev. Charles Collins, M.A., D.D.; The Rev. Ephraim Emerson Wiley, M.A., D.D.; John L. Buchanan, M.A., LL.D.; The Rev David Sullins, M.A., D.D. He had been intimately associated with all of them except Dr. Collins.

He was fully aware of the vital importance of Emory and Henry to the work of Methodism in Holston and in the South. Even at that time her sons were in places of responsibility in Holston and far beyond her borders. He had already given four years as a teacher to his Alma Mater. His ardent heart was moved with the hope of further service in a field which offered such opportunity for the education and training of young men for the ministry and for other useful vocations. Nothing short of a sense of duty could have moved him to ask for a release from a position which was entirely congenial to his tastes and to his purposes in life. He could not consider leaving without "making satisfactory arrangements with the Trustees of Emory and Henry College."

The appeal to go to Vanderbilt came to him from the Chancellor, Dr. L. C. Garland, and from the President of the Board of Trustees, Bishop H. N. McTyeire, who were diligently searching

for strong, capable men for the faculty, especially for the theological department. Bishop McTyeire had observed the energy, ability, and devotion of Dr. Hoss from his earliest years in the ministry and had seen that he was destined to take a place among the foremost leaders of the Church.

Bishop McTyeire had written on April 10, 1882:

Dear Brother Hoss: You are the very man we wish suggestions from on the course of study. Your modesty detracts nothing from our high estimate of you. Now please be categorical and positive. Name your textbooks, the part or a whole.

In December, 1883, he wrote him:

Your success at Emory and Henry gives me unalloyed pleasure. You and your college are doing and have done a great work. The difficulties, the obstructions, that E. & H. and V. U. meet with come from opposite ends of the pole. Your means are limited, you cannot do all you are fitted for. Our means are so ample as to excite envy outside (and inside?) the Church, and lead to apathy of friends. Both institutions are necessary to the Church and to the world and must be worked.

Bishop McTyeire also asked for criticism of the "History of Methodism" which he was then preparing to publish.

The matter of his going to Vanderbilt had been pending for some time. On August 28 (1885) Bishop A. W. Wilson had written to know: "How about Vanderbilt? Have you come to a decision?"

His election to Vanderbilt brought him many congratulatory letters, among them one from Dr. Orville J. Nave, from which this extract is taken:

My dear Brother and old Friend: I saw with no little interest in some paper recently that you had been elected to a professorship in Vanderbilt University. I need not assure you that every reference to you that falls under my eye is eagerly read. I imagine that that passion in you of State pride that called forth that immortal eulogy of Andrew Johnson, had much to do with your accepting a chair as professor in an institution of your State. I hope your sphere of usefulness will not be less, but larger than in

the one at the head of which you have labored so long. I am sure that Vanderbilt cannot hold you if it is not, for I know that your star is yet ascending. How well I remember the fervency of your youthful days! I wonder somewhat that the routine of a professor's work can hold you. You must sometimes feel pinioned, when a large soul wants unfettered wings on a larger horizon.

Dr. Nave was preparing his Topical Bible for publication and invited Dr. Hoss to prepare the studies on the Psalms.

Vanderbilt University was then in its youth. It had sprung from the efforts of the Church to provide educational opportunities for its sons, especially those whom God should call to preach.

Thomas Stringfield had dreamed of a theological school for the South as early as 1825. He wrote to such men as Fisk, Olin, Andrew, and Paine. Olin wrote him: "These things will be; but you are ahead of your day and generation by fifty years, my brother!" It was just fifty years later that Vanderbilt University was opened for students in 1875. It was the realization of the hope of the most progressive leaders of the Church for the preparation of men for the ministry of the Southern Methodist Church.

Vanderbilt University was bending every energy to enlist the support of the entire Church and fill her halls with young men from its most devoted homes. Wisely did Bishop McTyeire and Dr. Garland seek out the best-equipped men of the Church for the faculty of the theological department. Thus it was that Dr. E. E. Hoss was elected to the chair of Pastoral Theology and Church History at Vanderbilt University.

The question which confronted Dr. Hoss, who had just accepted the Presidency of Emory and Henry, was not a question of principle, nor even of policy. Whether as President of the College or Professor in the University, he should be engaged in the same kind of work.

The question to be decided was where duty lay, as between the two. No one could find fault with him when he decided to go to the University where there was the promise of giving service to the whole Church in the training of men for the ministry in every part of the Church. In order to do this work he asked for and obtained release from Emory and Henry and accepted the

chair of Pastoral Theology and Church History at Vanderbilt University. His work there continued through the next five years.

II

Dr. Hoss was just thirty-six when he went to Nashville to assume the duty of teaching in the theological department of Vanderbilt University. At that age he had become a recognized leader in Southern Methodism. His election to the Presidency of Emory and Henry College was the badge of recognized leadership in Holston; and proclaimed him to the entire Church as worthy to stand among the leaders of the Church. His selection by the Chancellor and President of the Board at Vanderbilt recognized his proven ability.

His residence at Nashville brought him into close touch with the chosen leaders of Southern Methodism, and with all the interests and movements of the Church. His familiarity with the history of the Church, and, indeed, with the thought and achievement of the world, and his ready command of information, made him of inestimable value as a counselor; and his counsel was sought by those who directed the affairs of the Church. Bishops, connectional officers, schoolmen, and others sought his counsel on all manner of subjects.

If his name appears less often in newspaper articles during this period, it may be that it was due to the fact that his writings were to be found on editorial pages.

Dr. Hoss, whether in the classroom, the pulpit, or the press, thought of religion and education as very closely connected. Two editorials may be quoted as showing how these two were tied together in his thoughts. Written nearly ten years after he left Vanderbilt, they doubtless exemplify the spirit which inspired his work as a teacher. He says:

The spirit of Democracy is in the air. It not merely affects our political institutions, but also penetrates the depths of our seats of learning. There was a time when knowledge was supposed to be the exclusive possession of the few. In those days scholars felt a sort of academic contempt for the unlettered multitude. Instead of addressing themselves to the great body of the people,

they locked up their systems of thought in the embrace of the dead languages as if determined to speak only to those of their own class. All this is now past. The ablest men in literature covet the common folk for an audience, and often issue popular editions of their best works. Even the scientists diligently seek by luminous exposition to bring the fruits of their research within the range of the commonest understanding. It has come to pass in our day that knowledge, like religion, is for everybody that will take it, though, in the one case as in the other, there is grave danger that men may be tempted to suppose that they possess what they have not really acquired.

Thinking primarily of religious growth, but in the same vein of thought and sentiment:

The lapse of time is a necessary element in the growth of character. It is not using light or irreverent language to say that even God cannot make a perfect man in a day or a year. If character were a product of mere power, a manufactured article, like friction matches or bicycles, the formation of it might be hurried. But inasmuch as it is the outcome of moral processes, and requires both the action of divine grace and the cordial consent and co-operation of the free will, it cannot be rushed to maturity. That it is of comparatively slow development is a fact well known to all observant minds.

That sudden change which we call conversion or regeneration, and which is wrought not infrequently in the case of previously wicked men, does not disprove the truth of what we have just said; for the regenerate man is far from being complete in all things. He is conscious of the movement of a new life in his soul, and rejoices over it with unspeakable joy; but he is also aware, or at least speedily becomes aware, that he is still afflicted with manifold defects and shortcomings. At best he is but a babe in Christ, ignorant of many things that he ought to know, crude in his conceptions of truth and duty, undisciplined in his conduct, and awkward beyond measure in dealing with the difficulties that beset his pathway. Before he can reach a man's estate in spiritual things, he must pass through a thousand experiences, each one of which is designed by the goodness of God as a means of enlightenment and enlargement. There is no other possible way. In religion, as in learning, all short cuts are out of the question. To get to the end it is necessary to pass over every part of the intervening road.

Men studying under such a teacher were likely to acquire much more than mere learning. Men are made by such processes.

Dr. Hoss was a man's man; and as such his students trusted and loved him. He did not offer any short cuts in religion or education. On the other hand, he beckoned them to the toilsome paths which lead to the heights.

III

He believed profoundly in Vanderbilt University; in the work which it was doing and in its usefulness as an institution of the Church. Two years after he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate* he wrote of the University. Of its service and needs he said:

It is high time that the friends of this great school were seriously considering the question of increasing its endowment and enlarging the scope of its operations. True, it already has property of one sort and another worth in the aggregate not much less than \$3,000,000; but of this sum only a little over \$1,000,000 is in the form of productive endowment. The annual income does not go much beyond \$80,000.

The University has done a great deal of first-class work; and its alumni are beginning to take high rank in all walks of life. No University in the country is better situated. It easily holds the key to the whole Southwest, and will draw increasing numbers of students from the North and East. The men who fill its chairs are able, diligent, and enthusiastic. We make this statement from the amplest personal knowledge. . . . It was a wise stroke of policy upon the part of Commodore Vanderbilt to intrust the management of his foundation to the largest, richest, and most influential Church in the Southern States. We do not hesitate to declare that the trust has been liberally, conscientiously, and successfully administered. The main lines that have been followed were laid down by Bishop H. N. McTyeire, who perfectly well knew the wishes of the founder, and sought to further them in all honorable ways. In the selection of professors, and in every other important matter, there has been a deliberate and consistent avoidance of sectarian narrowness and littleness. That a majority of the chairs should have been filled by Methodists accords perfectly with the logic of the situation, but does not in the least imply or argue any mean or unjust discriminations.

The prosperity of Vanderbilt filled him with delight. In April, 1899, he said in an editorial:

When Chancellor Kirkland returned from New York last week, he brought with him the welcome intelligence that Mr. William K. Vanderbilt had given the sum of \$100,000 for the erection of a dormitory building on the campus of Vanderbilt University. This is, indeed, good news and we publish it with the greatest pleasure. Counting everything, the Vanderbilt family has given nearly \$1,600,000 to the great institution which bears their name. If Southern Methodists and the Southern people generally were not grateful for such munificent liberality, they would be utterly lacking in some essential qualities of character.

A few weeks later he called on the Church to be loyal to the University:

Let the Church be loyal to the University, and the University to the Church. They need each other. Neither can afford to ask of the other more than it is willing to give in return. With proper management, this foremost seat of learning in the South, thoroughly Christian and pronouncedly denominational, but in no sense sectarian or bigoted in its plans and policies, will grow right on through the advancing years till it is recognized as one of the chief glories of the whole land.

Of his work as a teacher in Vanderbilt he wrote "editorially" in 1894:

It fell to my lot for many years to teach young men. The experience was of at least as much value to us as to any of our students. On some subjects, as we went forward, we found it necessary to revise our opinions. At the outset we had a great sympathy for those who had to struggle against all the odds in order to get an education. In the end we had a similar feeling for those who did not have to struggle at all. That it is tremendously difficult to win the diploma of a good college and work for one's bread at the same time, we very well know. But there is heroism in the doing of it. Hats off to him who has the manhood for the task. On the other hand, the young man whose father gives him a liberal supply of pocket money is in constant danger of relaxing his efforts. Money is temptation. Many do not yield to it.

They, too, are worthy of the greatest honor. The son of a very wealthy man has a terrible gantlet to run. If he goes through unscathed, he had the element of high character in him.

Speaking of a talk which he made to Holston Conference in 1886, the *Christian Advocate* said:

Dr. Hoss, in his brief talk on Monday, hit the happy middle ground of common sense when he said that our Methodism needed the service of men fully equipped with all that sanctified learning could furnish, and had a place now, as during all her past history, for the men who are called of God to preach, and who learn to preach by preaching.

IV

Dr. Hoss had been elected alternate delegate to the General Conference of 1882. Just following the beginning of his work at Vanderbilt, he was elected to represent Holston in the General Conference of 1886, along with Frank Richardson, E. E. Wiley, R. N. Price, W. G. E. Cunnyingham, and C. T. Carroll.

The General Conference of 1886 elected a commission for the revision of the Hymn Book: James H. Carlisle, Joseph W. Key, Thomas W. Ford, E. E. Hoss, C. B. Riddick. Dr. Hoss actively participated in the work of the committee; and their labors resulted in the publication of a revised Hymn Book which was used for more than twenty years.

V

During these busy years in Vanderbilt, with ever-increasing labors, his love for the mountains and for Holston knew no diminution. The Conference met at Abingdon in 1887. His letter about Abingdon and the personnel and proceedings of the Conference is so vivid as to enable us to attend the Conference with him and feel the warmth of his pleasure among his kinsmen of the "Hill Country":

The sixty-third session of the Holston Conference convened at Abingdon, Va., October 5. That fine old town gave it a cordial welcome. The resident pastor, Dr. James S. Kennedy, and such

laymen as Hamilton, Honaker, Litchfield, Penn, Ayres, and Smith did their best to make everybody happy, and succeeded. The whole town, in fact, threw open its doors, and dispensed a most generous hospitality.

Bishop McTyeire presided. The last word is emphasized with intelligent purpose. He is somewhat more than a mere moderator of assemblies. Nevertheless, there was nothing harsh or dictatorial in his manner. He has been to Holston often, and it is safe to say that no one of the Bishops is more welcomed.

Bishop Wilson dropped in one day en route to the Tennessee Conference. He is looking much improved in health. His sermon on Thursday night was immense. I have never heard a more distinct and emphatic assertion of the spirituality of true religion. It was a great sermon in every best sense of that word. The Conference is much changed in appearance since I joined it some eighteen years ago. Those who were then in their very prime are now growing old. Dr. Wiley is seventy-three—so he told me. His head is as white as snow, and he has at last had to take to glasses; but his step is still firm and his face as ruddy as of yore. If there is any diminution of his intellectual energy, I am not able to see it; and they do say that he is preaching better than ever before. It was a picture worth going to see when John M. McTeer and Samuel D. Gaines sat side by side through whole sessions. They came in together more than forty years ago. Time has laid his hand upon them with some weight, but they still take an intelligent interest in whatever goes on. William Robeson is also one of the older men—a man of mark in every respect. As I looked at him I almost fancied that I was back thirty years and could hear him as he stood up six feet in the pulpit, and sang the old Methodist hymns with a voice that was clear and sweet as a silver bell. I can't feel as if Grinsfield Taylor is among the superannuates. It is now twenty-seven years since he took me into the Church, and nearly as long since he was a tender comforter to my father and mother over their first dead child. How the years do run! Dr. Brunner holds his own. He is a good, steady stepper, conservative and prudent. Dr. Sullins can't grow old. He doesn't know how. His hair is grey, but his heart keeps young and fresh. George W. Miles looked feebler than I ever saw him. He had had a great trial of afflictions. His good wife—as true a woman as ever helped and blessed the labors of a weary itinerant—has been down to the gates of death, but is now mending rapidly. Time will fail me if I were to undertake to enumerate the names of all “the old guard.” There is Dr. Kennedy, of whom a wise and sober layman at Abingdon said, “I should be glad to have him

for my pastor all his life"; and Richardson, whose personal following is stronger than that of any other man in the Conference; and Price, who wields as facile a quill as the foremost of our editorial writers.

The last year he was at Vanderbilt the midsummer found him at Jonesboro. Here, as he thinks of the humid, sultry heat of the city on the Cumberland, he writes in playful, joyous mood:

And, Mr. Editor, if you go anywhere, why not to East Tennessee? This is a grand country at any time, and in the summer season it is delightful above all the spots on which my eyes have rested. I cannot call it "The Land of the Sky," for our friends of Western North Carolina have already laid claim to that euphonious title as the designation of their own beautiful region, and I am not minded to raise an issue with them. In view, however, of this previous appropriation of the most fitting epithet, suppose I say that East Tennessee is "The Top of the World" or something of that sort. What do you think of the name? If you do not choose to answer me in the presence of the full company of your readers I am content to wait for a reply till I meet you again on the southeast corner of the second floor of the Publishing House.

Everything else aside, I sincerely wish that you were here. The bluest of heavens are bending over the greenest and fairest of earths, and the greenest and fairest of earths is smiling back at the bluest of heavens. It really seems as if the upper and the lower worlds were in love with each other. In the midst of such enchanting surroundings I can almost understand how the imaginative Greeks invested material objects with the attributes and charms of personality. Even in this prosaic age, and even to my dull eyes, there are times when trees and rivers, and mountains, and mists, and clouds, and the serene stars have a kindly and human look about them. To you, who are sitting in a close and narrow room on the banks of the Cumberland, all this may sound like silly talk; but to one who takes his stand on the high hills back of the goodly old town of Jonesboro, and looks away to the South, where the Cherokee Mountains skirt the rushing Noli-chucky, and further still to where the lofty and broad-backed Unakas rise up like the pillars of the firmament, it is perfectly natural. The climate, moreover, is a delight. The close and stifling heat of the lowlands is unknown in this latitude. Once in a while it gets rather warm for comfort in the middle of the day,

but never too sultry for sound sleeping at night. Such breezes as do blow after the sun has set! Ceylon's Isle knows nothing more delicious. I used to dream about them when I was living in San Francisco, and wonder whether I should ever feel them on my cheek again. If there is any purely physical sensation superior to lying out on the grass after twilight, and gazing up and out into the infinite spaces, I am sure that I do not know what it is, nor where to find it.

His reference to his dreams about the mountain breezes, while living in San Francisco, is tender with the memory of long past homesickness for "his own, his native land."

Dr. Hoss had been five years at Vanderbilt when he was elected Editor of the *Christian Advocate*. He was honored and loved by faculty and students alike. The years ahead of him were to bring him many opportunities of association with the men whom he had taught at Vanderbilt. They had come from every part of the South and Southwest; and he was to find them in places of usefulness in America and abroad.

With the vision of a statesman he saw the possibilities of wide usefulness for Vanderbilt University. His intimate relations with Bishop McTyeire and Chancellor Garland enabled him to become familiar with the aims and ideals of the founders of the University. A man of his ability and temperament could not have failed to become interested in the policies of the institution. Perhaps when he ended his labors there he was not himself fully aware of the concern which was, even then, taking root in his feelings as to the future of Vanderbilt University.

CHAPTER XI

A RELIGIOUS JOURNALIST

My election in 1890 was a genuine surprise to me. Just how it came to pass I cannot say. Several gentlemen who had the advantage of some editorial experience were put forward by their friends as competent to take up the pen which Dr. Fitzgerald had just laid down; but if anybody pressed my name, I am utterly unaware of the fact. It was with many misgivings that I left my pleasant home at Vanderbilt University to assume my new duties. Two things at least I can say for myself; that for the next twelve years I worked very hard and that I always stood squarely for what I conceived to be the rights and interests of the Methodist Church. As a matter of course, I made many mistakes, which I should try to avoid if I had now to travel the same road.

I

DR. HOSS was elected Editor of the *Christian Advocate* by the General Conference at St. Louis in May, 1890. He was re-elected to that office in 1894 and 1898, and was Editor of the *Christian Advocate* for twelve years. The Church recognized his peculiar fitness for that position and kept him as its chief editor for three quadrenniums. He had begun to write for the *Advocate* while still a boy. Recalling his early acquaintance with the paper, he wrote:

My recollections of the *Advocate* go back a great way. I think that I began to read it during the latter years of Dr. McFerrin's editorship, and I know that I became greatly interested in it while young Holland McTyeire presided over it. In the days of Thomas O. Summers and Oscar P. Fitzgerald I did not miss a number and gradually became a contributor. When Dr. Summers first published an article from my pen (it was an account of the Jonesboro District Conference in 1868), I was perfectly delighted. The paper and I became fast friends, and not even the fact that some of my later copy was "declined with thanks" was sufficient to alter our relations.

Through more than twenty years before his election as Editor he had been a frequent contributor to the *Advocate*, as well as to many other periodicals. His name and his style as a writer were well known to the readers of the *Advocate* throughout the Church. His predecessor, Dr. O. P. Fitzgerald, was a friend from the California days. Of this relation to Dr. Fitzgerald and the *Advocate* he wrote:

My dear friend Dr. Fitzgerald gave me rather a free run and was kind enough to say pleasant things now and then about my work. We were as close together as two men could possibly be, but in all our conversations we never once raised the question as to whether I should be his successor. Certainly it never entered into my head that I should go to the tripod.

For nearly fifteen years before he came to the tripod, Dr. Hoss had been engaged in teaching, five years in Martha Washington College, for girls, four years in Emory and Henry College, for boys, and five years in the theological department of Vanderbilt University. These years had meant more to him than to any student who sat in his classes. He did not know how to be idle. His hunger for knowledge was matched by his ability to know and understand; and these were re-enforced by a memory so complete that nothing was lost. Few men have lived who had such complete and ready command of whatever had been learned by reading, observation, or experience.

Hours in the lecture room, and longer hours in preparation for classes, with still longer hours for the reading of the books which he had learned to love in his youth, gave splendid preparation for those years when he should be called to write and speak upon every subject and deal with every matter which was of interest and importance to his day and time.

No less profitable to him was his contact with men during those academic years. He had a genius for friendship. Perhaps this was an inheritance from his illustrious great-grandfather, John Sevier, whose pioneer contemporaries fondly called him "Noli-chucky Jack." Rich in this social endowment, he cultivated friendship with people in every condition and walk of life. He

was at home with the mountaineer in his lonely cabin and with the Irish laborer whom he chanced to meet on a train out of Dublin; but he was also at home with the scholar and the statesmen, with the preacher and the prelate.

The interesting and powerful men with whom he was associated at Emory and Henry have been mentioned in a previous chapter. He never lost touch with them so long as one of them was living. His friends became a part of his life; and he lived in the hearts as well as the memories of an ever-increasing host of friends.

II

While teaching at Vanderbilt he was in close touch with the foremost leaders of Southern Methodism as well as the leaders of education in the South. He had come to Nashville at the solicitation of Bishop McTyeire. It is, perhaps, not stretching the imagination too far to suppose that Bishop McTyeire wanted to have the counsel of Dr. Hoss, as well as his services in the faculty of Vanderbilt University. However that may be, the privilege of association with Bishop McTyeire was appreciated as a high privilege by Dr. Hoss, who regarded him as the greatest man he had ever known.

Previous mention has been made in this chapter of Dr. Oscar P. Fitzgerald, later elected Bishop. And there was Dr. John B. McFerrin, the mention of whose name was always an inspiration to Dr. Hoss. "But time should fail us" if we should mention all the men of piety and power with whom Dr. Hoss was associated during those pregnant years. Dr. Charles Forster Smith tells of an incident which bears its own story of the relations of Dr. Hoss with at least one member of the faculty:

One Sunday morning before I was dressed there was a ring at the bell, and I went in dressing gown to the door. It was Dr. Hoss, who impulsively grasped my hand. "Come out here; I have just read something so good that I can't keep it from you." Then he sat down in the delightful summer air on a bench under a magnolia, and he read it to me. A man that shares his mental finds with me in that fashion knows instinctively the near way to my heart.

The opportunity of wider and widening acquaintance was by no means confined to the leaders of Southern Methodism. His location at Nashville and his intimate connection with the older leaders of his own Church brought him into association with the foremost men in the Northern Church and, indeed, of American Protestantism. During those years was laid the foundation of that acquaintance and friendship which was to extend around the world.

In the meantime he was acquiring wide familiarity with the issues and problems of Southern Methodism and of American civilization as well. No better preparation could have been made for the duties to which his Church called him.

It is now well known that he had been a contributor to the editorial pages of the *Advocate* before he was elected Editor.

III

Before the new Editor took charge, the retiring Editor of the *Christian Advocate* said of him:

Rev. E. E. Hoss, D.D., has been elected Editor of the *Advocate*. The General Conference has done a wise thing in putting Dr. Hoss at the head of this great paper. The new Editor is forty and forceful. A charming, wide-awake, level-headed, brainy, manly man, he will come as nigh meeting the demands of the position as any man in the Connection. He will come nigher than that—he will meet them. The paper and the Church are safe in his keeping; and now, while we congratulate the Church and the Conference upon this selection, let us roll up a 50,000 circulation, and give increasing congregations for the wise and stirring counsels that will come from the office on the Cumberland.

Dr. Hoss took up his duty as Editor at once. It was immediately evident that he had pre-eminent qualifications for the work to which he had been called. From the very first issue of the *Advocate* under his hand there was wide recognition of the advent of a new star of the first magnitude in the firmament of religious journalism. Not only the press of Southern Methodism, but also of her Sister Methodism of the North, was quick to welcome him to a place of leadership among the editors of religious journals.

The Nashville *Christian Advocate* was recognized as among the very best church papers in America.

When he had been Editor but one year the Ecumenical Conference of Methodism met for the first time in America. The Conference was held in Washington in 1891. Dr. Hoss was assigned by the Program Committee to deliver an address on the Religious Newspaper. Since this address was prepared during his first year as Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, it probably expresses his convictions concerning his work more definitely than any other single thing which he wrote. Although it touches some matters which are now obsolete it is given in full, for the light which it throws upon the field of religious journalism, especially the field in which he worked:

Mr. President: When Dr. Edward A. Freeman, the historian of the Norman Conquest, was appointed to the Chair of Modern Languages in Oxford University, he found himself, so he tells us, greatly puzzled to determine the exact limits of the province that had been assigned him. The best authorities, moreover, gave him scant assistance in reaching a satisfactory conclusion. Baron Bunsen, for example, contended that modern history really began with the call of Abraham. Another eminent scholar stoutly insisted on drawing the line at the outbreak of the French Revolution. After much thought, Dr. Freeman professed a readiness to compromise between these extreme views by accepting the first Olympiad as the proper starting point. As a matter of fact, he entered the stream of events at a point about twelve hundred years lower down.

Saving the gracious presence of the Program Committee, may I not say that the topic which is now up for discussion is equally indefinite in character? The religious press by itself offers a wide field for consideration. When we add to this the religious uses of the secular press, we have staked off more ground than we can possibly occupy in the brief limits allowed. In view of these things, I take it for granted that the Program Committee had it in mind that each speaker, instead of adhering strictly to the lines laid down by the essayist, should be at liberty to dwell upon any such aspect of the general subject as might commend itself to his taste or judgment. The particular topic, therefore, on which I shall speak is "The Religious Newspaper." If I barely touch the various points which I bring forward, you may understand that it is because the time will not allow me to do more.

That Methodism has never been indifferent to the religious newspaper needs no proof. If proof were needed, it could be commanded in abundance. Should I call the roll of the men that in the past have been assigned by it to editorial work, you would no doubt be startled. Pardon me if I confine myself here to my own Church. Of the *Christian Advocate*, with which I have the honor to be connected, the following gentlemen have been editors: John Newland Maffitt, Irishman and orator (two words, Mr. President, for one thing); Thomas Stringfield, whose militant temper made him a brave soldier under Andrew Jackson at the age of sixteen, and who spent the larger part of his ministerial life in smiting, hip and thigh, the various forms of Calvinism; John B. McFerrin, a genuine product of the Scotch-Irish, the great tribune of our American Church, who stood squarely against all the enemies of Methodism and of his Methodism, but the dream of whose closing years and the prayer of whose dying hours, as I know, were that all fraternal strifes might cease and all fraternal misunderstandings be perfectly adjusted; Holland Nimmons McTyeire, the greatest man, take him all in all, that I have ever known, whose career of ever-increasing power and usefulness contradicted the current maxim that extreme precocity means early decay, Editor of the *New Orleans Advocate* at twenty-seven, of the *Nashville Advocate* at thirty-two, and Bishop at forty-one, on whose granite tombstone is cut the simple inscription, "A leader of men, a lover of children"; Thomas O. Summers, as bluff and hearty an Englishman as ever set his face toward the New World, behind whose loud and genial bluster there lay the kindest of human hearts, an omnivorous reader of all sorts of books, knowing especially John Wesley's sermons and Charles Wesley's hymns by heart, and so extremely orthodox that Dr. Albert Taylor Bledsoe once charged him, though unjustly, with measuring all things in heaven and earth by Watson's "Institutes"; and Oscar Penn Fitzgerald, of whom I dare not say all the thoughts that are in my heart, but of whom I shall say this, that the exquisite delicacy of his literary touch is equaled only by the perfect brotherliness of his temper. Were I to go to the other of our papers, I should, of course, mention William Capers, scholar and gentleman, first fraternal delegate from America to British Methodism, whose fitting epitaph records the two facts that he was "a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and founder of the missions to the slaves"; William M. Wightman, courtly, cultivated, Christlike; Leroy M. Lee, the nephew of that Jesse Lee who once upon a time preached on Boston

Common, and who could hit a tremendous blow and follow it up with a succession of others in the same place; Thomas E. Bond, Jr., the greater son of his great father, a man of science and man of letters, the most erudite, incisive, and resourceful of American Methodist editors; Linus Parker, a gift of New York to New Orleans, whose editorials were Addisonian essays in finish and elegance, and who modestly shunned notoriety as much as common men seek it; John C. Keener, who never said a stupid thing and never did a cowardly one; and John J. Lafferty, a true wizard of the inkhorn and magician with words. I wish I could go farther in this direction, but I cannot.

The developments that have taken place in secular journalism in the last quarter of a century are indeed amazing. To accomplish what has been done, money has been spent like water and the best brain of the world has been called into use and service. That the religious newspaper, though it has also made very gratifying progress, has not kept an equal pace nor reached an equal degree of excellence is an unquestionable fact. It is still susceptible of vast improvement. To secure this improvement as rapidly as possible is the duty of all concerned. Every agency employed in the interest of the kingdom of Christ ought to be of the highest possible character. It was fit that the initial gifts which our Lord received after he "became incarnate for us men and for our salvation" should be "gold, frankincense, and myrrh." We must set up an ideal standard of excellence for the religious press, and require our publishers and editors to aim at reaching it. They will not at once succeed, but the effort to do so will have its due effect. Here, as in all departments of religious activity, the empirical method must be dropped, and into its place must be put a rational and controlling conception of the ends sought to be secured. This much premised, let me say:

I. That the religious newspaper must be under the control of the Church. There are some intelligent persons who assure us that what they are pleased to call an unmuzzled and independent press is a prime necessity of healthy ecclesiastical growth. This assumes that an official press is both muzzled and dependent. I could easily show the fallacy of such an assumption, but I choose to refute it by a concrete instance. If it were true, the official editors would simply echo one another in endless iteration; but it is recorded somewhere in the ancient history of the Methodist Episcopal Church that when a certain grave question in which the better three-fourths of our humanity were much concerned came up for settlement, Drs. Buckley and Warren and Smith

ranged themselves definitely on one side and Drs. Moore and Edwards and Fry on the other. Without pausing longer I wish to say that every argument which can be used to show that the Church should exercise some sort of effective supervision over her pulpits can also be used to show that she should be able to lay her directing hand upon the press. Independent journalism is on the outside; it stands on its own merits. As a stimulus and gadfly it has its values; but decrying ecclesiastical machinery as it does, it has no right to use this machinery to promote its own private interests.

2. The religious newspaper ought not to be conducted "for revenue only," or chiefly, or at all. Whenever it comes to be considered as an instrument for money-making, either for an individual owner or for a company of stockholders or for a church, it necessarily suffers some subtraction from its power for good. I sincerely doubt whether it ought ever to be allowed to make more than just enough to pay its own way. Whatever profits may accrue from its publication should be speedily returned in the form of betterments. From this general statement two practical inferences are to be drawn.

First, there are probably not a dozen religious newspaper in the United States that have each an editorial staff fully equal to the highest demands. The miserable economy which grinds the life out of a few men by laying impossible tasks upon their shoulders in order that dividends may be large ought to cease. Hard-headed men of the world are not guilty of such folly, and the Church ought by this time to have learned wisdom enough to avoid it. Every editor in chief should be surrounded and supported by a full corps of competent assistants. Imagine one man from week to week writing leaders and paragraphs, summarizing the world's news, reviewing books and periodicals, answering queries, clipping the best things from his exchanges, reducing the bulk and improving the quality of swollen communications, editing obituaries, carrying on an extensive correspondence, rearing a family in the fear of God, and cultivating his personal piety! There is no man within the range of my acquaintance whose nervous, intellectual, and moral resources are equal to such an undertaking.

In the second place, and on the same line, the use of the columns of a religious newspaper for advertising purposes ought to be most scrupulously guarded. At this point I am happy to say that there has in recent years been a great change for the better. Whether the change has resulted from an improved moral sensi-

tiveness on the part of publishers or from the external pressure of public opinion, it would be difficult to tell. There is still no little room for improvement. What is more common than to see the columns of a Church journal loaded down with puffs of patent medicines which profess to be sovereign cures for all the ills that flesh is heir to, but which are, in fact, the veriest humbugs, and which must be known to the editors and publishers as such? How does it look when two pages front each other, one lauding the merits of a "consumption cure" and the other insisting with most unctuous entreaty upon the blessedness of the "higher life"? There is an ex-editor in this body who, when a five-thousand-dollar check was offered him for space in which to insert a standing advertisement of a commodity of doubtful quality, answered: "No; not if you would make it fifty thousand." Shall a mercenary cupidity be longer allowed to disgrace the cause of Christ at this point? Shall we, while preaching that godliness is gain, act upon the principle that gain is godliness? Has not the time fully come for repentance, for reformation, for amendment?

3. The religious newspaper ought not to be turned into a mere bulletin board for the recording of current events. True, inasmuch as it is a newspaper, it must give a full and specific account of whatever important events are taking place in any part of the world; and inasmuch as the Christianity of which it is the exponent lays claim on every department of healthy secular life, it must not be indifferent to transactions of a political, commercial, scientific, or artistic character. But at the same time it must sift and winnow the great mass of details, throw aside whatever is ephemeral in character, and publish only what is of general significance and permanent value. It need hardly be said that everything should be excluded that cannot go with perfect propriety into a Christian home. Sensational features are a blot upon even our "enterprising" secular journalism. In connection with our religious press they are not to be tolerated for one moment.

4. On the other hand, the religious newspaper is equally not a quarterly review. This fact limits its scope in one direction as much as the fact which we have just been considering does in another direction. It must be able to discuss even the greatest questions of science, philosophy, and religion, but in a brief and popular way. There are some excellent and intelligent people who do not believe that this is a possibility, but I am not of the number. Even the highest and most abstract themes can be presented in such a fashion as will make them apprehensible by the common mind. The technical language of the books and the

schools can be translated into the ordinary speech of everyday life. The people of the nineteenth century will not read a long and elaborate article in a daily or weekly newspaper. Three columns of "Trichotomy," "to be continued in the next issue," will cut down the subscription list. In preparing the dishes which are to furnish forth our feasts, we must, within limits at least, consult the tastes of the guests that are to sit at our boards. It is not worth while to supply an abundance of food which we know they will not eat. The same general principle will condemn what is known as "the blanket sheet," which is likely to be a mere hodge-podge or omnium-gatherum, characterless and profitless. Not quantity but quality is the thing to be aimed at. An ounce of attar of roses is worth a hundred gallons of the scented waters of the ordinary drug store.

5. The religious journal is not a pulpit. This is a very widely spread delusion. Once in a while, under the influence of it, an eloquent and ambitious preacher seeks and finds an editorial post. No sooner is he safely fixed in his place than he lifts up his voice and begins to discourse as if he had an audience of ten thousand souls listening to him. After he has cut up a few dozen of his old sermons into longitudinal sections for editorial purposes, he is likely to find out his mistake. Somehow or other the people do not respond to him as they did when he stood before them in his own proper person. The sorry stuff which sounded well enough when set out with fine tricks of voice and manner becomes "stale, flat, and unprofitable" when committed to the faithful keeping of cold type. The habit of mind which is superinduced by preparation for the pulpit is essentially different from that which is required on the tripod. This is saying nothing against either the pulpit or the tripod, but only insisting that two valuable and important branches of religious service are distinct from each other in their methods, though they wholly agree as to their ultimate aims.

6. The religious newspaper goes its full length for all just reforms. It must be a leader of the Lord's hosts if it is to do its full work, not merely catching and reflecting a public opinion that already exists, but creating and guiding such opinion in all right directions. If this were the time and place, I could name manifold instances in which the denominational organs have led the way on great and grave issues. But the religious paper must be concerned also in regard to secular reforms. The editor that is silent in the face of the ravages of the liquor traffic ought to be cashiered. The same thing may be said of him who has nothing

to say concerning that slimy octopus, the Louisiana Lottery. But there must be discrimination. The paper that shouts itself hoarse over every proposed change in social or political matters soon loses influence. There are reforms and reforms. There must, therefore, be a due proportion, no riding of hobbies, but a judicious and balanced interest in all human affairs. I wish especially to enter a protest against the delusion that a religious paper can best advance the interests of the kingdom of Christ by becoming the mouthpiece of any political party; nay, it would not be wise for it to do so even were that party formally to incorporate in its platform of principles the Ten Commandments, the Apostles' Creed, and the Lord's Prayer!

7. The religious newspaper, in brief, must be devout but not sanctimonious, courageous but not pugnacious, enterprising but not sensational, alert but not pert, literary but not pedantic—so bright and sweet and brave and strong and pure that the question of its circulation will be one requiring only smallest thought.

Twenty years later Bishop Hoss delivered an address to the Congress of the Men and Religion Movement, in Carnegie Hall, New York, on "The Religious Press." The speakers on the platform of this "Congress" were among the foremost religious leaders of the English-speaking world. None were listened to with more rapt attention or received more hearty applause than Bishop Hoss.

Some of the most striking paragraphs are given:

When the printing press came in the fifteenth century, the Church took hold of it quite as vigorously as it had before taken hold of the pen. It was not merely the great works of classic Greece, newly risen from the grave, that thus got a new lease on existence, but it was also Erasmus' edition of the Greek Testament and kindred volumes that were scattered abroad as if upon the wings of the wind through the whole of Europe to become the spring and source of all sorts of reformations, revolutions, and recreations. The Protestant leaders, by an instinct that was almost inspiration, saw their opportunity and grasped it. Martin Luther, who had a hundred religious earthquakes locked up in his sturdy German heart, literally sowed down his native land with books, pamphlets, and broadsheets. His most symbolic action was throwing the inkstand at the devil. With the aid of Lucas Kranach, moreover, and other devout artists he scattered thousands of effective cartoons, and thus did for the papacy much the

same sort of work that Nast did for Tweed and Tammany. Later Protestants have not been wise enough to follow in any considerable measure the lead thus given them. It appears to be only the organs of political parties that in our generation know the value of homely pictures for defense and attack.

What if Luther had been in command of a daily paper with the circulation of the *Herald* or the *Times*? He would have made its columns fairly burn with invective and appeal. But the day of the daily paper was not yet. Three centuries were to pass before it should be born, and still another before it should make a full exhibition of its potencies. Indeed, it is only within the memory of living men that it has been enthroned in the very center of the multitudinous forces of civilized life. For good or ill, the public journals of the world are now the chief vehicles, both for the wide dissemination of knowledge and for the forming and solidifying of the opinions and convictions of mankind. And I say this in spite of the fact that they pour out from day to day, in addition to much that is illuminating and elevating, a vast flood of matter, of which the best that can be affirmed is that it is empty and meaningless, even when it is not foul and unclean. The mightiest man of this era is not the preacher in his pulpit, mighty as he is, nor the professor in his chair, nor the ruler in his exalted office, but the editor in his littered sanctum. I do not mean to assert that he is the most conspicuous man; for more and more, unless the first letters of his name are Henry Watterson or Theodore Roosevelt, his personality fades into the background and his influence becomes impersonal and pervasive. All the same, however, he makes a contribution, the significance of which cannot be overestimated, to that vast aggregate of thoughts and impulses that dominate and direct our whole complex social order.

But we need our own religious papers, not only as news gatherers and distributors, but still more as organs of defense for the tenets in which we believe and of attack against the things that put in peril and jeopardy our most precious spiritual possessions. To create and maintain such papers as will be capable of meeting these high demands, we must be lavish in the use of men and money, both of which are hard to get. The men are scarcer than the money. Wherever found, they should, if need be, be pressed into service. They must possess native ability, comprehensive erudition, the capacity to express themselves in from five hundred to one thousand words, the Christian gentleness that hates strife, the Christian courage that will not shirk a fight when it is

called for in the interests of truth and righteousness. Whatever these men need in the way of material aid should be furnished them without stint. We endow our colleges; why not our newspapers? Whether by endowment or regular contributions of money, however, we should put them on the highest level of effectiveness.

The years during which he was editor fell within the golden age of editors in the South and in America. Henry W. Grady had just folded his hands after a great and permanent service in the rebuilding of brotherhood and understanding between disunited sections. Edward W. Carmack was his near neighbor in Nashville, and one of his warmest friends. Henry Watterson was in his prime. The great Pulitzer was still on the tripod.

Among editors of Church papers was the brilliant and versatile James M. Buckley, Editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*; Charles H. Parkhurst, Editor of *Zion's Herald*; and in the Southern Church, John J. Lafferty, wit and philosopher, of the *Richmond Advocate*; W. B. Palmore of the *St. Louis Advocate*; and G. C. Rankin of the *Texas Advocate*.

Among these and many others, no man took higher rank than Dr. Hoss. He was soon well known in the American and English fields of journalism, both religious and secular.

IV

In the editorial chambers of the Publishing House at Nashville it is often said that "Dr. Hoss had no predecessors and has had no successors as Editor." Whoever may be responsible for that eulogy, it is certain that Dr. Hoss entertained no such idea. His frequent references to those who had preceded him as Editor are redolent with expressions of reverence and admiration for every one of them. Each of them had impressed his personality on the *Christian Advocate* and had met, in his own way, the demands of the times in his service as Editor.

Dr. Hoss was incapable of fitting his life to prescribed patterns; and it was soon manifest that his work as Editor followed the pattern of his own personality. That personality was beyond definition. Endowed with a mind of most generous capacities, dili-

gently cultivated from youth, he reached a maturity of intellectual equipment in early manhood, which continued to expand through middle life and was still growing when physical infirmities foreshadowed the end of his life.

His memory was prodigious; and so agile and ready that all the vast store of his knowledge was at ready command when needed. This contributed to a versatility so wide that there seemed to be no field of knowledge with which he was unfamiliar. It gave him also great facility of expression both in writing and speaking. His kinsman, a friend from youth, has left the record that Dr. Hoss had said to him: "During the twelve years I was editor of the *Christian Advocate*, I never re-wrote a single editorial." His friend adds: "Those editorials, which placed him in the very forefront of the greatest editors of his generation, were given to the reading public just as they flew from brain to pen, except very infrequently one word was substituted for another."

This same friend quotes Bishop Galloway as saying to him in 1898: "Dr. Hoss is a marvel. He is not only a very rapid and prodigious worker, but his memory is a wonder. He can read a new book and then repeat it substantially from the beginning to the end. He forgets nothing. He is great along any line. I consider him the greatest man in our Church."

In those days it was required of an editor that he perform the services of an entire staff. No man ever more nearly met this requirement than Elijah Embree Hoss. He interpreted his election as a call to service and set himself with fixed determination to perform that service.

As Stefan Zweig has said of Martin Luther, Dr. Hoss "was ever a merry fighter." A difficult task called him to put forth his full strength. He knew no such thing as failure.

CHAPTER XII

MUTUAL ACQUAINTANCE AND GOOD WILL

It is frequently said that the people of the North and the South would love one another more if they only knew one another better. We fully believe that this statement is true; and we should therefore be glad to see the inhabitants of the two sections cultivating a closer mutual acquaintance.

I

ON the day following the Fourth of July, 1890, less than a month after Dr. Hoss began his work as editor, he published the editorial from which the words at the head of this chapter are taken:

It is frequently said that the people of the North and the South would love one another more if they only knew one another better. We fully believe that this statement is true; and we should therefore be glad to see the inhabitants of the two sections cultivating a closer mutual acquaintance. How can this result be brought about? Is there any better way than by circulating the best newspapers of each section in the limits of the other? It is already a common thing to find in the cities, towns, and larger villages of the South a number of intelligent men and women that read secular and religious journals from the North. But it is our impression that the Northerner who is familiar with the Southern press is a *rara avis*. Will our good brother of *Zion's Herald*, who is presumedly informed on such matters, tell us whether our surmise is correct? If it be, we should be most happy to begin a new and better order of things in introducing the *Christian Advocate* in New England. What does Dr. Parkhurst say to that? We promise him in advance, if he will aid us in this enterprise, to be on our very best behavior for at least a year.

It may have been that Independence Day was the immediate inspiration of the fraternal and patriotic suggestion made to Dr. Parkhurst and through him to the people of New England and

the North in general. But it is certain that, whatever may have been the immediate occasion for writing thus, there was in the mind of the new Editor a seasoned conviction that mutual understanding was necessary if the sections, North and South, were to be redeemed from their mutual prejudices, frictions, and antagonisms.

He made no apology for being a son of the South; much less for being a Southern Methodist. He asked no apology from the sons of other sections for their lineage, local habitation, or affiliation.

He never hesitated to speak in defense of the South when she was unjustly assailed; but he had no sword of defense nor word of apology for injustice and meanness whether in the North or in the South. He knew strong words and he did not hesitate to use them against evil of any kind. He was especially severe in denouncing misrepresentation and hypocrisy.

The holier-than-thou airs of would-be reformers and self-appointed critics of the South were sure to feel the blast of his indignant refutations and denunciations.

He believed so strongly and profoundly in the integrity of the people on either side, and on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line, that he could not tolerate those who misrepresented them to one another. Those who were guilty of such misrepresentation for personal, political, or sectarian ends needed to be exposed and denounced. He did so in terms which left no room for misunderstanding his meaning.

The poisonous gases which had been generated by slavery, abolitionism, and the War Between the States still lingered in many places, both North and South. If one section was supercilious, the other was sensitive. Some at the North were convinced that reconstruction had not been completed. They believed themselves entirely capable of completing the task. Many in the South believed that the problems of reconstruction must be worked out by those who confronted the conditions which emancipation thrust upon the Southern States. Neither was ready to give very patient consideration to the plans proposed by the other. Much mutual acquaintance would be necessary before

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either side should even be able to understand the viewpoint, much less the convictions, of the other.

The "Force Bill," introduced by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, disturbed the minds of the people of the South, with the dread of the return of "carpet-bag" rule. It is easy to believe that the brilliant senator was convinced that the only way to secure political justice to the negro in the South was through the exercise of federal authority. The situation afforded a pretty good illustration of an immovable object and an irresistible force. The sections, North and South, needed to know and trust one another. What was needed was education, not legislation. If they could be brought to know each other, confidence and love should follow, as day follows night.

The accomplishment of a scheme so difficult and so great required the employment of forces and methods adequate to the ends sought. Sweet reasonableness was needed; but also sound reasoning. Ignorance and dishonesty must be combatted. Selfishness and prejudice must be exposed. Strong men who did not hesitate to put forth their full strength were needed. Of the men who contributed to the removal of misunderstanding and prejudice between the North and South, no man stands above the man who from 1890 until 1902 was Editor of the (Nashville) *Christian Advocate*.

II

The ancestors of Dr. Hoss had come with that tide of settlers who came to the very heart of the "Southern Mountain" world in 1769 and the years which followed. Within the century and a quarter which followed their coming to the mountains they had shared in all the great events which make up the history of the United States.

Toward the end of the nineteenth century there arose a group of writers who, themselves ignorant of the people who inhabit the Southern mountains, wrote of them in scandalous ignorance. The scandals which they then spread abroad have not yet been entirely dispersed. Against such defamations Dr. Hoss lifted up

his voice in righteous indignation. The following appeared as an editorial in the *Advocate*, September 27, 1890:

We have been disposed to entertain a high opinion of Dr. Mayo. For many years he has given a good deal of attention to the Southern States, and his published utterances, though touched with the patronizing air which seems to be inseparable from the New England mind, have usually been brotherly and kind. We were somewhat surprised, therefore, at reading the following extract from his recent address before the American Social Science Association, at Saratoga:

"How the strange population of the great central Southern mountain world, near 2,000,000 at present, was formed nobody seems to know. This region was a mysterious 'no man's land' till the enterprise of the last twenty-five years revealed it, with all its natural sublimity and beauty, and its industrial importance, to an astonished world. Perhaps from the revolutionary tories of the adjacent States; from criminals, outcasts, eccentrics, and broken-down people in general, with a sprinkling of more ambitious blood, was made up that people, which even now seen among the mountains overlooking the Valley of Virginia, but better observed in East Kentucky, Tennessee, Western North Carolina, and Northern Georgia, sends forth a louder cry for the missionary of modern civilization than any portion of the Republic."

That this "mountain world" was unknown to Dr. Mayo until twenty-five years ago we shall not undertake to deny; but that it was a "mysterious no man's land" is simply wide of the fact. The statement that the population of this section was made up from "revolutionary tories of the adjacent States; from criminals, outcasts, eccentrics, and broken-down people in general," is an outrageous slander. Has Dr. Mayo ever read such books as Haywood's or Ramsey's Tennessee? Is he ignorant of the fact that the first settlers in the East Tennessee mountains were a picked race of men from Virginia and North Carolina? Does he know anything about the Watauga Association? Has he ever heard the story of King's Mountain? Does he know anything of John Sevier, and James Robertson, and John Carter, and Isaac Shelby, and other such heroes of the Pioneer days? If Dr. Mayo is honestly ignorant of all these things, then we suggest that some "missionary of modern civilization" be sent to enlighten him. In the meantime, and until he is better informed, we beg leave to call his attention to the fact that "silence is golden."

With equal vigor did he denounce those secular newspapers which followed a policy of misrepresentation of the South. Against such he spoke out as in an editorial of August 11, 1892:

The *New York Independent*, in dealing with questions that affect the South, has long since reached and passed the point where partisan narrowness becomes deliberate meanness. In more than one recent issue it has alleged, in substance, that the outraging of colored women by white men in this section "must be much more common" than the similar treatment of white women by colored men. To reply that there is neither truth nor the shadow of truth in this charge, is to speak very mildly. Nor shall we affect to be so charitable as to suppose that the *Independent* is sincere in making such an utterance. In its issue of July 7 it further says:

"There have been lately shameful lynchings of colored men in Memphis and Nashville. In both of those places it has been found impossible, since these mobs occurred, even to arrest white men guilty of the very crime charged against colored men, only the colors of the criminal and victim were reversed."

Our readers will notice here two things: first, a very careful selection of words—the white men were affirmed to be "guilty," the colored men are only "charged" with guilt; secondly, an utter absence of names, dates, or specifications of any sort. We tell the *Independent* in terms which we hope are plain enough to be understood that it has given to the world a statement that has no foundation in fact.

There has been mob law enough in Tennessee to disgrace the State. We have fought it with all our power, and shall continue to do so. Even in the case of the Grizzard negroes who were hung at Nashville, and who were certainly guilty of as foul a crime as ever was perpetrated, we stood up for law. Our position on this subject is one of principle, and nothing shall move us from it. Our grief over every sign of lawlessness is genuine and profound. We do not hesitate to tell our own people of their faults and sins.

But all the more are we unwilling to sit still and listen to the circulation of stories concerning them that are utterly untrue, and that are designed to blacken unjustly their reputation before the world. We call upon the *Independent* to give the details of the cases to which it alludes, and we promise either to disprove them, or to acknowledge the truth of all it has said. Unless it

does this, it stands convicted before the intelligent public of willful and malicious slander.

Frankly and without apology he commented upon a foolish assumption which was growing in the cities of the Eastern seaboard. This editorial appeared March 16, 1893:

The *New York Tribune*, in commenting upon Dr. Carlisle's appointment to a place in Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet, speaks of him as an "interior lawyer" in a way that rather more than intimates his consequent lack of qualification for so great an office. This is an illustration of a spirit which has of late years been growing in the cities of our Eastern seaboard, and which quietly assumes that residence in the "interior" is presumptive evidence of a lack of the highest intelligence. Such a notion is the purest nonsense: it is utterly discredited by the whole past history of the country. The truth rather is that while the professional men in the largest cities do acquire a certain unusual mental alertness, as a rule, they are not in breadth and thoroughness of cultivation the equals of their brethren in the country. This statement will hold good, not only of lawyers, but also of doctors and of ministers of the gospel. The fact, moreover, is susceptible of the easiest explanation. We shall consider it at length when we have more space.

On the other hand, he gives hearty and glad acknowledgment to courteous and graceful recognition of a son of the South who delivered the oration at the opening of the World's Fair in Chicago:

Hon W. C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, has been invited to deliver the oration at the opening of the World's Fair. A wiser selection could not have been made. Mr. Breckinridge is a son of that stalwart Presbyterian preacher, Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckinridge, and is himself a devout and consistent ruling elder in the same communion. He has also a dash of good Methodist blood in his veins. On his mother's side he is a great-grandson of Madame Russell, the famous sister of Patrick Henry, who was one of Bishop Asbury's first converts, and who became the Lady Huntington of Methodism in Southwest Virginia. The story of her life, as told by her grandson, Hon. Thomas L. Preston, has been issued in a handsome pamphlet by our Publishing House,

and is one of the most interesting pieces of Methodist biography with which we are acquainted. Mrs. Russell's first husband was General William Campbell, who, with Gov. John Sevier, of Tennessee, and Gov. Isaac Shelby, of Kentucky, led the little American army at the battle of King's Mountain in the Revolutionary War. The only offspring of this union was a daughter, who married Gen. Francis Preston, of Abingdon, Va., and became the mother of a notable family of children, among whom was Mrs. Gov. McDowell, Mrs. Dr. Breckinridge, and Hon. W. C. Preston, United States Senator from South Carolina, and one of the greatest of American orators. It was a graceful thing to ask an ex-Confederate soldier to occupy the place of honor on such an occasion; and we do not doubt that the patriotic spirit which prompted such action will find echo in Mr. Breckinridge's speech.

III

Of the "mountain whites" Dr. Hoss spoke as one bred among them, who had kept in close touch with the entire mountain region and who, therefore, knew the mountain people:

THE MOUNTAIN WHITES

It is a sad fact that much of our modern philanthropy seems to have a natural tendency to run to fads, and thereby often defeats its own best aims. Many undeniably good people, with a sincere desire to render substantial service to the negroes of the Southern States, have allowed themselves, in the excess of their zeal, to lose sight of significant facts, and have consequently quite failed to accomplish the benevolent ends that they have had in view. The same remark holds true, to some extent at least, of those godly men and women in the East and North who are just now busily engaged in schemes for the redemption of "the mountain whites," otherwise designated by the rather high-sounding title of "American Highlanders." God forbid that we should speak otherwise than respectfully of any well-meant endeavors to promote the abatement of poverty, the enlightenment of ignorance, and the reformation of manners anywhere. With all such endeavors, even when the methods adopted do not command the indorsement of our judgment, we profess to be in perfect sympathy. At the same time we insist on reserving the right of sober and rational criticism. The best friends of a movement are not those who go into it with a mere thoughtless hurrah, but those who view it from the standpoint of wide and accurate knowledge,

and are therefore prepared to say what means are necessary to make it successful.

We ought, in all conscience, to know something of the mountaineers of the Southern States; for by birth and breeding we are one of them. Our ancestors were among the earliest settlers in the foothills of the Blue Ridge, and removed thence to the Watauga and the Nolichucky about one hundred and thirty years ago. Hereditary instincts, family tradition, and early education have all helped to make us a true mountaineer. Instead of being ashamed of the fact, as some silly folk, North and South, seem to think we ought to be, we accept it with pride and wear it as a badge of honor. Every foot of those upland regions, over which the sky bends in perpetual beauty, and on whose loftier summits the billowy clouds rest like the tents and banners of an army of angels, is dear to our heart. The very thought of them, in dream or memory, is something holy. Equally deep is our attachment for the people who have made their homes in the valleys and coves and along the sloping hillsides of that fair country. The manner in which they have been caricatured by tramp tourists, men and women, whose sole object is to turn a dishonest penny by writing something that will gratify a sensational press, makes our blood boil. Forty years ago Gen. F. A. Strother—"Porte Crayon"—then and for a long time subsequently one of the most intelligent and entertaining correspondents of *Harper's Magazine*, went through the land and wrote his impressions of it. He saw with a true artist's eye whatever was grotesque and outre in the customs and manners of the people, but he also detected their nobler qualities, and spoke of them with a just kindliness which puts to shame the satirical, shallow, and stereotyped comments of the modern scribblers. If anyone has a bound volume of *Harper's* for 1858 or 1859, let him turn to it and verify what we have said.

It is our purpose to point out some of the more obvious errors of statement that have gained currency concerning our kinsfolk.

1. It is common to lump them all together, and to deal with them in the mass. A very mediocre clergyman, whose interest in them was largely determined by the salary which he draws as the agent and solicitor for a college, has lately said in the public prints: "There are 2,000,000 of these American Highlanders, occupying the elevated territory that stretches along the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies in Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama." Now it is true that the region described has a population of about 2,000,000 souls; but at least four-fifths of it will compare favorably in intelligence, morality, and religion with

any other population in the United States or elsewhere. The towns and cities of Staunton, Roanoke, Salem, Wytheville, Tazewell, Marion, Abingdon, Bristol, Jonesboro, Greeneville, Rogersville, Morristown, Knoxville, Athens, Cleveland, Chattanooga, Huntsville, Dalton, Asheville, Hendersonville, and Waynesville are all included in this general scope of country. So also are at least a dozen fairly good colleges, some of which have been at work for a century, and many of which have dispensed light for at least fifty years: The Virginia Agricultural and Mechanical College, Roanoke, Emory and Henry, Martha Washington, Maryville, Centenary, and the University of Tennessee, not to mention others of lesser note. Were it not amiss, we could name a long list of prominent families that have not failed in four generations to produce men worthy to be brought into comparison with the best Americans of any section. The number of scholars, orators, ministers, statesmen, and soldiers who have come out of the mountains is really very great. They are found in every Southern and Southwestern State, and wherever found they are ready to speak with an almost passionate love for the region that gave them birth.

2. The other fifth of these mountain folk are by no means as degraded as they have been alleged to be. Here and there, it is true, there are communities in which the darkness of ignorance prevails to an alarming extent, and the restraints of Christian morality are cast to the winds. But such communities are not numerous. After traveling on horseback and on foot through the mountains of Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina, we do not hesitate to say that, taken together, they hold a far smaller criminal class than any one of the great Northern cities like New York or Chicago. Almost everywhere the gospel is preached among them, not always in the most effective fashion, but always with good results. The Methodists and Baptists have penetrated into every nook and corner bearing the word of life. In some of the remotest and most inaccessible counties there may be found a really high type of religious life. The schoolhouse is also everywhere in evidence. In many cases the teaching is exceedingly defective, but it imparts at least the rudiments of knowledge, and starts the boys and girls on the road to learning. Not many years ago we met in a most out-of-the-way neighborhood three fine young men who, starting from the common school near their own homes, had graduated with high honors in Yale University. Such cases are exceptional, to be sure, and yet these are not to be thrown aside as without meaning.

3. The great difficulty in the way of improvement is poverty.

Much of the soil is very poor, and yields only a scant return to labor. Such a thing as the accumulation of large property is almost impossible. Many families do exceedingly well to earn a bare subsistence. Nor does it seem easily possible to improve their condition in this respect. In some instances they have given up hope, and do not look for anything better than they have already known. Occasionally utter degenerates are found. In the whole range of our acquaintance and observation, however, we can recall only a few. The most of them are capable of enlightenment and elevation. But, one and all, they scout the notion that they are heathen, and will speedily give the cold shoulder to anybody that goes among them with that notion in his mind. What they most need is a class of young, vigorous, and consecrated ministers who are capable of both teaching and preaching. Such men, if they will only exercise common sense and religious zeal, will find an opening for usefulness not inferior to any other on the earth. They must lay aside all starchy notions of ministerial dignity, surrender all undue sense of their personal importance, and identify themselves utterly with their flocks. Any other policy will be fatal to success. We wish that a new "Volunteer Movement" might arise in our schools and colleges, and that hundreds of our best-trained graduates might see how great is the opportunity that we have described. Nothing better could happen to an aspiring theologian than to pass a few years of his early ministry among the simple and affectionate dwellers in the "hill country."

IV

Dr. Hoss was fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which met in Chicago, in May, 1900. The occasion was favorable for a fraternal message from the South. The Spanish-American War had drawn the people of the two sections together anew. Men of the South had shown themselves as loyal as their kinsmen of the North.

While that war was in its early stages the fraternal messages from the Methodist Episcopal Church had been delivered to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Baltimore in May, 1898, by Dr. Joseph F. Berry and Hon. Jonathan P. Dolliver. Of that occasion and of those addresses, Dr. Hoss said:

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It is my bounden duty, Mr. President, as it is also my great pleasure, to return to you our hearty thanks for the visit of those distinguished brethren, the Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Berry and the Hon. Jonathan P. Dolliver, whom you were kind enough to depute to our General Conference assembled in the city of Baltimore in May, 1898. Whether the manner in which they were entertained while among us was perfectly cordial, I leave it for them to declare. But both courtesy and truth require me to affirm that you could have scarcely selected two gentlemen more fit in every way to make a favorable impression upon our people. At any rate, we shall decline to believe that you have any better representatives than they until we have had ocular and audible demonstration of the fact.

Dr. Berry sets the pace for the multitudinous army of Epworth Leaguers, and must needs, therefore, be alive and awake in all the fibers of his being. As an editor he is bright without being flippant, orthodox without being hidebound, and an intense Methodist without being bigoted. His message to us was wise and weighty, worthy of himself and worthy of you.

Mr. Dolliver, born in a parsonage and bred on a four weeks' circuit, though still on the sunny side of fifty, has long been an influential member of the Federal House of Representatives, an orator the tropical splendors of whose eloquence fascinate every audience before which he stands, and a statesman so clean in character and so broad of vision as to be well fitted for carrying the gravest dignities of the republic. We do not forget, Mr. President, that, in spite of his residence in Iowa, he is a native of old Virginia; and we may be excused for fancying that in his golden sentences we can hear some far-off echoes of those tremendous periods with which Patrick Henry, in the Revolutionary era, shook the American Continent and astonished the world. If in the white heat of our enthusiasm we cheered everything that our highly esteemed brother said so lustily as to make him think that we were ready to incorporate it all in the creed, we must not be held too closely to the record. Some of us were quite possibly in the condition that day of the old Tennessean who, at the close of a stirring sermon, made a liberal subscription to the support of the preacher and when he was afterwards called upon to pay it, excused himself by saying: "I was a little too religious just then to be capable of taking care of my own interests!"

Dr. Hoss was well known throughout the Methodist Episcopal Church and received a most cordial and generous reception as

fraternal messenger from the Southern Church, and from the South—for on such an occasion his message was far more than a fraternal gesture between two groups of Methodists. It contributed richly to the molding of religious sentiment and the welding of Christian fellowship among the churches and the people of the United States. The following extracts will suffice to show the spirit and something of the content of the address:

"We have a common Methodism. Everything beyond 1844 belongs to us both alike. Wesley and Whitefield, Embury and Strawbridge, Coke and Asbury, McKendree and Soule, and the whole brotherhood of itinerants that rode round the continent, preaching the most rational, the most joyous, the most commanding gospel that this world has ever heard—all are ours. The achievements that they have wrought cannot be selfishly and exclusively claimed by either section. If the South sent Freeborn Garrettson and Jesse Lee and Peter Akers and John P. Durbin to the North, the North sent Joshua Soule and William Winans and Jefferson Hamilton and Stephen Olin to the South, the last to be converted in a humble Methodist home in Carolina and sent back to his native New England as a burning and shining light. The tides of personal activity and of religious influence flowed backward and forward over all imaginary lines. In those early days we were one in every sense. Nor can any unprejudiced man read the proceedings of the great Conference that issued in disruption without feeling that the participants in the debates, instead of being angry partisans anxious to precipitate a revolution, were thoughtful and godly men most solicitous to avoid such a catastrophe. What was done was done in sorrow, not in anger. The parting caused a thousand heartaches. The anger came later and flamed out at last in bitter and passionate speech. Many things were said by your representatives and by ours that in our cooler moments we cannot possibly justify, things that must have grieved the heart of the compassionate Christ who died for us. They ought to be buried in oblivion. The day of utterance of that sort is gone. We know one another better now, and we understand the men of half a century ago better than they understood themselves.

We have a common country. And what a country it is! Stretching away through endless leagues from the Penobscot and the Kennebec on the east to the Sacramento and the Columbia on the west, and from the Great Lakes on the north to the Florida

Keys on the south, with its outlying fringes of possessions and dependencies, it is the mightiest seat of empire that the world has ever seen. The allegation is sometimes brought against the Southerner that he is naturally sectional and provincial in his temper; and, truth to tell, he does love his own sunny home with an ardor that colder folk find it hard to understand. But he is none the less a national patriot for all that. What is patriotism but provincialism on a large scale? Passionate local attachments are the raw material out of which affection for one's whole country is manufactured. There are no better Americans than those who dwell below the Potomac, and none more ready when the emergency arises to make sacrifices for the glory and honor of these United States. They revere the common flag which flies in beauty and triumph over the sea and land, and they devoutly trust that wherever it is spread to the breeze it may be the symbol not merely of American authority and power, but also of American laws and institutions, meaning not one thing here and another yonder, but liberty, opportunity, and progress everywhere. For they have taken to heart those pregnant words of a great historian: "From all the history of the European world since the later days of the Roman republic, there is no more important lesson to be learned than this—that it is impossible for a free people to govern a dependent people despotically without endangering its own freedom."

Behind us we have a common history. Though each one of the original colonies started as a separate and independent settlement, yet almost from the very beginning they were all drawn more or less closely together by forces that were as irresistible as the movement of the tides. The Revolutionary War drove them into a loose confederation, and the Constitutional Convention of 1787, when its action had been ratified by the assent of the various sovereign States, bound them into a close Federal Union. Thenceforward the streams of their political life flowed more and more into one broad channel. There was never any more perfect buncombe than the threadbare talk of two distinct civilizations—Puritan and Cavalier—radiating from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown respectively and clashing with one another from the beginning. Real Cavaliers were always scarce in the South, even in Virginia, which knew them not outside of the tidewater region. In our early Tennessee history we had only two of any prominence, the brothers William and Willie Blount, whose great-grandfather was a follower of King Charles and fled to North Carolina after the establishment of the commonwealth. In Kentucky, unless

I am much at fault, they had none at all. The South was settled mainly by middle-class English, Scotch-Irish, German, and Huguenot immigrants.

And not all New Englanders were Puritans even in blood, much less in temper and disposition. Such men as Caleb Cushing and Benjamin F. Butler were also types and stood each for a large class. It is worth noting that even Daniel Webster, the New Hampshire Colossus, whose reply to Hayne was one of the inspirations of my boyhood, had nearly all the personal shortcomings that are popularly supposed to be the special inheritance of the Cavalier, and that John C. Calhoun, the incarnation of South Carolina, chaste as an icicle and incorruptible as Aristides, had all the virtues that are commonly attributed to the Puritans. As to the West, its citizenship from the start has been extremely composite. There is today scarcely a community in this State of Illinois that is not now made up in part of men and women whose parents and grandparents came from the South.

May I not say, without suspicion of arrogance or of self-assertion, that in winning this country and creating this government of ours the South did her full share? If I should seem to you to tell only our part of the story, it is because I am firmly convinced that you will not be behindhand in telling yours. And has not each American an undivided interest in every great and noble thing that any American has done?

As to the life-and-death wrestle of 1861-65, everybody ought now to be dispassionate enough to see that it was inevitable, and that, though it put the fate of the republic in jeopardy, it furnished on both sides abundant illustrations of everything that is most glorious in human character. The South is not ashamed of her 600,000 sons who "bore bayonets against destiny" as Confederate soldiers, nor will she admit that the civilization was ready to decay that could furnish such commanders as Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and Robert E. Lee for this grim fighting host. But there is something often lost sight of that I may venture to call to your attention: the Southern States were not solidly on one side. They sent, in round numbers, 400,000 white men into the Union army, and among them such capable captains as George H. Thomas, "the Rock of Chickamauga," and David Farragut, the hero of Mobile Bay. Nay, one of them, out of the mighty loins of her common stock, bred the Titanic figure of Abraham Lincoln, whose most famous political canvass was made against Stephen A. Douglas, a son of New England. My own State of Tennessee, on whose soil four hundred and sixty-seven battles and skirmishes

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were fought, was literally rent asunder by the diverging convictions of its citizens. The Congressional district in which I was reared, after raising six or eight picked regiments of Confederates, then furnished more volunteers (not a drafted man among them) for the Federal army than any other Congressional district in the United States.

You cannot forget that in the brief tussle with Spain the first victim was Worth Bagley, in whose patrician veins ran the best blood of the "Old North State"; nor that the man who boldly pushed his way through the Cuban jungle into the Spanish lines at Santiago and made sure of the presence of the ships of Cervera in the inner bay was Victor Blue, of South Carolina; nor that the man who performed the coolest act in naval warfare by sailing the Merrimac into the jaws of death and blowing her up with dynamite was Richmond Pearson Hobson, of Alabama; nor that the gray-headed veteran who, though burning up with Cuban fever, abandoned his ambulance and rode to the firing line on horseback, and who stoutly resisted every suggestion to retreat, was Joseph Wheeler—of the United States.

You and we alike have a rich common inheritance, and hereafter nothing for good or ill can happen to either one of us that will not materially affect the other also.

The main course of events in the United States, during the latter half of the nineteenth century, affected the social, religious, and civic life of every section. Slavery, war, reconstruction, sectional interests; these, and other widely related matters, tended to misunderstanding, rivalry, mistrust, and prejudice. The Union had been preserved by the arbitrament of war. But unity and peace must be achieved by men of good will. Ignorance and prejudice were the chief enemies which stood in the way of the healing of the wounds inflicted by the strife of war.

Dr. Hoss believed that the North and the South needed to know more of each other; and must know more of each other before they could achieve and enjoy the blessedness of national peace and prosperity. He was not the man to pose as a crusader. He believed in the power of truth to inform public opinion. He did not hesitate to challenge the statements of those who misrepresented the facts of history; or who misrepresented the conditions of life, North or South, East or West. He was widely known as

a defender of the South against the calumnies invented and used against the South by demagogues, political or ecclesiastical. It was but natural that many should have come to regard him as a controversialist in that field. He did speak and write with great plainness. There was never the slightest reason for misunderstanding what he said. He held steadily to the conviction that good will must be supported by understanding, sympathy, and tolerance. It is believed that he made a large contribution to the development of good will; and to the development of national, as well as religious, unity by his work as Editor of the *Christian Advocate*.

CHAPTER XIII

INTEREST IN PUBLIC AFFAIRS

The religious newspaper goes its full length for all just reforms. It must be a leader of the Lord's hosts if it is to do its full work, not merely catching and reflecting a public opinion that already exists, but creating and guiding such opinion in all right directions. If this were the time and place, I could name manifold instances in which the denominational organs have led the way on great and grave issues. But the religious paper must be concerned also in regard to secular reforms. The editor that is silent in the face of the ravages of the liquor traffic ought to be cashiered.

I

INTEREST in public affairs had been a part of the life of Embree Hoss from his youth. His great-grandfather, John Sevier, was one of the Commissioners of the Watauga Association even before he made his permanent settlement in the new country. He soon became the first citizen of the community. He was the most famous Indian fighter on the Western frontier. When the State of Franklin was formed he was elected Governor and was its guiding influence until the end of its existence. When the State of Tennessee was organized, he was elected its first Governor. First and last he was Governor of the State for twelve years, having previously served the State of Franklin for four years. His life was spent in the service of the State which he helped to build. When a man was held in such esteem by the people of his State, what must have been the devotion to his family!

All the traditions and environments of his life had made contribution to the interest of Dr. Hoss in good and righteous government. He felt himself no less a citizen because of being a preacher.

The prohibition issue in Tennessee and the South was, in 1890, just entering upon that struggle which culminated in the enactment of the bone dry laws in Tennessee.

One of the first editorial utterances of Dr. Hoss was on that question. On June 28, 1890, the following editorial was published:

We greatly rejoice in the fact that in every conflict with intemperance the Methodist Church has stood in the front, and played the part of the Tenth Legion. There is nothing in our history regarding this matter of which we need to be ashamed. From the days of Wesley and our fathers down to the present time our attitude has been one of progressive and increasing hostility both to the drinking and to the sale of intoxicating liquors. Our recent General Conference, however, went quite beyond all former utterances, and declared, "We are emphatically a prohibition Church." Stronger language than this it would be difficult to use. We do not hesitate to say that we indorse every word of it—and that, too, in no Pickwickian sense, but from our heart. We suppose, moreover, that at least nine-tenths of our people are of the same mind. On no subject has there ever been a more marked uniformity of opinion among us. We are moving in solid columns.

But what is the meaning of the declaration of the General Conference?

Does the Church, then, propose to go into politics, to ally herself to any existing political organization, or to create a new one, for the purpose of fighting the saloons? No: a thousand times No. The Methodist Church in her organic capacity will do what she can by purely and exclusively spiritual forces and agencies to secure the extermination of the traffic in strong drink; but she will not organize a political machine, nor lay down a party platform, nor nominate candidates for office.

As to individual members, they will seek their political alliances as they may judge best. The Methodist Church has never proposed to interfere with the political preference of her members, and never will.

In this editorial Dr. Hoss maintains that poise of judgment and sanity of conviction which was so strikingly characteristic of his thought. He never rode hobbies. He never lost sight of the fact that the weapons and implements of the Church are spiritual. That the Church must not go into politics; but that the Church must not be silent in the face of the ravages of evil in any form.

The "fight for the abolition of the liquor traffic, and the en-

forcement of law in Tennessee," was to be long continued. It grew in fierceness as the liquor interests became more bold and insolent, with the election of men to the highest offices who were willing instruments in their hands.

II

Malcolm R. Patterson, who had been Congressman from the Memphis district, was elected Governor of Tennessee in 1906. During his first term a long developing contest over the prohibition of the liquor traffic reached a climax. In 1908 Governor Patterson sought the nomination as the Democratic candidate for governor, as an opponent of statewide prohibition. Edward W. Carmack, one of the ablest men which the state has produced, was his opponent for nomination by the Democratic party. The contest was notable and bitter. Both candidates were men of marked ability. Carmack was the exceptionally able Editor of the *Tennessean*. That there was widespread lawlessness in the state is clearly evident in the sequel to this campaign, to which reference will later be made.

Bishop Hoss held the Holston Conference on October 7, the Tennessee on October 14, and the Memphis on November 11. On Sunday, October 24, he preached at McKendree Church in Nashville on "Present Conditions in Tennessee." His sermon was published by the newspapers at Nashville and throughout the State. Referring to widespread lawlessness and the apparent impotence of the authorities to put it down, he said:

That there is a cause for the existing conditions is beyond dispute. Things do not come to pass at haphazard, but are always the result of measurable forces. To determine what these forces are is a serious task.

There is the widespread decay of belief in God as the moral ruler of the world.

The long and criminal toleration of the mob spirit, which, beginning with the irregular and violent infliction of death upon a particular class of wrongdoers, has grown bolder and bolder till it now menaces not merely the safety of individual citizens, but the stability, order, and peace of whole communities. To such toleration there can be but one end, and that is anarchy.

No man should be punished except after a fair trial before an impartial court, and this is as true of the humblest negro that drives a cart on the street as of the most influential man that clothes himself in purple and fine linen and fares sumptuously every day. Any other policy is a poisoning of the very springs and sources of justice.

The immunity with which the greedy and dishonest rich have carried out their wicked schemes to the hurt and harm of the great masses of the people.

The permitted defiance of the law by the whisky traffic.

Even the high-class distillers and brewers are guilty of these offenses. They set up the dives, secure the licenses, furnish the drinks, and pay the costs of prosecutions. They are, in fact, the guiltiest of all concerned. The strongest argument against prohibition is that it is impossible to control these men, and that society should therefore make the best terms possible with them. When a business of any sort refuses to be controlled, the only thing left to do is to throttle it. And this issue is inevitable. The lawless whisky sellers, without in the least intending it, have become the greatest promoters of temperance reform by their brazen and open contempt of the statutes enacted for the regulation of their trade.

The difficulty of convicting criminals in our courts.

The executive nullification of the findings of the courts. That there should be a pardoning power lodged somewhere for exceptional cases is certain, but this power should be so limited as to make it impossible that verdicts of guilty should become a mere farce. I bring no railing accusation against the Governor of our State. His place is compassed with difficulties. Tremendous pressure is often brought to bear upon him. Appeals are made to his sympathy—appeals that are often such as to touch the best impulses of his nature. But when, in the brief space of two years, he turns loose upon the commonwealth ninety-five convicted murderers, one or the other of two things is certain: Either the courts are cruel or incompetent, or else he is altogether too lax and tolerant. There is no escape from this dilemma.

The attacks upon Bishop Hoss by the wet press was hardly less vituperative than that upon Carmack, Editor of the *Tennessean*. Fifteen days later came the tragedy of the slaying of Edward W. Carmack. One of the closest friends of Governor Patterson, Duncan Cooper, became enraged by Carmack's caustic editorials.

On November 9, Carmack was shot to death on the streets of Nashville. Duncan Cooper and his son, Robin Cooper, were convicted of the crime. The Supreme Court affirmed the conviction of Duncan Cooper, whereupon Governor Patterson immediately pardoned his friend. The whole State was aroused by the death of Carmack and the act of the Governor in pardoning his slayer.

Bishop Hoss wrote at once for the *Tennessean* "A Tribute to Senator Carmack":

It is impossible for me to write much. My heart is broken. Senator Carmack's death overwhelmed me. He was by all odds the greatest Tennessean that has appeared in public life in this generation. As a Senator he commanded the admiration of the nation. In his whole career there is not the slightest trace or stain of dishonor. No dirty dollar ever touched his fingers. He came out of the Senate poor, and his friends knew it and were proud of it. He never engaged in bargain and intrigue; he never compromised principle for preferment; he never turned aside one hair's breadth from the straight path of truth and courage. Defeat did not break his spirit nor sour his temper. When Tennessee turned her back on him, the noblest of her sons, he kept his head erect and moved right onward. The evil forces that were banded against him did not dismay him; the slanders that were circulated to ruin him utterly failed to alter or modify the inflexibility of his purpose. Much as I loved him living, and unspeakable as is my grief over his death, I should rather see him wrapped in his shroud than to have him alive again and enjoying place and prominence at the expense of bartered manhood. Being dead, he yet speaketh. Human as he was, compassed with customary infirmities as he was, he yet had a heart as warm as a summer sea and a transparent simplicity of nature like that of a child. O, my dear, dear friend! Shall I ever look upon his like again? .

Bishop Hoss was unable to attend the memorial meeting held in Ryman Auditorium, Nashville, on November 15, 1908, but sent this letter:

Fellow Citizens of Nashville and of Tennessee: More profoundly than words can express I regret that circumstances now quite beyond my control render it impossible for me to be in

Nashville today. Nothing would give me more satisfaction as a citizen of Tennessee than to bear some humble part in doing honor to the memory of Senator Carmack. Not since the days when the imperial genius of John Bell illuminated the political life of our State has such a man as Senator Carmack arisen among us. Lofty in character, strong in scorn of all mean and base things, brilliant in intellect, fearless in the discharge of duty, a great orator, a great debater, the unchallenged equal of the mightiest leaders in the nation's councils, he has given a new significance to citizenship and taught a fresh lesson in patriotism. His body lies in the ground, but his spirit will live on in the hearts of the young men whose noble ambitions he had kindled. It is for us to take up and carry forward the work which he began; to put a stop absolutely and forever to lawlessness and private vengeance within the bounds of this mighty commonwealth; to demand, with an insistence that will take no denial, the execution of equal and exact justice without fear and without favor in the courts of the land; to create a public sentiment that will not tolerate the lax use of the pardoning power; to close the saloons everywhere and keep them shut, no matter what combination of unhallowed interests may clamor for the perpetuation of their existence; and, in general, to adopt whatever measures may be necessary to guarantee the perpetuity in undiminished vigor and glory of our Christian civilization. With malice toward no human being, but with indignation against the conditions that have arisen in our State, with the tenderest of memories for my dear departed friend, and with an ocean of sympathy for his widowed wife and his orphaned son, I am your fellow-citizen.

The superior work of Bishop Hoss in leading the campaign for prohibition in Tennessee, following the death of Senator Carmack, was recognized alike by friend and foe. He spoke to great mass meetings and legislative committees with such clearness and power as to become recognized as the most forceful advocate of prohibition in the State. After the lapse of thirty years, men still speak of him as the greatest temperance leader the State has ever produced.

A few paragraphs from an address at the Vendome Theater in Nashville will show something of the atmosphere of the times as well as the force with which the good Bishop carried on the fight against the foes of sobriety, law, and order:

My citizenship is a part of my inheritance. It came to me from honest and stout-hearted men who helped to build this mighty commonwealth. For the proper use of it I am responsible to no man or set of men, and I will not surrender it on the clamorous demand of subsidized newspapers or impertinent politicians.

To be brief, and to relieve the minds of any who are in doubt, I use this occasion to say that we ministers are in the fight to stay until it is finished. Denunciation cannot stop us; money cannot buy us, nor threats overawe us.

If the friends of the whisky power suppose that they can frighten us from the field, they simply do not understand their men; and if they suppose that we are without influence they are likely to be undeceived. It is my sincere hope that we shall be always mindful of the fact that we are the servants of Jesus Christ; that we shall display no personal rancor, and that, even when we are ridiculed and misrepresented, we shall possess our souls in patience, not rendering evil for evil, nor giving any just occasion for scandal or reproach. At the same time, I trust that we shall not show the white feather, nor beat an ignominious retreat. To all threats, let them come from what quarter they may, our answer should be this: Crack your whips, gentlemen, as loudly as you please, but be sure to crack them over the heads of men who desire some favor that you can bestow or dread some penalty that you can inflict; but do not make the rash and foolish experiment of trying to crack them over the heads of free Tennesseans who want nothing that you have and fear nothing that you can do.

Ladies and gentlemen and fellow Tennesseans, this is the first time in my life that I have appeared on such a platform as this. I confess I felt as timid as a mountain schoolboy at his first dance, and nothing but a deep, earnest, honest conviction that it was my duty could have induced me to appear before you tonight. But now that it is done I can go home and go to sleep, leaving the result to Almighty God, with as calm a mind as I had when my mother took me in her tender arms and laid me to sleep in my childhood home.

The tenseness of feeling and the atmosphere of bitterness throughout the State, and especially in Nashville, is shown by the following clipping from the *Nashville American*:

Bishop Hoss, in his speech before the Methodist conference at Covington, said that if Mr. Carmack was to be killed for what he wrote that he ought to be killed also—which is one proposition on which we might be able to agree with him.

So effectively was the battle won that not only was a state-wide prohibition law enacted, but Governor Patterson was forced to withdraw from the race for governor in 1910. He had so wrecked the Democratic party in the State that Robert Love Taylor, with all his charm and popularity, was unable to defeat his opponent, Hon. Ben W. Hooper, who ran on a Republican-Prohibition ticket, was elected and who made an excellent governor.

III

As man, as preacher, as Editor, as Bishop, he was always opposed to mob law. His editorials on this subject ring with sincerity and earnestness. The following editorial appeared June 13, 1891:

The spirit of mob law seems to have had a revival in this State. Twice or thrice within the past few weeks men have been publicly hung without the pretense of a trial. The last case is that of the negro Green Wells, who was taken from the jail at Columbia in broad daylight and swung up to one of the girders of the railroad bridge. That he had been guilty of the awful crime of assassinating Mr. John Fly is beyond doubt. He himself confessed the fact without qualification of any sort. That he deserved hanging no one will be disposed to question. If he had been brought before a jury, he would have been convicted and sentenced without the least delay. And this is what ought to have been done. The courts were open. Judge Patterson promised to proceed with the investigation at once. There was not the slightest reason for supposing that justice would be defrauded. Under all these circumstances, the action of the mob, taken in the face of the earnest protest of many excellent citizens, among whom we are glad to see the name of Mr. E. W. Carmack, the editor of the *Nashville American*, was particularly reprehensible. In the eyes of the law, the hanging of the negro was murder, and every man that assisted in it has blood upon his soul. Mob law is anarchy. If it is tolerated, society goes to pieces. The only thing that enables us to lie down at night and sleep in peace is the knowledge that we are living in a community in which there is respect for courts and juries. If these time-honored institutions are set aside in one instance, they will come to be ignored in other instances also. If they are dispensed with in dealing with recognized criminals, they will sooner or later be overridden and trampled down in matters with which upright citizens are concerned.

We do not feel that we are going at all beyond our legitimate sphere as the editor of a religious journal in pleading thus earnestly for the law, and in calling upon all good men to rally to its support. It is, in fact, one of the cardinal points of Christian morals that civil institutions are to be respected and legislative enactments obeyed, and this not merely "for wrath, but also for conscience' sake." Every consideration of personal interest, or patriotism, and of religion, is an argument in behalf of the view that we have taken.

An editorial of October 25, 1894, requires no comment:

In a recent issue of the *Methodist Times* [London], Rev. Hugh Price Hughes makes "a direct personal appeal" to the editor of this paper to speak out on the subject of lynch law. In reply we have only to say that if Mr. Hughes had taken the slightest pains to inform himself as to our attitude in regard to this matter, he would not have found it necessary to make this appeal. Year in and year out since we began to edit the *Advocate* we have taxed our command of the English language to denounce all forms of lawlessness, and especially the lawless taking away of human life. We could not say more than we have said, unless, indeed, it were possible for us in some miraculous way to acquire a wider and stronger vocabulary than the one which we now possess. That Mr. Hughes should be entirely ignorant of all this, is not to be set down to his discredit; but that, being ignorant of it, he should speak as if we had remained silent, is scarcely, we think, the brotherly thing. It will be our pleasure to send him an original communication for publication in the *Methodist Times*.

No words could be stronger than these of December 12, 1895:

WANTED—A SHERIFF THAT WILL SHOOT

The State of Tennessee has again been immeasurably disgraced. On the night of the 29th ult., two negro men that had been convicted in the Circuit Court of Marshall County, Tenn., of criminal assault upon white women, and were on their way to the penitentiary, were forcibly taken from the civil officers at Fayetteville, in Lincoln County, and violently put to death. It is said that the officers made a good show of resistance, but were completely overpowered. Finding their inability to cope with the situation, they sent a telegram to the Governor, calling for the militia. Two companies were at once put under arms; but before they could leave Nashville the mob had completed its work and disbanded.

This whole proceeding was an outrage of the vilest character. It is bad enough when a trespasser is taken in the very act and punished without due process. It is a great deal worse when he is forcibly wrenched from the hands of the powers-that-be after formal trial. We can imagine no more flagitious affront to the majesty of the Commonwealth. Are our courts incompetent or corrupt? Do we mean to throw off all the restraints of civilization, and go back to the savage state? Does anybody think that society can long hold together if the rule of the mob is tolerated? Is it not as clear as daylight that things will go from bad to worse unless there should be a speedy reformation? If a crowd of lynchers may act as a court of appeal, and set aside the verdict of a judge and jury in one case, why may they not do it in all cases? What is the use of our costly judicial system if its work is to be deliberately trampled underfoot? The time has fully come when all good citizens should understand the situation. Already and justly the whole world points at us the slow-moving finger of scorn. We must make a stand for law and for a sheriff in every county that will shoot, and a public sentiment that will back him up in doing it.

There was no abatement of his interest in the just and impartial enforcement of law; and there was no softening of his words of approval for faithful judges and officers who secured justice for negroes or whites. This is an editorial of February 10, 1898:

We are happy to announce that the good citizens of Gleason, in Weakley County, Tennessee, are showing a commendable determination to punish the authors of the recent crimes against the colored people in the community. One of their number, Captain Swain, has offered a large reward for information that will serve to convict the guilty parties, but the rest of them say that they will insist on contributing to the amount. Governor Taylor has added \$200 to the reward in the name of the State. Judge Swigart, who presides in that circuit, is an honest and fearless man. He will spare no pains to secure the ends of justice. The colored people who were driven away are already returning, and will be protected. However it may be elsewhere, we are not ready to believe that in Tennessee, where manliness has always been esteemed a crowning virtue, public opinion will tolerate the oppression of people simply because they are poor and black. A writer in the *Nashville Banner* says that the perpetrators of the

recent outrages belong to a class who have nothing at stake in the welfare of the Commonwealth. This statement we are entirely ready to believe. People of intelligence, who have homes of their own, and know that law and justice are their only safeguard, cannot countenance the least disregard for the rights of even the humblest of their fellow-citizens.

In this connection we desire to express our commendation of the prompt action recently taken by Judge Thomas A. R. Nelson to protect the dignity of his court in Sevier County, Tennessee. A gang of three whitecappers in that county found it desirable to dispose of a man who was a very damaging witness in a murder case in which they were concerned; and so they formed a plan to kidnap and perhaps kill him. In some way or other a hint of the matter got to Judge Nelson's ears, and he at once issued a bench warrant for the trio and had them sent to jail. That our old school-fellow, who bears a name honored by every intelligent Tennessean, will give these villains the fullest measure of the law, we are quite certain. If the penalty should be very severe, the public will clap hands. Whoever obstructs, or seeks to obstruct, the process of the courts by intimidating or purchasing witnesses, or by giving false evidence, or in any other way, ought to feel the iron grip of the law at his throat. The judge that suffers such things to go unnoticed ought to be impeached, and the community that sits down in its shame and lets them pass as mere trifles is on the way to dissolution.

His patriotic devotion and delight in the orderly processes of civilization under our republican form of government are exemplified in a paragraph as of March 11, 1897:

Cleveland is out and McKinley is in. There is a change of administration, but the wheels of government roll on just as before. Not a drop of blood has been shed in this transference of political power. The inauguration of the new President was peaceful and pleasant. There was a parade of soldiers in gay uniforms, with flaunting flags and martial music, handshaking, huzzaing, and all the accompaniments of a notable civic festival unique in its features, the expression of our national character and indicative of the fact that this is a genuine republic, where the people are self-governing—that is to say, where they are self-determining as to what they will do, and are self-righting when they go wrong.

The true patriots of all political parties will take comfort in this

spectacle of a peaceful change in the administration of the government of a republic numbering seventy millions of people.

It may be that something of the jubilant tone of this paragraph is to be attributed to his pleasure at the defeat of Bryan.

It is said that when Bishop Hoss presented Vice President Charles W. Fairbanks to the General Conference at Atlanta in 1906, he said:

I am at a loss to know what to do about voting: I should like to vote for my old friend and college mate. But how can a man vote for a high protective tariff, which he considers high-handed piracy? On the other hand, how can he vote for free silver, which he considers a species of lunacy? What is a poor man to do?

The stenographer for the *Daily Advocate* seems to have failed to catch this tidbit. But it stuck to the memory of the daughter of Bishop Hoss, Mrs. Mary Hoss Headman.

He never lost interest in public affairs. He never failed to speak out for justice, truth, and righteousness.

CHAPTER XIV

EXPANDING HORIZONS

The acquaintance formed, the outflow of sympathy and brotherliness, information gained, vision broadened, communion enjoyed, these tangible or intangible results are created or strengthened by a Conference of this kind, as the ends of the earth come together.

I

THE LEADERS of Methodism around the world have met together since 1881 in the decennial sessions of the Ecumenical Conference. This has been the means of wide acquaintance among the leaders of the various branches of the Methodist Church in America, in Europe, in Asia, and in the "Islands of the Seas."

Dr. Hoss was a delegate to the second Ecumenical Conference, which met at Washington in October, 1891. In this Conference began many acquaintances and associations which were to bring him into contact with the Methodists of the entire world. When the Ecumenical Conference should meet in London in 1901, he would be a conspicuous figure. In another ten years, when the great body should meet in Toronto, 1911, he would be known to every member in the body and be recognized as the most conspicuous man in the Methodist Church.

Writing of the approaching Conference on October 3, 1891, he said:

The world of Methodism is to meet again. It will be an imposing assembly, calculated to impress one with the world-wide spread and force of Methodism. The good results of an occasional meeting of this kind are self-evident—not so much in the evident hard practical results, for religion, though eminently practical, has many results and influences that are effective and beneficial, but too airy to be summed by the mathematics of the practical. These intangible results, though they cannot be put into the statistical

table, nor formulated into efficient, permanent forces, may be the forerunner or handmaid of more practical and permanent results. The acquaintances formed, the outflow of sympathy and brotherliness, information gained, vision broadened, communion enjoyed, these tangible or intangible results are created or strengthened by a Conference of this kind, as the ends of the earth come together.

On the following week he gave a vivid account of the personnel of the Conference:

The big men of the Ecumenical Conference are conspicuous because of their bigness, and some of them are distinguished for other things besides their girth, height, and heft. Many of the physically smaller men, when it comes to talking, make up in volubility and vigor of utterance what they may lack in corporeal altitude and circumference. It is a healthy, hearty, wholesome body of men, as one looks at them from the floor. It is a means of grace to look at William Arthur, the patriarch of the body. An old man of medium stature, a little shrunken in body, but still erect, with thin, white hair and gray side-whiskers, a face ruddy with the color of health—not the fiery redness of the wine-drinker, nor the muddiness of the beer-drinker—the severity of the scholar and student softened by the benignity that beams from his eyes. A benign man he is, but sharp-edged and incisive on occasion. He is a conservative in the good sense of the word. That means that he is not an obstructionist or reactionist. With uplifted finger he said more than once: "Take care! take care!" warning the members of the Conference against the folly of trying to force processes that must come by growth. Like our Dr. John B. McFerrin at the Baltimore Centennial in 1884, Mr. Arthur had the ear of the body at all times, albeit he bowed gracefully to the inexorable five-minutes' rule before finishing one of his wisest talks.

The antithesis of the delegate spoken of in the foregoing paragraph is Rev. Hugh Price Hughes. The former is a conservative ingrain; the latter a radical through and through. He has no title. He does not need one, and it would not fit him. A small man, compact in every part, of dark complexion, with hair and whiskers black as a raven, smooth features, head receding from his slanting eyebrows that give him an expression certainly singular if not a little sinister, you would mark him at once as no ordinary man. When he speaks, he speaks all over, his whole

body in a quiver of energetic excitement, shooting out his words like rapid rifle-shots. And rifle-shots they are, hitting every time. Whatever there may be lacking in his facts or his argument, his manner brings down the house. He is a ringing orator, ready, audacious, electric. Mr. Hughes is a picturesque person, and will make a stir wherever he goes this side of paradise. He has made no small stir already in England as a specialist in the work of evangelizing the masses, with such agitation of current social and moral issues as must be inevitable to a man of his temperament and gifts.

Shortly after the close of the Ecumenical Conference he made the following comment in an article on "The Organic Union of the Methodist Churches":

No provision was made in the program of the recent Ecumenical Conference for the discussion of this question. Nevertheless, it came up on more than one occasion, and in more than one form. The representatives from our Church, in spite of the pressure that was brought to bear upon them from many quarters, were for the most part judiciously silent concerning it. This was made further evident when Bishop Wilson, in responding to the speeches of the deputations from the Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, took occasion to say that he did not wish to see a fusion of all the Protestant denominations, nor even of all the various branches of Methodists. His words were straightforward, candid, and manly. He did not utter a single sentiment that could be construed as unkind or disrespectful to anybody; but it was evident that he stirred up a good deal of ill-feeling. . . . The *New York Independent*, whose managing editor, Dr. H. K. Carroll, was one of the most influential members of the body, says among other things: "There was a great deal of discussion concerning Bishop Wilson's address. Some rather severe criticisms were heard of it from members of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Why so? Did Bishop Wilson say anything that in the least trespassed the laws of Christian comity? Did he do aught more than give expression to his own sincere convictions? Could there be any clearer evidence that the time for organic union has not yet come than this very episode affords? It is indeed a strange thing that many of the men who profess to be filled with a burning love for all Methodists, and an intense desire to bring them all into the inclosure and shelter of one visible corporation, should not have learned the first lessons in the law of toleration.

On the general subject of organic union we do not now care to speak more fully; but we shall not hesitate to do so in the most explicit terms if it should become necessary. In the meantime we make bold to declare that the men who see the difficulties in the way of accomplishing this end are every whit as fraternal as those who resolutely close their eyes to all the obstacles. We claim for them exactly the same right of free thought and free speech as is demanded by others. It will be a poor commentary upon the so-called spirit of unity if it should become resentful of all dissenting opinions. The matter of supreme importance is that we should learn to bear with one another. "The unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace"—this is the thing to be aimed at.

That the various Methodist Churches will one day secure so perfect an adjustment of all their differences as will remove every just ground for dissension and ill-will, we must believe. The faith which we cherish in the power of our holy religion pledges us to look for such a result. As to the exact form which this adjustment will take on, we can make no prediction. For ourself we should be glad to see two, or three, or four General Conferences, each one invested with legislative power in its own bounds, and all closely and compactly joined together in dealing with matters of common concern. We know that the realization of such a scheme is beset with many difficulties; but we lift up our heart in prayer that it, or something better, may be brought to pass. God's providence is higher than man's thought. What changes he may bring about, who can tell? We cannot always have our own way, and it is well that it should be so. But we can be kind, considerate, and forbearing. Let every Methodist constitute himself a committee of one to put down harsh speech and to keep the peace.

The time had not come for organic union of the Methodist Churches, either in England or America. Neither of the two great American Churches understood itself or the other Church well enough to approach the matter in the spirit without which union would have been a tragedy. Before that could come they must have the opportunity of seeing the effect upon others of what they had to say on the subject. The method of trial and error is quite elementary, but only so do leaders of large bodies come to know themselves or the issues involved in the effort to reunite divided groups.

Through the next quarter of a century Dr. Hoss was to have

a conspicuous part in the discussion of the question of Methodist Union.

The genius of Dr. Hoss shone more brilliantly in no other field than that of acquaintance and friendship. He gathered friends from every field. The great gatherings yielded rich sheaves of friends from nearly every part of the earth. His vibrant personality, brilliant mind, warm heart, genial sociability, and unselfish urbanity made it easy for him to get acquainted with others and equally easy for others to get acquainted with him. His unfailing memory and his equally unfailing faithfulness enabled him to retain those who once gave him their friendship. When he met his friends, whether great or small, he greeted them so heartily and sincerely that no doubt of the genuineness of his friendship ever arose. When Mrs. Charles Forster Smith saw Dr. Hoss with her husband in their home, she said to her husband: "Dr. Hoss loves you." So must many people, lowly and great, have said as they met him and saw others meet him. His friends multiplied as the circles of acquaintance grew wider.

In the weeks following the Ecumenical Conference of 1891 the mails brought messages from widely separated regions which indicated the pleasure which had come to many upon meeting the man from the South who took pride in the fact that he was from the mountains of East Tennessee.

The Rev. D. J. Waller, D.D., who the year before had been the first representative of the British Wesleyans to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was writing him from London on December 3, 1891, about "Post Oak Circuit" and other more serious books about the South and the Methodist Church, South. He adds this personal word: "By the way, you made a very favorable impression upon two of my friends, Dr. Theo. Davison and John J. Simon. They are both very fine fellows and they think you are one. In this we are all agreed."

Hugh Price Hughes visited Nashville after the Conference in Washington and wrote "that there was no part of his visit which he enjoyed more than his visit to Nashville. Neither was there any city in which he received so much courteous kindness."

The Rev. William Morley wrote on August 12, 1892, from

Auckland, New Zealand, about some articles which he had written for the *Christian Advocate* on Australian Methodism. He adds:

It is just a year ago today since I left my home to attend the Ecumenical Conference at Washington and I enjoyed my sojourn in your country so much that I should not be sorry if I were going again. Meantime we are working for the same Master and the same Methodist cause and

"Mountains rise and oceans well
To sever us in vain."

Mr. Allen and myself were comparing notes the other day and he, like myself, has the most pleasing recollections of Nashville and of your great kindness.

Hardly had the Ecumenical Conference closed when Dr. Charles Parkhurst, Editor of *Zion's Herald*, wrote Dr. Hoss to come to Boston as his guest, bringing Mrs. Hoss and staying in the "humble home" of the Parkhursts for a long visit. They became warm and devoted friends.

Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler wrote him of his admirable paper.

Dr. W. G. Williams, of Ohio Wesleyan University, writing Dr. Hoss on November 17, 1891, says: "I was greatly gratified to meet you in Washington. The evening I spent with you will live long in my memory.

Dr. Williams had been one of his most revered teachers when he was in college. The friendship begun in those days of early acquaintance and ripening through the occasional meetings which they enjoyed through the years led the older man to express the desire that his younger friend should conduct his funeral services. With all the bustle and hurry of the Ecumenical Conference, Dr. Hoss found time for the renewal of friendship with those whom he had known from his youth.

Dr. William L. Watkinson, Editor of *The Methodist Magazine*, wrote him, June 2, 1893, about securing some articles on negro preaching in the Southern States.

While Dr. Hoss was teaching at Emory and Henry College he was in correspondence with Dr. Mark Hopkins concerning his books and lectures on Moral Philosophy. Dr. Hopkins wrote him with keen interest. This correspondence continued during the

years that Dr. Hoss taught at Vanderbilt University. At this same time he was in correspondence with Dr. Noah Porter of Yale University. Dr. Philip Schaff was also one of his correspondents, sending him at times copies of his books.

His work as Editor of the *Christian Advocate* carried him into every part of the territory occupied by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was soon well known in all of the Conferences from the Chesapeake Bay to the Golden Gate; and wherever he was known he was loved and trusted. Equally at home with scholars and leaders and with the mountaineer of the remotest cove, he inspired confidence and affection in all classes of men. He was perfectly at home with men of all classes and races. He never lost his fondness for the mountain people, as he never lost his fondness for the mountains. In September, 1892, he wrote:

Within a month we have had the privilege of spending a few days under a humble roof in one of the remotest nooks of the mountains of Tennessee. Our host and his wife were plain, hard-working, honest, and religious people. Almost utterly untouched by the movements of a great world around them, they have seen their duty as it lay before them, and have done it without a question. Cherishing for one another and for their children a sincere and even demonstrative affection, they have not forgotten what they owe in love and obedience to Almighty God. The summer "tourist" may sneer at them as uneducated, provincial, slow, or, if he have a turn for letters, may write exaggerated accounts of their mountain dialect and their primitive ways; but we do not hesitate to declare that, after all, they have gotten a great deal of what is best out of life.

CHAPTER XV

SERVING THE CAUSE OF PREACHING

My impression is that we have fewer men of supreme preaching ability than formerly. There is no one quite like Bascom, or Pierce, or Kavanaugh, or Doggett, or Marvin, or Munsey, towering up head and shoulders above his brethren. But there are some who as expounders and proclaimers of the Word of God are the equals, if not the superiors, of any of their predecessors; and there is a large class who for vigor of thought, lucidity of expression, and fervor of spirit are workmen that need not to be ashamed. That the general average of the preaching has improved is certain. If there has been any serious loss, it is found in the failure to look for immediate results as the fathers did.

I

DR. HOSS was above all else a preacher, although he was a teacher for fifteen years and editor for twelve years. He never ceased preaching. He was pastor of Bristol Mission while teaching at Emory and Henry College, and he preached in mission chapels while at Vanderbilt. He never missed an opportunity to preach, in city or country, on land or sea. When in foreign lands he found it difficult to preach through an interpreter; nevertheless he preached. As preaching was a primary interest in his own life, he considered it a primary interest in the Church. As a teacher in College and University a large share of his time had been given to the guidance and training of men who were preparing to preach. His interest in preaching and in the development of an efficient and powerful ministry continued through the years of his editorial service.

He held the opinion that the "religious journal was not a pulpit." He held diligently to this view. He did not preach from the editorial page. He did make the *Christian Advocate* serve the cause of preaching and of the development of preachers. He took great delight in hearing the preaching of the gospel,

whether by the great masters of the pulpit or by the humblest of men. He admired simplicity, but he was charmed by the eloquence of men endowed with imagination and the gift of eloquent utterance.

II

He tells (January 21, 1892) of hearing a sermon which he describes as excellent and edifying:

Not many Sundays ago we heard an excellent and edifying sermon which impressed us anew with one truth—the imperishable charm and interest that is found in the common facts of human life. Beyond these facts the sermon did not essay to travel. Almost all of its illustrations were drawn from the circle of the family. Not one of them was strictly original. Nevertheless, they had a surprising force and freshness. Some things never grow old. A true marriage, for example, is as beautiful now as it was when the Lord God himself solemnized the rites between Adam and Eve. The mysteries of birth and death have the same power to excite our wonder and to stir our hope and fear that they had a thousand years ago. The tenderness and self-forgetfulness of mother love are invested with an immortal fascination. The material out of which all the best of our purely literary productions—such as biographies, romances, and poems—are composed, is found within a very narrow range. There is nothing so attractive to men as men. The old Methodist class leader was an untitled philosopher who said: “I have tried a long time to find out what it is in this world that I like best; and I have at last concluded that it is folks.” So said the classic poet: “I am a man, and I count nothing that is human alien to my life.” These remarks are commended to the attention of those ambitious people, young and old, who are given to “fine writing,” and who think that the best literary results can be reached only by straining themselves away from the ordinary round of human life.

He mentions so-called practical preaching in a paragraph editorial (February 8, 1894). His comment is very illuminating and is of value for all time:

Some men are in the habit of congratulating themselves that they are practical preachers. Whether they are justified in doing so or not depends altogether on what is meant by the word

"practical." The notion that the mere urgent repetition of certain commonplace truths which are supposed to have an immediate bearing upon the conduct, is the ideal method of preaching—this notion, we say, is utterly erroneous. All truths of any value run back to invisible sources; and no man can handle them in an effective manner until he has traced them to their very roots. The most practical preacher in the world is the one who has learned by actual investigation that the trite requirements of our everyday morality rest at last upon the immutable and eternal basis of a Divine order.

He believed that preaching must spring from the knowledge of theology and religion. He had no patience with the silly notion of those who say they "love religion but hate theology." He often wrote on the necessity for studious and thoughtful preparation for preaching. On March 16, 1899, he wrote these powerful words:

One of the cant phrases of the day is this: "I love religion, but hate theology." It is never used except by men who are incapable of thought, or by men who are unwilling to perform the hard, exhausting work which thinking involves, and hence do not know the meaning of their own words. Nothing could be sillier. Theology and religion are bound up together in the most inseparable fashion, and it is not possible to put them asunder. Theology is simply the truth of religion as apprehended by the highest intelligence and reduced to systematic forms. The notion that it is only a collection of dry scholastic formulae which have no relation to life is utterly false. It is an effort to deal with the great questions of God, man, duty, and destiny; and it can never be either uninteresting or unprofitable when the study of it is prosecuted in a devout and earnest spirit. These are questions that concern all men, high and low, rich and poor, bond and free. Whoever is able to handle them with freshness and force is sure to get an audience, no matter in what age nor in what community he may live. That people tire of the outworn dogmas, which never had any practical significance, and which have now ceased to possess even a speculative value, is true. We are not talking of such stuff, but rather of those large and luminous statements which are the final results of the best human efforts to get at the very core and heart of the universe in which we live. Of these the people do not tire. The pulpit that brings them forward and gives them the place of prominence and honor will command the attention and dominate the hearts of the multitudes.

During the early years of the last decade of the nineteenth century a wave of disregard for what has usually been regarded as proper language in the pulpit swept over the land. Certain very popular and powerful evangelists set the example. Others, thinking rudeness, coarseness, and vulgarity to be the source of the power of these men, were quick to follow their example, with the result that the tone of their ministry was lowered. It became rather common for men to proclaim in the pulpit the beastly and degraded lives which they had lived before their conversion. Some men were carried away by this fad to the injury, and in some cases to the ruin, of their ministry. They seemed to think this was the way to make their preaching practical. It was at about the same time that the editorial on practical preaching, referred to above, was written that Dr. Hoss said (March 22, 1894):

The use of vulgar or profane language by a minister of the gospel, whether in the pulpit, in the press, or in the social circle, is not a trifling affair. Those who smile at it as if it were a venial offense, a thing which were perhaps better omitted, but not very serious after all, make a great mistake. It is an unpardonable outrage. There is no justification for it, and no excuse. It is possible to proclaim every doctrinal disclosure, and every moral precept of the gospel in language that is as chaste as the purest snow. We are utterly sick of the pretense that a man cannot be a faithful minister without also being a blackguard. It is not true; it does not even contain an element of truth.

III

As indicated in his editorial on theology in the pulpit, Dr. Hoss was alert to the currents of thought which were flowing through the minds of the men of his day. He knew the thought of his own day as he knew the thought of past centuries during the Christian era. He had a passion for truth; and for the interpretation of the truth to his "own day and generation." An editorial on "The Doctrine of the Day" (July 1, 1897) is a classic worthy of preservation through the ages:

There is a fashion in doctrine as in dress. In almost every age of the Church some one truth has proved more popular and occupied a larger place in human thought than any other. In

apostolic days, as mirrored in the first chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, the Resurrection was the doctrine which came most to the front. Paul gave an equal prominence to the atoning death and to the Resurrection. During the fourth and fifth centuries the doctrine of the Trinity was the center of discussion. In the Middle Ages the doctrine of the Church, in some of its varying aspects, absorbed universal attention. The doctrine of Justification by Faith was the fire that kindled the Reformation and sent spiritual heat down to the succeeding generations. During the last fifty years the doctrine of the Incarnation has stood forth as the foremost truth in Anglo-Saxon Christianity. Nearly all schools of theology have been attracted by it, and its influence in molding current thought on religious topics has been very marked. It is emphatically the doctrine of the day. In poetry, sermon, and theological disquisition it towers aloft as the doctrine which dominates the thinking of men on the truths that foster spiritual life.

Speaking before the Ecumenical Conference in London, 1901, on "The Demands upon Methodist Authorship," he said:

The Church in every age is bound by all considerations to do its own thinking. To go on indefinitely accepting and repeating the formulae of the fathers, as if they possessed some magical virtue and were quite too sacred to be touched or modified in any way, is to commit an act of supreme folly. Everybody that has an outlook upon the course of history is aware of that inevitable process by which words that originally incarnate and represent a living truth have a natural tendency to harden and crystallize into the expression of a dead dogma.

We are living in the twentieth century; and unless we wish to incur the just suspicion of idiocy, we must gather and use all that is offered to us by the master workmen who are toiling with such infinite diligence in this end of the ages to find out whatever may be discovered concerning the mind and purpose of God toward our lost world.

What I have said might be said with a considerable measure of persistency at any time and in any place. But at this time and in this place it deserves to receive a special emphasis. Two great movements, more or less related to each other, are passing over the world. The doctrine of evolution, which, in spite of the materialistic and atheistic forms it sometimes assumes, undoubtedly contains large elements of truth, is gaining an ever-wider acceptance;

and the science of historical criticism, that is a science in spite of the arrogant and ignorant skepticism with which it is often propounded, is likewise commanding the attention and respect of scholars everywhere. These facts render it imperative that those who would speak to their fellow men in intelligible and understandable terms must discard much of the terminology with which they have long been familiar and clothe their message, if not in a new, at least in an altered dress. While we cannot too earnestly insist upon the propriety of teaching the gospel in terms of the gospel, we shall be wise if we likewise remember that we must teach in terms that come home to the business and the bosoms of the struggling, suffering, and sinning men and women who are thronging about us on every hand and crying out, though not always in articulate tones, for guidance and help. Let there be no craven fear that in following this course we shall get away from the New Testament or forget anything of that great inheritance which has been brought down to us from distant years.

In delivering the fraternal address to the Canadian Methodist Church in 1894, Dr. Hoss, in referring to "the higher criticism," said:

In any event, we shall not be guilty of the folly of taking a stand against the results of sound and reverent scholarship. Whatever can be proved true, we are bound to accept; whatever can be shown to be false, we are equally bound to reject. But we shall not be in a hurry to shift our ground. It will be ample time to do that when the men who are most competent to collate, weigh, and sift the facts shall have pronounced a final judgment. In the meantime our attitude is not one of stupid indifference as to the result, but rather one of the profoundest concern. With whatever intelligence we can command we shall follow the course of the struggle. The opinion is general among us that the discussion of the higher criticism from the pulpit, involving as it does the statement of many facts and principles which even the most cultivated of our congregations are scarcely prepared to comprehend, is an admirable way of producing a generation of skeptics. The pulpit should give itself to the proclamation of assured truths, and not to the dissemination of doubtful theories.

Referring to the same matter in the fraternal address to the British Wesleyan Church in 1903, he said:

Of course we cannot suppress investigation. We are Protestants and not Romanists. "Light and more light" is our watchword. Whatever is proved true we are bound to accept, no matter how much the effort may cost us. But let us not be rash. There is a good deal of foolery mixed up with this higher criticism. The leader who gets too far ahead of the procession ceases to be a leader and becomes a solitary individual going his own gait. There is no want which the Church just now feels more keenly than the want of a sufficient number of profound, well-balanced, and devout scholars without even a trace of the pride of learning and with a keen and solemn sense of their responsibility to God, who shall be able to find safe and solid marching ground for those of us whose duties lie in the sphere of active labor rather than in the pursuit of exact and minute learning. Personally, I feel no trepidation as to the final issue. The things which cannot be shaken will remain as a heritage to our children and our children's children. But I am gravely concerned to arrest, if it may be, the disintegrating effect of the new and often more than doubtful teaching upon the present generation.

Just before he was elected Bishop he referred in a paragraph editorial to the "scare" produced by the higher criticism:

Twenty-five years ago there was a widespread fear that natural science might do immense harm to the Christian religion. That fear, however, seems almost wholly to have vanished. Nowadays we rarely ever hear it mentioned. The custom of fulminating against Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin from the pulpit no longer prevails. If science and religion are not wholly at peace, they are certainly not in open war. After a brief season we look to see the scare produced by the higher criticism go the same way. Everything that is true will stand all tests; and the things that cannot be shaken will abide.

He was keenly interested in what was going on in other Churches. For the Presbyterians of the South he had a very great respect. At the time of acute disturbance over higher criticism he said with more than a touch of humor (February 7, 1895):

Dr. W. C. Gray, of the *Interior*, is one of the brightest Presbyterian editors in the United States. He wears a cheerful face and

a silk-velvet vest. What he does not see in the way of passing events is scarcely worth seeing. But we must, nevertheless, tell him that he has failed to take the measure of his Calvinistic brethren in the South. How the idea ever got itself into his head that they had modified or would modify the rigidity of their doctrinal beliefs, is a marvel. Let him come and live among them for a little while. It will not take him long to find out what manner of men they are. For staying qualities, the world cannot surpass them. If Dr. Gray cannot make them a visit this year, next year will do as well. They will be then just where they are now. A sturdier band of saints, these States do not hold. We honor them from our inmost soul, and hope that they may never grow weaker in faith or fewer in number than they are now.

Four years later (January 19, 1895), he said:

It appears that a good many rich and influential Presbyterians in New York and other Eastern cities are following the lead of Drs. Briggs and Shields into the Episcopal Church. The movement is attracting the notice of the newspapers, secular and religious. It is not our concern, and we shall not venture to offer a word of explanation. But we may be pardoned for saying that any man who looks for the early demise of Presbyterians in this country is bound to be disappointed. Here in the South at any rate the disciples of John Calvin will continue to exist and to flourish. A sturdier set of believers cannot be found on the globe. In spite of their "horrible decrees" and other such objectionable beliefs, they are also as lovable a folk as the earth holds.

IV

In the controversial atmosphere of the nineties, the Southern Methodist Church was considerably agitated by what came to be called the question of local preachers. It was, in fact, a phase of the question of professional evangelism. The most famous evangelist of that period was Sam P. Jones of Georgia.

After a somewhat checkered career as a young man, Mr. Jones was converted and became a member of the North Georgia Conference. He was a very gifted man and early took front rank as a revivalist in his Conference. His powerful preaching and sensational methods soon attracted widespread attention and he was in great demand. No ordinary church could hold the crowds which

flocked to hear him preach; and large tabernacles were built for his evangelistic services in many cities. A great impetus was given to specialized evangelism. Sam Jones was soon accepting invitations to hold evangelistic campaigns in many places.

It ought to have been evident from the first that an itinerant preacher, who became an itinerant-at-large, would not fit into the semi-military organization of the Methodist Church. From the earliest days traveling preachers had taken vows to "reverently obey your chief ministers." If a man, however gifted and well qualified for the work of evangelism, was to do work at his own will, he became something other than an itinerant Methodist preacher.

And so it came to pass that Sam Jones came into conflict with the authority of his Church, as that authority was vested in the bishops. There was sharp controversy for a time. Mr. Jones wanted freedom to do what he felt himself called to do. The Church could do nothing less than require her ministers to do the work to which they were assigned. After a few years Mr. Jones was granted location and, thereby, passed from the itinerant to the local ministry.

This in itself would not have raised a controversial question, but it had in it the seeds of controversies which lasted for several years. Sam Jones was so dynamic and gifted, and his methods and sayings so pithy and pointed, that there soon arose many other men who, if they did not imitate him, did try his methods. Roving local-preacher-evangelists began to invade fields where itinerants were in charge and this caused friction in various sections of the Church. It may easily have been that some pastors were over-sensitive and quick to find fault. It may have been true, on the other hand, that some of the local-preacher-evangelists were arrogant and offensive. Wherever the fault lay, there was friction.

As editor of the *Christian Advocate*, Dr. Hoss spoke out. On February 11, 1897, he said:

The question of the status of the local ministry among us is up for settlement; and the sooner definite action is taken in regard to it the better for all concerned. It is not worth while to mince

words. Everything turns about two points: first, whether, on the one hand, the men who refuse to accept the restrictions and carry the burdens of the itinerancy shall, nevertheless, enjoy, all and singular, the privileges of it; and, secondly, whether, on the other hand, the men who are appointed to given fields of labor by the regularly-constituted authorities of the Church, and loyally accept their appointments, shall be compelled to share their pastoral functions with just anybody that comes from the ends of the earth with a ministerial license.

On August 19 he said:

In any discussion it is a matter of the gravest importance that the issue should be frankly and fully stated. Otherwise the contending parties may go on indefinitely, talking about different matters, and reaching no conclusion. There has been a notable failure to observe this rule in many of the editorials and communications that have recently appeared in our Church papers on the subject of the status of local preachers.

It is not true, as is sometimes said, that anybody in our Church desires to adopt a policy that will make it unlawful for a local preacher to open his mouth outside of the circuit or station to which he belongs. At any rate, if anybody has ever advanced such a notion, the fact has quite escaped our observation, though it may be hidden in the musty files of the *Oxford Gazette*. From the time when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the license of a local preacher in the Methodist Church has been his sufficient and unchallenged warrant for exercising his gifts in any field into which, in the order of Providence, he might be temporarily called.

Nor is it true that there has been any serious opposition to the work of those godly and useful local preachers who have given themselves to conducting revival services in co-operation with the preachers in charge. While it is unquestionably the fact that, in the contemplation of the Discipline, and in the light of history, local preachers are designed to be local, yet so broadminded is our great Communion, so much given to living in the spirit and not in the letter, so anxious to avoid even the remotest appearance of opposition to the spontaneous enterprise of good men, that it has not cared to insist upon a literal compliance with the written statutes in this regard.

If all the local preachers who have turned evangelists had been careful—as some of them have been—to do nothing out of harmony with the judgment of the pastors, then the current troubles might

have been largely avoided. Far-seeing men, looking to the remote consequences as well as to the immediate results, would probably have said to themselves that tolerated irregularities of any sort have a natural tendency to break down respect for existing institutions, but they would not have thought of going beyond this mere expression of opinion.

The real difficulty has arisen out of the contention that local preachers have a legal right to go anywhere they choose, and to hold any sort of services they may think proper, without the consent and even against the definite protest of the pastors.

These clear statements of Dr. Hoss doubtless contributed to the clarification of controversial issues. The issues probably waned in subsequent years when Mr. Jones turned to the lecture platform and left the tabernacle field to lesser men.

The agitation of the relation of the Methodist ministry to specialized evangelism bore fruit, in subsequent years, in the enactment of laws for the appointment of men to the work of evangelism.

The views held by Bishop Hoss about preaching are set forth so clearly in his published statements that it may be superfluous to write of him as a preacher. As previously stated, he was, above all else, a preacher. He was widely recognized as a great preacher. He early took rank as one of the great preachers of his Church; and he held that rank to the end of his life.

The appraisalment of a great preacher is a well-nigh impossible undertaking. So many things enter into preaching, and so many other things condition preaching, that it might be better to say that it can only be adequately reproduced by reproducing both the preacher and the occasion. But Bishop Hoss was not of the type, which is well known, of a preacher for an occasion. Preaching held the place of primacy in his life. He spoke to me once of those preachers who took special engagements to lecture. He could not bring himself to turn aside to such use of his time.

He held certain basic convictions, which powerfully influenced his preaching. In discussing the "Office of the Ministry," in a manuscript which appears to have been prepared for use in the classroom, he raises the question: "Has Jesus Christ himself, or his apostles in his name, ordained that the Church shall have,

in all times and under all circumstances, special men appointed to the superintendence of worship and the guidance of human souls?" After discussing several theories concerning the matter, he proceeds: "But we need not pause longer to consider the question as an abstract one. It is quite certain that Jesus Christ himself actually instituted the office of the Christian Ministry and made arrangements for its perpetuation down to the latest times."

From the beginning of his ministry he believed that he was called of God and set apart by the Church as a minister of Jesus Christ. This note was never absent from his preaching. His sense of mission carried with it the conviction that he must preach the doctrines of the word of God. His sermons abounded in the preaching of the great themes of Christianity. He traced things spiritual and things practical back to their very roots in the great doctrines of the Church. He was never trivial. He was never obscure. He was never pedantic. He was entirely free from affectation. He believed that "the line of highest and most praiseworthy activity for any man is indicated by the specific character of his natural endowments."

In early life he was brought into intimate contact with preachers of exceptional ability. Among these was Dr. David Sullins, of whose gifts as an orator he often spoke and wrote. Dr. Sullins lived in Jonesboro and married there during the early boyhood of Embree Hoss. During those same years Dr. William E. Munsey, the most brilliant Methodist preacher of his day, was pastor at Jonesboro; and he also married there. Embree Hoss grew to manhood and entered the ministry at a time when he was very closely associated with both of these men. Both were brilliant, popular, and powerful preachers. Two men could not easily have been more unlike. Sullins was handsome, dramatic, with a voice full of music both for speech and song. He was good to look at and good to hear; and he carried his hearers with him into delightful fields of simple and lovely experiences of love and home and heaven. Dr. Munsey was homely and awkward, with a voice devoid of music. He was, nevertheless, a perfect wizard of fancy and imagination; and he bewitched his hearers with an in-

definable power and charm. These two men, each in his own way, left the impress of their style of preaching on many men who heard them. It is deeply significant that not the slightest trace of the particular style of either of these men was ever observed in the preaching of Embree Hoss.

A little later, just after he became a traveling preacher, he came to know Bishop Doggett and Bishop Matthew Simpson, both of whom he greatly admired. In a former chapter, his story of having heard them and Dr. Munsey, in the same week, tells of the eloquence and power of each and compares them with one another. Perhaps it was his ability to see just what were distinguishing characteristics of the men whom he heard, which safeguarded him against falling into their particular mold. However that may be, it is certain that in preaching he was himself. He was never suspected of copying any man.

On the other hand, there was not the slightest straining after the unusual. He was simply himself. He was so simple and straightforward, both in the pulpit and in social life, that he did not captivate by "looking like an orator." It was the entire personality of the man which attracted and moved men: A vigorous and vibrant body, a strong, clear, honest mind, a stout, fearless, warm heart, a spirit aflame with light and love of God.

He was full six feet. As a young man he was quite slender; but as he grew older he became quite stout. Until past middle life his step was quick and resilient as was every movement of his body. As he stood in the pulpit he had instant command of every faculty of body, mind, and heart. His voice was clear and pleasant, though without those cadences which characterize the most attractive orators. What his voice may have lacked in this respect was made up by the remarkable response of his entire body, and more especially of his face and eyes to every sentiment and emotion. The lightnings came and went in his eyes; his face was a perfect mirror of every mood from scorn to tenderness and from penitence to joy.

He preached with the expectation of moving men. He believed that to move men to God they must be moved in their emotions. He did not seek after cheap expressions of emotion.

The expression which he sought was that of a changed life and personality. From his earliest ministry he saw the fruits of his preaching.

I heard him preach many times. The sermon which has impressed me most was preached at Tazewell, Va., during a session of Holston Conference in 1895. He preached on Jesus and Peter at the Sea of Galilee. "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Feed my lambs!" Tenderness, penitence, forgiveness, restoration, hope, power lived again. Compassionate Saviour and penitent sinner met. The miracle of the incarnation accomplished the miracle of redemption. This is not the least like the sermon; it is only like the effect it produced on the heart of a young preacher.

Those who heard him preach on "What think ye of Christ?" will not forget the steady progress from start to finish. It was like climbing one of his own Tennessee mountains, with many a pause for enchanting views, and at last the ascent to the crest, where perfect skies bend over an earth of matchless beauty. He speaks of this sermon in his account of a conversation with Dr. George Brown in Australia.

The preaching of Bishop Hoss was marked by simplicity. There was no display of learning. There were no studied subtleties of speech. There was no phrase-making. "He used words for engineering purposes."

He preached sermons, but he was no sermonizer. He believed that preaching was the proclamation of divine truth, so that it shall reach the minds and hearts of men and thereby become the power of God unto salvation. He always tried to come close to and stay close by those to whom he preached.

He preached with his whole personality. He devoted all of his powers to preaching the word of God to men.

One other quality of his preaching impressed those who heard him through all the years of his ministry. His climaxes were germane to his personality. Moving through the phrases of his transparent diction he would seem to touch some inner force in his own soul and, simultaneously, in the soul of his hearers; and truth would burst forth like an explosive when touched by an electric spark. The dynamic of his personality touched by divine fire moved the deep sources of power in the souls of men.

CHAPTER XVI

FRATERNITY

You need have no fear that we shall seek to annex you. All that we desire is to enmesh you in that mystic web of Christian love which stretches, stronger than steel cables, through all lands and all centuries and holds together in a glorious unity the hearts of those who can truly say that Jesus is Lord.

I

EVERY department of the *Christian Advocate* was kept abreast of the times, throughout the twelve years that Dr. Hoss was Editor. News and comment from every land served by any branch of Methodism was furnished by able correspondents. Articles on special and current topics from every part of the Church kept the whole Church well informed on what was going on. The most versatile writers were secured for the popular features, and for the various forms of service rendered by the Church.

At no time, before or since, has the *Christian Advocate* held a place of such leadership in the Southern Methodist Church. At no other time has it attracted such wide attention in the field of denominational journalism. The last decade of the nineteenth century brought forth many brilliant editors in the fields of secular and religious journalism among whom the Editor of the *Christian Advocate* stood in the front ranks. The brilliant editorial writing of Dr. Hoss set the standard for other writers who contributed to the columns of the paper, so that the Editor's hand was seen on every page.

It would have been utterly impossible for Dr. Hoss to shut himself up in the sanctum of his editorial office. He must see and hear and know what was going on in the Church and in the world. The urge to see and hear and understand was in his blood from childhood. That urge was to drive him to and fro in ever-widening journeys until it took him to every part of the

world. To merely enumerate his journeyings would fill a book, while to name the people, high and lowly, whom he met would constitute a "who's who" of encyclopedic proportions.

When he entered the traveling ministry at twenty years of age, he knew nearly every man and woman in the region where he had been brought up and could, wherever he met them, call most of them by name. He knew all of the preachers in the Holston Conference and was personally acquainted with most of the notable men of the entire Church. Long before he was elected Editor of the *Christian Advocate* he was well acquainted with most of the prominent religious and educational leaders of America.

He was a most diligent and industrious student of men and events. Important gatherings called to the urge of his soul and he was sure to become an observer of such gatherings, or to take part in what was going on. Whatever was going on among men interested him. He never stood aloof, but always came close enough to get the "feel" of such gatherings. His easy facility in making acquaintances gave ready access to the circles where the innermost meaning of things was available. Mingling readily with people of widely varied classes, he was able to comprehend the meaning and significance of events, oftentimes before those who were participating in those events were fully aware of their meaning.

II

He had been an interested observer of the "Convention of the Methodist Episcopal Church for the Southeastern States" at Athens, Tenn., in 1871. Although then but twenty-two years old, he knew what was going on and set it down so that it has been preserved. He attended the Centenary Conference in Baltimore in 1884. He attended and was a member of the General Conference of 1886 and of each quadrennial session of that General Conference until 1902 when he was elected Bishop, and as Bishop he was in every General Conference from 1902 until 1918. He was in every General Conference of his Church for thirty-six years.

He was a member of the Ecumenical Conference which met in Washington in 1891 and took part in its proceedings. His ob-

servation of men and events was given to the readers of the *Christian Advocate* in vivid narrative and illuminating discussion. That Conference still lives in the files of the paper of which he was editor.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met at Omaha, Nebr., in May, 1892. The week before the assembling of that body Dr. Hoss commented on it as follows:

This notable body will meet in Omaha on the first Wednesday of May. The Church of which it is the sole legislature has a membership of nearly two and a half million souls, a long list of schools, colleges, and universities, publishing interests of immense extent and value, and a complex and successful system of missions in many lands. We do not exaggerate when we say that this Church is one of the most potent factors in the life of modern Christendom. Closely related as it is to our own denomination, we naturally feel a profound interest in whatever affects its welfare. We shall not forget to pray that God may give grace and wisdom to our brethren who assemble at Omaha.

Dr. Hoss attended the Conference at Omaha as an Editor-guest and observed its personnel and working. Of its proceedings in general he gave a full account in his editorial correspondence. It seems likely that he heard the fraternal address from the Southern Church, which was delivered by Dr. John J. Tigert and which was the occasion of considerable comment. If it is true that Dr. Hoss was present when this address was delivered, he observed "vigorous reticence" in referring to the address and the manner of its reception. He gives a quite impersonal account of what occurred:

It is very evident that Dr. Tigert's speech at Omaha did not please the Conference. The press dispatches announce that it was greeted with hisses and groans, in which some of the Bishops joined. Dr. Buckley euphemistically speaks of "respectful murmurs of disapprobation." Dr. Berry, of the *Epworth Herald*, says that nearly one-half of the congregation left before the address was finished. Dr. Smith, of the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*, declares that "the address was open to criticism along many lines," and then proceeds to criticize it, winding up with the statement that "the Doctor was not seen again about the Conference."

We shall not now go into a defense of Dr. Tigert's utterances. Nothing of that sort is necessary. The discussion of mooted questions on such an occasion is a matter of taste. Personally we do not think it the better way. But Dr. Tigert simply followed the example set him by the fraternal delegates from the Methodist Episcopal Church to our own General Conference. Time and again we have listened with respect and courtesy to the Northern view of the race question, organic union, etc. It seems, however, that our representative is to be prohibited from expressing his honest conviction in regard to these and other points of differentiation, under penalty of rebuke and censure. Very well. We are perfectly content that it should be so. The time has perhaps come when the fraternal delegate business should cease.

The closing observation on this incident shows his feeling that, if the exchange of fraternal messengers was to result in nothing but friction over difference of opinion about history, then it were better that such exchanges of "fraternal messengers" should be discontinued. Happily there was no such discontinuance of fraternal relations. Two years later he was to offer a resolution in the General Conference of the Southern Church, providing for the appointment of a Joint Commission on Federation. This resolution was adopted and became the source of those movements which have issued in the union of American Methodism.

Dr. Hoss was fraternal messenger to the Canadian Methodist Church in 1894. While among the Canadians he did more than get acquainted with them and their country. He also afforded them the opportunity of better acquaintance with the land from which he came and the people whom he represented. His introductory remarks contained echoes from some things which Methodists of the South had heard from friends on more than one occasion:

You may take it for granted that I have not come either to participate in your debates or to thrust any imperitent advice upon you in regard to the conduct of your affairs. We Southern Methodists, having suffered not a little from the mistaken kindness of outside friends who thought themselves providentially called to shape our policies for us, have grown a trifle timid about offering to interfere with the concerns of other people. I may also add that we do not doubt your perfect competency to attend to your own business in your own way.

He referred to the effect of the War between the States:

But the close of the war left us prostrate. No words of mine can describe the wide desolation that stretched from the Ohio to the Gulf, and from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. It was enough to take the heart out of any people, and it would have taken the heart out of us if we had not had a thousand years of English history in our blood. The Churches, of course, shared in the general depression. The first census after the cessation of avowed hostilities showed that we had lost more than forty per cent of our numerical strength; and this was not so bad as the social and religious demoralization that always follows in the wake of war. One hundred and thirty thousand of our colored members left us before a General Conference could be convened, many of them led away by delusive promises that have not yet been fulfilled. To save the rest, and not, as has been cruelly charged, to get rid of an unpleasant responsibility, we set them up into a separate Church; and though then in the depths of poverty, we gave them property to begin with worth more than \$250,000.

He spoke of the race question:

The Civil War raised nearly as many questions as it settled. Chief among these is the relation between two races living side by side, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, enjoying exactly the same civil rights, and yet as socially distinct as if they were in different worlds. I know that it is impossible in the brief space at my command to say anything on this subject that will not need to be taken with qualification. The more I ponder the matter, the less I am disposed to dogmatize about it. The only persons I have ever met who thought themselves perfectly competent to settle it offhand were ignoramuses who had given it no serious attention.

Such candor and fairness gave great weight to the words spoken in the land of the North.

Two quadrenniums after he had wondered if fraternal messages "should cease" he was fraternal messenger to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which met in Chicago in May, 1900. The address which he delivered at that time has been discussed in a previous chapter. Bishop Horace M. Du Bose refers to it as "an epoch-making utterance." Those

who heard and were thrilled by its eloquence were fully convinced that the cause of Methodist fraternity was being well served by the exchange of fraternal greetings between the Churches.

The Joint Commission on Federation provided for in the action of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1894, to which the Methodist Episcopal Church responded by similar action in 1896, met in Foundry Church, Washington, January 7, 1899, and held subsequent meetings through the years which followed. These meetings brought together some of the best and strongest men of the two Methodist Churches. The result in acquaintance and mutual understanding was one of the most important accomplishments of the project.

There were strong men on both sides of the table. The mention of the names of E. E. Hoss and J. F. Goucher, without going further, will suffice to indicate that important results should flow from such meetings. Dr. Hoss contributed his full share to these meetings, but for the present we are following him in that development of mind and personality which made him the leader of his own Church and one of the foremost leaders of Methodism throughout the world. His ability to understand men and affairs was readily recognized by those who had the opportunity of association with him, or of the observation of his mental processes. But the brilliancy of his mind in no way surpassed the magnanimity of his heart. He recognized worth and merit wherever he found it. He was always looking for the good in men. One of his most intimate friends has said that, "if he had a fault, it was in his magnanimity." Whether there was fault in his magnanimity or not, he was a radiant member of any group in which he was found, who made it easier for men to be manly and noble and good and who, likewise, made it more difficult for them to be mean and unworthy. Always teachable, he was especially open-minded as well as open-hearted toward the sons of John Wesley. He grew in stature and wisdom through mature years as well as in childhood.

His fertile mind had conceived the idea of the Federation Commission. He contributed as much, at least, as any other to its

work. When there were controversies in its discussions, he made his contribution to the elucidation of those controversies. When discussion ended, men knew where he stood. Certain it was that he knew where others stood. Many of the problems of American Methodism were prepared for solution in the discussions of the Commission on Federation.

He took great delight in presenting to the Southern Church the distinguished leaders of her sister of the North. Bishop Vincent was in Nashville for a lecture on Sidney Lanier in November, 1895, and Dr. Hoss wrote of him and his lecture:

Our Nashville people had long known Bishop Vincent by his works, and esteemed him very highly for his work's sake. The man himself has been among us, and we feel that we are wiser because of his teaching, and richer for his personal acquaintance.

The audience that greeted him at Price's College for young ladies was cultured and receptive—educators, doctors of divinity, editors, nonprofessional scholarly men and women, and many platoons, fair-faced, bright-eyed schoolgirls. The chapel was well filled by an audience that was more than well pleased. Bishop Fitzgerald introduced the lecturer in a few kindly words.

Bishop Vincent plunged without preliminaries of any sort into his subject, "Sidney Lanier." It is not extravagant to say that the lecture was not only a delight but a double revelation: it revealed Sidney Lanier's brilliant genius as it had not been seen by all of us before, and it revealed to us that the many-sided Bishop had another side hitherto unnoticed by us. It takes a man who has poetry in his soul to see into and interpret a poet. The music of the Bishop's pure English was as charming to the ear as his thought was uplifting to our minds. The rendering of his quotations proved that if he could not write poetry, he could read it, which is a singularly rare accomplishment. The audience, perfectly en rapport with the speaker, saw and felt the mystery and glory of "The Sunrise," half-shuddered with the weirdness of "The Marshes of Glynn," and succumbed to the tenderness and beauty of the poet's songs of love and sorrow. Bishop Vincent's admiration for Lanier's genius and character did not betray him into the exaggeration which is the vice of so many who otherwise speak and write well. His criticism was genuine, with a conscience. The nobility and pathos of Lanier's life were pictured with a few masterly touches. The lecture closed, leaving the audience in a mood that expressed itself in a vote of thanks

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with a waving of white handkerchiefs and an invitation to come again to Nashville soon and often.

III

The ambition of his early days as an Editor was to promote acquaintance and understanding between the people of the North and South, especially between Northern and Southern Methodists. His contribution to that end was very great. This was recognized by the leaders of both sections. Dr. John J. Lafferty, the brilliant editor of the *Richmond Christian Advocate*, said:

Dr. Hoss is easily our first editor, as he is the greatest expounder of the constitution and history of our Church. We cannot recall an editorial on these themes that did not show an exceptional fullness and depth of statesmanship—Websterian in its weight and horizon. The setting of his thoughts, often “gems of purest ray serene,” is a delicate, but firm, rim of golden words. There is no outlay of rhetoric. He employs words for structural purposes alone, not for ornament, but rather for severe engineering needs. So sincere is the man.

The *Texas Christian Advocate* said:

For more than thirty years Bishop Hoss has been one of the foremost leaders of our Southern Methodism and for the past twenty-five years it is doubtful if any other man has gripped the whole Church and determined its course as has Bishop Hoss. As editor of the *Nashville Advocate* for a number of years he was recognized as the leader of the thought of the Church. His unsurpassed mastery of the finest English, his wide and varied range of knowledge, his undaunted boldness in advocating a cause that appealed to his conscience and heart, his fidelity to the history, the teaching, and the spirit of Methodism, gave him the ear of the thinking men of the Church and made him in a large sense the molder of its polity and its program.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, Editor of *Zion's Herald*, said of the influence of Dr. Hoss on his own life:

I began to read it [the *Christian Advocate*] when Bishop Hoss was the unique Editor; and, indeed, perhaps no paper had greater influence on my novitiate days as Editor. I have always felt that

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I owed very much to its influence in the early days of my journalistic experience.

The *Central Christian Advocate* said editorially:

One of the most conspicuous Methodist leaders during the latter half of the nineteenth century was Elijah Embree Hoss. He ever was a prodigy in argument, keen as a Damascus blade, but keen also as to chivalry of argument which had a pride in fair fighting. There was no limit to his versatility in conversation, or as an off-hand speaker.

CHAPTER XVII

SETTLING A WAR CLAIM

Looking back over the intervening period, I can truly say that with all diligence, and with a good conscience, I have tried to do my whole duty in the sight of God.

I

THE last decade of the century was far from a period of placid quietness. There were stirring issues and bitter controversies in both State and Church. True to his convictions, Dr. Hoss refrained from discussion of political questions. He believed that it was not the province of the Church to interfere with the political preference of its members. His discussion of current events in the life of the nation was always illumined by ethical considerations.

When the panic of 1893 swept the country, leaving wrecked banks and devastated fortunes in its wake, and shaking the very foundations of national economic life, he was concerned about the maintenance of ethical standards and Christian character, rather than the application of political remedies. He did not ignore the questions of the day, "the silver and tariff questions," but he offered no prescription for the solution of those questions. He did offer counsel for the guidance of individual life and for corporate church action in the face of panic and financial ruin. On August 3, 1893, he spoke in a brief paragraph:

The country is passing through such a season of financial depression as it has not known for a long time; and this in spite of the fact that we have had magnificent crops and that all the necessities of life are plentiful and cheap. We do not look for much improvement until action has been taken, one way or another, on the silver and tariff questions. There is grave danger that the collections needed for carrying on the work of the Church will be seriously curtailed. Such a result would prove calamitous. A little extra self-denial on the part of our members, and a little

more urgency on the part of the pastors, will ward off the disaster.

Two weeks later he said:

These are times that try men's souls. In all parts of the country there is an unparalleled depression, and the end is not yet. Thousands of speculative enterprises have gone to the wall, and many legitimate forms of business have greatly suffered. We beg all our friends to keep cool heads and stout hearts. The Lord reigns. Above all the roaring floods he is enthroned, and he will care for his own. One word of caution: no man is poor who keeps his integrity. Let the worst come—failure, poverty, hardship—there must be no sacrifice of truth and honesty. The temptation to resort to doubtful expedients will be great; but it must be resisted at all hazards. Let us be clean, upright, downright Christians; and all will be well.

On August 31, he spoke of the closing of the banks in Nashville:

The readers of the *Advocate* are no doubt aware that with a single exception every National Bank in this city has suspended business, and even the one that keeps open is compelled to limit its transactions within very narrow lines. All these institutions are perfectly solvent. Nobody will lose a dollar by them. The fact, however, that they are temporarily closed makes it very hard on the business community.

If the closed banks of Nashville fulfilled the prophecy of Dr. Hoss, it was more than could be said of many banks of that troubled time.

II

"The silver and tariff questions" seethed and screamed through the middle years of the decade, their shrill notes so high and raucous that the ominous sound of the savage war which Spain was waging against her rebellious Cuban subjects did not attract the serious attention of the country until toward the close of the decade. Some of the yellow journals which had developed during the exciting populist efforts to cure all ills with "free silver" now turned their attention to the fomenting of war with Spain. This aroused Dr. Hoss to indignant utterance:

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For the past two weeks the air has been burdened with rumors of war. With a persistency scarcely less than Satanic, a certain class of newspapers, notably the *New York Journal* and the *New York World*, have spared no pains to precipitate a conflict between the United States and Spain. These "yellow" journals, utterly reckless of all considerations of true patriotism, and absolutely indifferent to the truth, have filled the land with an incessant stream of the most unmingled lies. In our whole life we have known nothing more wicked and disgraceful. That such a thing should be possible, is enough to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every true American.

As far as we are able to see, the conduct of President McKinley has been quite beyond criticism. The calmness, discretion, and dignity with which he has acted under the most trying circumstances are worthy of all honor. This is the judgment, not merely of his partisan friends, but also of men of every political faith. It is refreshing to note the cordiality with which Republicans, Democrats, and Populists alike are speaking in his praise.

The earnest effort of President McKinley to keep the country out of the conflict was of no avail; war came and with it scandal, suffering, shame, and death. The history of the short, victorious war with Spain is well known and needs no recital here except as it relates to Dr. Hoss.

III

At the end of eight years as Editor of the *Christian Advocate* he had come to be recognized as one of the strongest leaders in the Church; and had become a well-known figure in every part of the Connection. Far beyond the borders of Methodism his influence was felt. The General Conference of 1898 was the fourth Conference in which he sat as an elected delegate. He was perfectly familiar with the wants of every part of the Church, and he was well acquainted with the leaders of the Church. No man in Methodism was better acquainted with its teachings and laws. He was entirely at home in the General Conference.

The bishops, in their quadrennial address, recommended the election of two bishops; and the Conference endorsed their suggestion and ordered the election, on May 17. On the first ballot E. E. Hoss received 102 votes, H. C. Morrison 101, and W. A.

Candler 100. The Chair had declared 127 votes necessary to election, and there was no election on the first ballot. On the second ballot W. A. Candler received 148 votes, H. C. Morrison 140, and E. E. Hoss 129. Three men had received more than a majority. The Conference had ordered the election of two bishops; and Bishop John C. Granbery, presiding at the time, declared W. A. Candler and H. C. Morrison elected. Intense excitement prevailed. A motion was made to reconsider the action of the Conference to elect two bishops; but Dr. Hoss objected so strongly that the motion was withdrawn. The news of the election, showing that Dr. Hoss had received a sufficient number of votes for election, went to every part of the land. Telegrams and letters of congratulation upon his election poured in, before the news reached his friends that he had firmly refused to allow effort to change what was the evident purpose of the Conference, to elect two bishops. His high sense of honor, exquisite feeling for propriety and sincere modesty made it impossible for him to follow any other course. Not until the Church should, by a clear and full choice, call him to the episcopacy could he consent to assume the duties of that office. It mattered not to him that some of the strongest men in the Church insisted that he had been elected and should be consecrated to the episcopacy. He stood firm. When it became known that he was unmovable in his purpose, that the matter should be regarded as forever settled, a wave of confidence and admiration swept over the entire Church. Only brief extracts from letters which he received can be given. This from Rev. W. R. Peebles, of Fountain Creek, Tenn.: "Your bearing today was worthy of you. I never knew of a manlier act."

This from Rev. A. M. Trawick, Jr., of Shelbyville, Tenn.: "I wish to say that the admiration I have always had for you has been intensified by the high ground of honor and manhood you have so firmly maintained. Please allow me to say that you have displayed more solid strength of character than any mere election of office would have demonstrated. It is only the weak and incompetent who must scramble for high places. A true, genuine man can afford to wait."

This from Irvine K. Chase, Nashville, Tenn.: "Permit me to

express my profound gratitude that our Church holds within her ministry a man of such exalted worth; one who has the dignity and true manhood to decline, under conditions existing, the honors of the episcopacy to which he had been raised by a majority vote of our General Conference. All honor to the grandson of Sevier!"

IV

The usefulness of Dr. Hoss as a member of the General Conference of 1898 was in no way impaired by the unprecedented incident in the election of bishops. He was promptly elected, for the third time, as Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, receiving 221 out of a total of 240 votes cast. He proceeded with that work with characteristic vigor.

Very soon after adjournment of the General Conference, the storm concerning the Publishing House claim began to disturb the Church and continued to do so until the end of the quadrennium. Although that matter was discussed in the *Advocate*, he was too wise to allow it to dominate the policy of the journal of which he was editor.

There were stirring things going on in America at that time, which affected the people of the South very deeply. The war with Spain had called forth response of Southern patriotism which stirred the nation. The sight of General Joseph Wheeler as a soldier in the United States Army proclaimed the healing of the wounds of the dreadful War between the States. A young son of Alabama, Richmond Pearson Hobson, became a national hero.

The elder son of Dr. Hoss, E. E. Hoss, Jr., volunteered for service and was accepted and sent to Cuba. Embree had always needed his father. The years were to bring no diminution of that need. There were, of course, other reasons for the father's trip to Cuba in the early part of 1899; but his interest in Embree doubtless had something to do with it.

Communication with Cuba, and especially with soldiers in the army, was difficult. Many families having sons in the army were greatly disturbed at hearing from them so rarely. Before sailing for Cuba, Dr. Hoss let it be known that he would take letters to the boys. So much mail came in as to far exceed his personal

baggage. He carried seven hundred pounds of mail to soldiers, most of whom were unknown to him. After such introductions they were likely to be his warm friends.

V

In March, 1898, the Congress of the United States passed an act for the payment of a long-standing claim for damages done to the Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, by military occupation, during the War between the States. On March 5, Senator Pasco, of Florida, wrote Barbee and Smith, Agents of the Publishing House, that opponents of the bill were circulating a story that they had a contract to pay E. B. Stahlman forty per cent of what should be collected on this claim. They answered Senator Pasco: "The statement is untrue and you are authorized to deny it."

A second telegram was sent Senator Pasco, on the same day: "We have asked Mr. Stahlman to call at once and see you. He is a gentleman upon whose statements you may implicitly rely. He is our friend and neighbor and an official member of our Church, whose interest in our behalf reaches far beyond and above pecuniary consideration."

Senator Bate of Tennessee sent the following telegram to the Book Agents: "Telegraph today answer to Senator Pasco's letter to you Saturday as to Stahlman having a fee of forty per cent, or any other fee, in case of payment of your claims. I would like to hear from you also. In my judgment, if true, it will endanger the bill." The Book Agents wired: "Wired Senator Pasco early this morning as follows: 'The statement is untrue and you are authorized to deny it.'"

The bill was passed on March 8, and the sum of \$288,000 was promptly paid to the Book Agents. In June charges were made on the floor of Congress that evasion and concealment had been practiced by the Book Agents, concerning the fees to be paid to the attorney who had represented the Church in securing the payment of this claim. These charges were given wide publicity by the press. That section of the press which is always ready to foment sectional prejudice bitterly assailed the Southern Meth-

odist Church. For a time the justice of a claim which had remained unsettled for thirty years was lost sight of in the confusion which arose over the fee which had been paid to an attorney. Its final settlement returned to the validity of the claim which, after long delay, had been paid by the government.

Perhaps no other question that has arisen within Southern Methodism has so stirred the Church. The matter was warmly discussed by all the Church papers and by many of the Conferences. There could be no justification for a rediscussion of the issues, which were long since settled; nor even for the recital of the discussions which were carried on before its settlement.

Our interest is with the actions and leadership of Dr. Hoss in the consideration and settlement of the Publishing House claim. He had then been for two quadrenniums Editor of the leading official journal of his Church. He was the trusted leader of the thought and public policy of the denomination. His leadership on moral and spiritual matters was recognized by Church people far beyond his own Church. He was known and trusted by the reading public of the United States and of the English-speaking world. Concerning the Publishing House settlement he spoke clearly, calmly, sometimes humorously (as was his wont even in the discussion of the most serious and bitterly fought controversies), sometimes with biting sarcasm; but always clearly and to the point.

We shall let him speak for himself as he speaks for his Church and for his friends, some of whose actions he could not fail to regret. In one of his earliest references to the matter he said:

As this issue of the *Advocate* is passing through the press the Book Committee is in session. It was impracticable for us to hold back the paper, and we can give no report until next week. Matters connected with the Publishing House will be considered, and it is likely, in view of what has been said on the floor of the United States Senate in regard to the collection and disposition of the claim against the Government, the matter will be considered by the Committee, and a statement authorized to go before the public. Neither the Committee nor the Book Agents, acting for the Church, have anything to conceal. Investigation is courted, and, from present indications, investigation will follow. Until

the matter is thoroughly presented, and all interested parties are heard, justice and charity demand that good men suspend their judgment. Until all the facts are known, let us be patient.

The following editorial appeared on July 7, 1898:

Elsewhere in the present issue we publish the promised statement of the Book Committee on this subject. It covers every feature of the case and sets forth every substantial fact as far as the Book Agents and the Book Committee are concerned. Nothing is concealed, and nothing is kept back. The brief utterance of the Bishops appended to the report deserves the most careful attention. The Church is to be congratulated that our chief pastors have not shirked nor evaded their obligation in this crisis. Our readers are now in position to make up an independent judgment in regard to each one of the issues that has been raised, and we trust that they will do so fairly and dispassionately. For ourself we have to make the following comments:

1. Not one single thing has been said or done that affects in any way the merits of our claim against the United States Government. Nor is it affirmed, nor is it even intimated in any quarter, that such is the case. We, therefore, in regard to this matter, stand on the same ground that we have always occupied. Having expressed our views openly and publicly in the columns of this *Advocate*, we have nothing to withdraw and nothing to modify. If we were to shift our ground, it would be necessary for us to discredit many noble living men and to dishonor many that are dead. This claim has been insisted on by every Book Agent and every Book Committee that we have had since the war. It has been favorably reported twice in the United States Senate, the first report having been written by that distinguished and stainless gentleman, Senator John T. Morgan, of Alabama, in 1878, and the second by the equally upright and able Senator, Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, in 1898. Nobody dares to assert or to insinuate that these reports were procured or influenced by misrepresentations of any sort.

2. The Book Committee had a perfect right to employ an attorney to prosecute the claim. In fact, they would have been gravely remiss in their duty if they had failed to do so. The custom in such cases is universal. We seriously doubt whether there has been a single exception for a quarter of a century. Nor, under all the circumstances, was a contingent fee of 35 per cent an exorbitant sum to offer the attorney. In spite of the justice of the claim, there was only the remotest likelihood that it would

ever be paid. We had been kept out of our own for thirty years. In the meantime we had spent approximately \$12,000 in the effort to obtain it. Mr. Moyer, of Washington City, who had held the claim for five years on a contingent contract of 25 per cent, had utterly failed to accomplish anything. The fact that ours is a Southern Church, and that the majority of our members sympathized with the Confederacy during the war, stood as a great barrier in the way of compensation. It is exceedingly doubtful whether any business man in the United States would have given \$50,000 outright for all our interests. Personally we would not, if we had been worth a million, have made an offer of \$10,000 for them. When we heard—more than two years after the contract was closed—that Major Stahlman had undertaken at his own risk and expense, to make the collection on the condition above stated, we were greatly surprised. The chances were ten to one that he would waste his time and money, and get nothing in return. The definite instructions of the Book Committee, that no methods were to be employed that would bring any discredit upon the Church, coupled with the assurance that they would greatly prefer never to receive a cent rather than to procure their honest dues by doubtful means, show that they were actuated by the highest motives that can control Christian men.

3. The insinuation that the Book Agents, Book Committee, and other officials pushed this matter from personal motives, with a view to gaining some selfish advantage, is simply vile and Satanic. There is not the slightest shred of evidence to support or suggest so base a suspicion. It had its birth in the evil minds of certain disappointed and malignant ecclesiastical Ishmaelites, who would be willing to smirch the good names of a whole company of pure and godly men, and even to dishonor the entire Church, if they could thereby gratify their mean private spites. If this declaration is considered strong, we have to say that our only reason for not making it stronger is found in the fact of our limited command of the English tongue. If anybody, anywhere, knows anything that contradicts it, let him come forward and publish it to the world. The demand is for facts.

4. The Book Agents, acting under the direction of the Book Committee, conducted the whole case for over three years. During all that time, up till the very day before the bill was finally passed by the United States Senate, the most searching scrutiny fails to discover a single act upon their part that can justly be adjudged worthy of censure or condemnation. On that day they sent the telegrams to Senators Pasco and Bate which are reproduced

in the report of the Book Committee. More than any words of ours can express we regret that these telegrams were sent. All the trouble in the case, as far as the Church is concerned, arises out of them. Whatever the intention may have been, they furnished an occasion for misunderstandings and misrepresentations on the floor of the United States Senate, not, it is true, with reference to the bill itself, but certainly with reference to the issue as to whether any fee was to be paid to Major Stahlman for prosecuting it. How it may look to others, we cannot say; but it appears to us that, on any hypothesis, the telegrams were actually expounded on the floor of the Senate far beyond their legitimate significance. In addition to what is said on this subject in the report of the Book Committee, the Agents assert that they never dreamed that any Senator could suppose it possible that Major Stahlman was working without the promise of compensation, and that their only purpose was to withhold information as to the exact amount of his reward. Their declaration is entitled to be weighed in the light of the fact that never before in their whole lives has their perfect veracity been even called in question. Our acquaintance with these gentlemen has covered a period of thirteen years. During eight years of that time, we have been associated with them in the most intimate way; and we here reiterate what we have before affirmed, that we have never seen anything in their private or public life that raised a question in our mind concerning their integrity. If it be a sin to judge them now in the light of this fact, then we plead guilty to being a sinner, and announce our perfect readiness to accept any penalties, great or small, that may attach to such a course.

5. Certain Senators have openly affirmed since the passage of the bill that they voted for it, not on the ground of its intrinsic justice but solely on the ground that it carried a gratuity to a good cause; that, therefore, they had a right to know specifically and minutely all about the attorney's fees in the premises, and that they would have voted differently, but for misleading statements made to them on that point. We leave these gentlemen to reconcile such statements with their obligations as guardians of the public funds. But we must say that our Church has never yet played the pauper, nor gone around with hat in hand begging the Government to help us in the support of our religious enterprises. The Methodists of the South asked for the discharge of an honest debt, and for nothing else. They spurn the very idea of playing the part of wards of the Federal Government. In view, therefore, of the issues that have thus been sharply defined, and

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on the grounds thus laid down, we are bold to say that the time has come to do what could not properly and consistently have been done at an earlier day: to offer to return every cent of the \$288,000 to the United States treasury. We can do no better than to repeat here what we said in our issue of June 23: "After the most minute and careful inquiry, if it should become apparent that we either hold anything that does not belong to us or anything that we have acquired by improper means, then it will be time to refund. But if such a thing is done at all, it must be done under conditions and circumstances that will forever clear the Church from even the suspicion of wrongdoing."

Some of the church papers waxed warm and some even indulged in personalities. This is reflected in a paragraph from Dr. Hoss's pen as of September 8, 1898:

Our sometime friend, Rev. James Cannon, Jr., of the Virginia Conference, thinks that this *Advocate* is a "dull" sheet, and that the editor of it is a very "dogmatic" man. "Let the righteous smite us; it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove us; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break our head." The sense of our intellectual limitations and moral shortcomings is very grievous unto us. But we comfort ourself with the reflection that it is not every man who can hope to possess either the coruscating genius or the heavenly temper of Brother Cannon. He thinks we ought to "resign." Perhaps so. We may as well be frank, however, and give public notice that we shall not consider the propriety of taking any such step till we first know whether Brother Cannon can be persuaded to succeed us.

There was another echo on November 10:

We do not often notice the utterances of the *Methodist Recorder*, edited by Rev. James Cannon, Jr. His personal assaults upon the Editor of this *Advocate* may pass for what they are worth. When we conclude to answer them we shall do so, not through the columns of a newspaper, but before a tribunal that can reach a verdict. Some of his statements, however, as to the policy of the *Advocate* are so viciously inaccurate that we cannot let them go by without correction.

In his issue of November 3, for example, he says that we have "not published resolutions of representative bodies of the Church against Barbee & Smith, except those of the Missouri Conference, which were hid in a corner." As a matter of fact, we have pub-

lished the action of every Annual Conference that has yet been held on the subject of the Publishing House Claim, and this, too, not in a corner, but prominently. See the tenth page of our issue of October 13. If Mr. Cannon reads the *Advocate*, then he has erred deliberately; if not, then he has had the moral hardihood to make an assertion as to a matter of fact without taking the pains to determine what the fact really was. He may choose between these alternatives.

The Senate Committee which investigated these charges confined its investigation to the purpose and effect of the telegrams which the Book Agents had sent to Senators Pasco and Bate. They reported that "no censure should rest upon the Church for any action of its Agents or representatives." This report was adopted without a dissenting vote.

Discussion of the "Publishing House claim" continued through the quadrennium which was brought to a close by the General Conference of 1902.

Dr. Hoss took his stand on this question with characteristic frankness; he did not waver by one hair's breadth. He at once grasped the fundamental questions and set them out in their relations to the course to be pursued. He never lost sight of the fact that the claim was one which was justly due. He held firmly to the position that the Book Agents had a right to employ an attorney. In perfect candor he expressed his regret for the sending of the telegrams which "furnished an occasion for misunderstanding and misrepresentation on the floor of the United States Senate." "More than words of ours can express we regret that these telegrams were sent."

The quadrennial session of the General Conference had been held in May, 1898. It was in the following month that the accusations of evasion and misrepresentation concerning the attorney's fee were made. It would be a quadrennium before the governing body of the Church should again be in session. The discussion of the matter continued through this time.

The College of Bishops sent to the Vice President of the United States, as presiding officer of the Senate, a statement which closed with the following proposal: "That if the Senate, by affirmative action, declares that the passage of the bill was due to such

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misleading statements, we will take the proper steps to have the entire amount returned to the government." This proposal was in accord with the suggestion made by Dr. Hoss in his editorial of June 23, 1898. It was referred to the Senate Committee, which recommended to the Senate that no further action be taken and this report was adopted by the Senate, with no dissenting vote.

Although the action of the Senate closed the whole matter, discussion continued throughout the Church until the General Conference of 1902. On March 20, 1902, just preceding the General Conference, Dr. Hoss said in an editorial:

In one way or another it will be necessary to effect a final settlement of the Publishing House War Claim, which has agitated the Church with such unwholesome effect during the past quadrennium. That this will be done in a candid spirit, with a due reference to all the facts, and without regard to mere partisan clamor, is approximately certain. A good deal of the wild talk that has filled the newspapers will be thoroughly threshed out. Honest men will look one another in the face, and weigh one another's words with serious care. If anything has been hidden, it will be revealed. There may be some warmth of discussion. Under the circumstances, we could scarcely look for anything else. But the body and bulk of the delegates are thorough Christians, animated by the sincere desire to know the truth and follow it. Of personal animosity or ill will they have not a trace. Whatever they say or do will be said and done in the fear of God and in the interest of his kingdom. We believe that after full and mature deliberation they will reach conclusions satisfactory to the Whole Church.

The General Conference took final action which followed almost word for word the suggestions which Dr. Hoss made in an editorial on July 7, 1898, already referred to in this chapter. When we come to the matter of his election to the Episcopacy, it will be seen how completely the Church endorsed his leadership.

CHAPTER XVIII

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

As an editor he is bright without being flippant, orthodox without being hidebound, and an intense Methodist without being bigoted.

I

THE proceedings of the second Ecumenical Conference, which met in Washington in 1891, were reported quite fully by Dr. Hoss in his editorial correspondence, which has been referred to in a former chapter.

The question of organic union was not on the agenda of the Conference. One of the general topics was, "The Christian Church: Its Essential Union and Genuine Catholicity." It should have been passing strange if some speaker had not felt called upon to discuss the matter of the union of the Methodist Episcopal Churches in the United States. At that time, however, the question was at a controversial stage. It could hardly be mentioned without arousing combative instincts. It was easy to misconstrue and misinterpret even the most general statements about church union.

Some of the delegates from England, with meager knowledge of the history of the separation and development of the Methodist Churches in the United States, appeared to assume that the onus for separation lay upon the Church in the South. The Editor of the *Christian Advocate* was not likely to allow such assumptions to pass unchallenged. This matter was discussed rather extensively in a former chapter. It is mentioned here because of its implications in relation to at least one of the most intimate friends of Doctor Hoss.

Dr. Hoss felt very deeply the injustice of the assumption that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, had seceded from the Methodist Episcopal Church. This shall be more fully discussed

in the record of his connection with the movement for unification. His reactions to what was said on the floor of the Ecumenical Conference, and the newspaper discussions which followed, were plainly displayed in his editorial correspondence. As was his custom, he spoke plainly and to the point. Being perfectly familiar with the entire question, he was a most formidable protagonist of the Southern Church.

The following extract from a letter of Bishop Charles B. Galloway indicates that one, at least, of the friends of Dr. Hoss felt that a more pacific policy might have been followed. Bishop Galloway wrote under date of December 12, 1891:

Allow me also to suggest that making much of the superficial utterances of a few of the Wesleyan delegates to the Ecumenical will affect unfavorably our recently established fraternal relations and embarrass the messenger our Church will send to England next year. What appears in the *Nashville* is regarded as semi-official by those brethren. This has been suggested by the drubbing you gave Mr. Dawson. He needed it and you have done it well, but it is too public—before the whole school—. I sympathize with the modern sentiment in favor of private executions. This much I know you appreciate as a suggestion from a warm personal friend, who not only loves, but admires, his gifted friend and takes pardonable pride in his great success and his noble work for the Church.

He had met Dr. Galloway in 1877 at Vicksburg, Mississippi. Dr. Hoss was at that time president of Martha Washington College. He had been in Mississippi and Louisiana in the interest of the college and stopped off at Vicksburg for a short stay at the Mississippi Conference, which was in session there. Dr. Galloway was host of the Conference and took Dr. Hoss to his own home, as his guest. This was their first meeting; and was the beginning of a friendship which was to last until death took Bishop Galloway in 1909.

Horace M. Du Bose had come up to Vicksburg for admission on trial. In seeking the meeting place of the committee which was to examine him for admission on trial, he found his way to the pastor's study, where for the first time he met Dr. Galloway.

When Dr. Galloway learned that the young man was there for admission into the Conference, he put both arms around him and told him to return to the study as soon as he was through with the examination.* When Du Bose returned he found Galloway waiting to take him to his own home as his guest for the conference. The next day, when Dr. Hoss arrived at the parsonage, he met the young man who was to be his fellow-guest and life-long friend.

This was the first meeting of the three. Neither had ever seen either of the others. Galloway and Hoss were both under thirty years of age. They knew of each other, but had never met. Bishop Du Bose afterwards described his host as follows: "In personal appearance Bishop Galloway was distinguished and commanding. Tall and admirably proportioned, his body approached the sculptor's ideal for completeness. His features were fascinating, but classically masculine. He was the very soul of courtesy and hospitality."

Du Bose was younger by about ten years than the other two; but they treated him as if he were a man of their own age and rank. Mrs. Galloway kept house, in the simple parsonage, like a princess. Bishop Du Bose recalls the lovely dinner which they had together on one of those days; and of a dinner which he gave to his two friends in the Maxwell House thirty years later, when the shadow of the Vanderbilt tragedy was falling upon them and the brilliant Galloway's eventide was fast approaching. It was to be their last time together.

From early life Bishop Galloway was a peacemaker. When there was much controversial discussion of the "Holiness Question," he wrote Dr. Hoss on January 1, 1892, about writing a volume on that question: "I have a conviction that you ought to prepare a volume on Sanctification. You have a broad Scriptural grasp of the subject and can discuss it with reverent spirit. If you write it, let me suggest that you make it expository and not controversial. It seems to me that Providence has appointed and equipped you for it. Take time and give us the volume. The young preachers need it."

In this same letter Bishop Galloway says playfully: "If I were

an editor and had free passes over the railroads I would occasionally go to see a friend if he did live a few hundred miles away in the Sunny South. Regards to the house of Hoss."

II

Dr. John W. Boswell, Assistant Editor of the *Advocate* from 1894 to 1900, said that Dr. Hoss found more pleasure in writing paragraphs than lengthy editorials. His gift for clear, brief statement shone from many paragraphs which gave distinction to his work as an Editor. His readers came to look for these terse, pungent, dynamic, sometimes humorous paragraphs. They had a way of sticking to men's memories and living in their lives. A story of the life of Dr. Hoss would be incomplete without the inclusion of some of these paragraphs. These are selected almost at random. They could easily be multiplied indefinitely. Indeed many have been used in connection with incidents and occurrences referred to elsewhere.

The following paragraphs appeared from time to time. They are so well suited to all times that no dates seem necessary:

If your friend goes wrong, even grievously wrong, it is base in you to desert him. Then, more than ever, does he need your help, and, on the supposition that he has been your true friend, he is entitled to it. Of course you can neither approve nor condone his wrongdoing. It may become your painful duty to tell him with the utmost candor what you think of his faults, but never to kick him while everybody else is engaged in the same business. To do that requires no courage—nothing but a little cheap bluster.

This on repentance:

The notion has somehow got itself propagated in the world that repentance is chiefly an emotion, and that its truest manifestation is in tears and groans. This is a great mistake. In its innermost essence it is a change of thought, of desire, of purpose, and it shows itself chiefly in altered life. That it is always accompanied by deep sorrow for past sins is, however, an indubitable fact.

On two kinds of skepticism:

There are two kinds of skepticism. One is the product of mere intellectual fermentation. Most thoughtful men have a touch of it during that period of their lives when they are making over their hereditary beliefs into a personal possession. It is not a sign of health any more than mumps and measles are. Still, it is not likely to do much harm, unless it be accompanied by lapses into immorality and the formation of vicious habits. Then it becomes fatal. The doubt, which is a re-enforcement of wrong living, attacks character at its most vital point. It is not worth while to waste time in arguing with a man who is against Christ because Christ is against him.

Mixture of higher and lower feelings:

Not many persons begin the religious life under the dominion of absolutely simple motives. In most cases there is likely to be a mixture of higher and lower feelings. Selfish considerations may blend themselves unconsciously with the desire to glorify God. Perfect singleness of mind is one of the last and highest fruits of divine grace in the soul. Let us not, therefore, judge those too harshly who seem to us to be crude and raw in belief and life. By and by, if they are faithful to the light given them, they will throw off whatever contradicts the mind of Christ. "That is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual."

The following paragraph refers to a letter from Dr. Thomas W. Jordan, a classmate at Emory and Henry College, who was the successor of Dr. Hoss as President of that institution. They remained warm and devoted friends to the end of their lives. They traveled together in attending the Ecumenical Conference at London in 1901. The paragraph:

A few days ago we received a letter from one of the friends of our youth, a man tried in many places of great responsibility, and always found worthy. A wise, strong, steady Christian, he is just now at the head of a great institution of learning, and winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. Speaking of the disposition which some men show to construe all their prejudices and animosities into religious scruples, he writes: "When the devil gets into a man, and takes high moral ground, the case is

hopeless." If this is not an aphorism of great weight, then our judgment is seriously at fault. As long as a man is not too blind to recognize the defective quality of his motives, there is a possibility of improvement; but in the very moment in which he deliberately chooses to regard his narrowness and meanness as forms of extreme conscientiousness, he passes almost beyond recovery.

On vigorous reticence:

A brilliant woman whose friendship we have enjoyed for forty years or more once spoke to us in terms of warmest admiration concerning "the vigorous reticence" of her father. We knew the old gentleman very well, and at once felt that the phrase was accurately applied to him. He was not surly nor unsocial. When he desired to do so he could talk with a lucidity and a force that made him a most charming companion. But he seemed to have an unerring instinct for knowing what ought not to be talked about, and nothing could tempt him to open his lips either concerning improper topics or on improper occasions. How different from the idle babblers who have no privacies of soul, and whose tongues, once set agoing, run on forever and a day on all sorts of themes until one is tempted to wish that they might suffer from a temporary paralysis of the vocal organs.

The following deserves preservation for its beauty both of fact and form:

Everybody about Nashville is acquainted with Uncle Bob, the venerable colored foreman on the Belle Meade stock farm. He has been for seventy years the most faithful of servants. During the war he was shot by Federal soldiers for resisting the arrest of his master, General Harding. His manners are those of a stately, old-fashioned gentleman. When President and Mrs. Cleveland were in Nashville a few years ago, they were the guests of Gen. William H. Jackson, the present owner of the Belle Meade estate. As a matter of course, the fine horses were brought out for the great lady to admire. Her fancy was especially taken by Iroquois—said to be the handsomest horse in the world—and she exclaimed "Isn't he proud!" Lifting his hat with the finest courtesy imaginable, Uncle Bob replied, "Madam, he know's who's looking at him." Was there ever a more delicate compliment?

Sometimes he indulged in a bit of humor at the expense of a good friend:

Dear Dr. Moore, of the *Western Christian Advocate*, we can bear, though with difficulty, to have you make light of our serious suggestions—whistle us down the wind, as it were—but we cannot bear to have you fall into the English habit of using the adverb “directly” in the sense of “as soon as.” You must not do it; indeed, you must not; it is a bad example to the younger clergy.

The following refers to Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, who won fame by sinking the Merrimac at the entrance of Santiago harbor; but whose fame was not improved as foolish women mobbed him and kissed him:

O, Hobson, why did you let the silly women at Chicago and Kansas City make a fool out of you? You had behaved so well in every respect, displaying courage and modesty in equal measure, that we were quite unprepared for your thoughtless osculatory performances in the Northwest. We are sorry for you. If only Arthur Edwards had been by you to tell you that the great American public, which for months had been praising you, would the next morning be indulging in derisive laughter at your expense! But you have good stuff in you, for all your boyish indiscretion and one day or other you will do something to restore yourself to the good opinion of your countrymen.

The editor occasionally indulged in a good joke at the expense of his good friend Dr. Arthur Edwards:

The unexpected has happened. Dr. Arthur Edwards has been attacked by Mrs. Ida Barnett-Wells or Mrs. Ida Wells-Barnett—no matter which form is used, so that the hyphen is not overlooked—for not being sound on the negro question, and this simply because he has ventured to express the opinion—in a mild sort of way—that possibly some of the New York negroes were to blame for the renewal on the second day of the race riots in that city. All we have to say is that if the Doctor needs a certificate of character he can get it under our hand and seal. It lies within our personal knowledge that whatever may be his feelings toward negroes in New York and Chicago, he has always stood in an attitude of perfect friendliness toward those in the South.

Or this at the expense of another editor:

The *Michigan Christian Advocate*, which, in spite of honest intentions, has a habit of mixing words, says that Senator Dolliver was "raised in a parsonage." We think it very likely that this statement is true. Most men that have come to anything were "raised" rather frequently in the days of their boyhood. From what we have heard of the Senator's father we infer that he is not the sort of a man that would be neglectful of his parental duty in this regard. In the face of a skeptical generation, we venture to express the opinion, as the result of some observation and not a little personal experience, that for bringing up a boy in the way he should go there is nothing better than an occasional "raising." The old-fashioned fathers who, with a radius equal to the length of their arms plus the length of a peach-tree switch, were accustomed now and then to describe a semicircle on the backs of their hopeful offspring were wise in their day.

III

The mountains at Monteagle, though not as lofty as the Unakas, afforded him unending delight. Many readers of the *Advocate* will remember an article which he wrote in the autumn of 1896. Any comment would be like lighting a taper to illuminate the sun. The article is given as he wrote it:

Newspaper correspondents usually visit the mountains in mid-summer, as do also the great majority of other tourists and travelers. Only a few go thither in the autumn, and virtually none in the winter. There are manifest reasons for this fact. But it is nevertheless true that those who wish to see the uplands in their prime glory must linger among them till the first heavy frosts have come, and wrought their marvelous witchery in field and forest. This, at least, is the deliberate judgment of a born mountaineer, whose earliest memories take in a great sweep of the blue Unakas, and one of whose chief passions has always been an almost personal love for cliff and crag and wooded heights.

On Saturday, the 17th inst., after a week of unresting toil that had almost taken the heart out of me, I left Nashville for Monteagle, laying down my pen and putting on my hat barely in time to catch the last train. To be perfectly frank, I must confess that something more than the desire to get a change of air constrained my movements; but that is neither here nor there. It is enough

to say that a sleep of ten hours, without break or interruption of any sort, was the first result of ascending 2,000 feet straight up into the pure air.

When Sunday morning came, I felt, as an old Virginia friend used to say after he had his dinner and his pipe, "very proper." A finer day never dawned upon the earth. It might have been made for the unsinners angels instead of for mortal men. The sky was as blue as sapphire, without a fleck of cloud from horizon to horizon, and seemed to have lifted itself to an illimitable distance from the earth. The air was crisp and bracing, just cool enough to make one button up one's coat and walk a little more briskly than usual, but without the slightest suggestion of discomfort. The trees had begun to put on their autumnal robes, and some of them were already shedding their leaves, which blew hither and thither with a rustling noise before every slightest breath of wind.

As soon as breakfast was over, I set out for a morning walk. All the cottages on the Assembly grounds had been vacated and locked up for the winter, giving the place a deserted and desolate appearance. But Nature was too close to me in the glorious shining of the sun, and in all her other gracious disclosures, to allow any sense of loneliness; and through the benignant channels of nature God himself swept into my heart, and gave me a hallowed and subduing sense of divine companionship.

On reaching the great bluff at Craggy Crest a view spread out before my vision which might well have satisfied the most exorbitant hunger for beauty. From that high outlook, one can easily see forty or fifty miles down the valley, which lies like a veritable paradise in the kind embrace of the encompassing mountains. Over the little farms there was a somber hue. All the crops had been gathered, and the fields looked naked and bare. From the houses, scattered at irregular intervals, the smoke rose in slow and lazy fashion, as if not quite willing to leave the earth. But what shall I say of the untouched forests that cover all the heights and slopes, and reach down into the valley itself? Surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as they were on that bright Lord's Day. Such vast masses of color! The deep green of the pine, and the cedar, the brown of the chestnut, the yellow of the poplar and the hickory, the red of the black-gum, the almost scarlet of the sourwoods, the russet and gold of the maple, the manifold shades of the various oaks—every tint, in fact, that was ever mixed for an artist's brush. Had the poet's gift of numbers been bestowed upon me, I should probably have tried to sing; but alas! it is my fate to be compelled to express

even my deepest emotions in poor and straggling prose. The stillness of the whole scene deepened the impression which it made. Scarcely a sound could be heard in any direction, except that at long intervals a cock crowed shrilly in a far-off farmyard, or a crow profaned the holy silence with his caw, caw, in the deep abyss above me.

What a fit time for withdrawal from all secular cares and concerns for deep introspective meditation, for sweet and blessed fellowship with the Holy Spirit. Everything little and commonplace seemed to fade away. The dignity of life became as manifest as the sun in the heavens. High thought and noble conduct stood before me as the most natural things imaginable. One passage of Scripture kept coming into my mind with a gently and wholesome iteration. What could it be but this? "And the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

No wonder that Peter desired to build three tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration, and to linger there with Jesus and Moses and Elias. It was so far away from the petty commercial spirit of Capernaum and the persecuting bigotry of Jerusalem, and so near to heaven. But the divine plan contradicted the apostle's desire, and it is ever so. To none of us is it given to dwell forever in the serene and undisturbed atmosphere of the mountain height, away from the world's low ambitions and hardening strifes. Our place is with our fellow-men. If we are believers, they need us; and we also need them. An occasional withdrawal into solitude calms and strengthens the spirit, but a perpetual monasticism would be a source of weakness and degeneration. Let us thank God for the chance to go apart once in a while from the busy haunts of town and city, and let us also thank him for the privilege of returning to the regular round of daily duty. Happy shall we be if we only carry back with us a deeper humility, a stronger faith, a brighter hope, and a tenderer charity.

IV

The father of Dr. Hoss died at Jonesboro on August 6, 1885, at the age of seventy-three. This was just on the eve of the removal from Emory and Henry College to Vanderbilt University. Henry Hoss was a man of commanding influence in the community in which he had spent his entire life and in which his forbears had dwelt for two generations before him. He was held in great reverence and affection by his family. Especially did

Embree feel strong affection and deep reverence for his father. To the brilliant son, his father epitomized all that was noble and honorable in life.

After the death of his father, his mother made her home with him as a member of his family. Although only sixty years of age, she was quite feeble; and her condition required tender and thoughtful care. From the early boyhood of her eldest son there had been the most tender affection between mother and son. She had been at the bloom of womanhood at his birth. He had grown up under the influence of her radiant Christian life. It had come to him at twenty years of age to be her pastor; as such it was his privilege to add to her joy by leading his own father into the Church, thereby contributing to the completion of the unity of a home life, already blessed with integrity, confidence, and affection. The memory of her ringing shouts of joy when his father joined the Church delighted all his after years. It was not to be her lot to have a long and quiet eventide. Motherhood had exacted heavy toll of her strength. Twilight rested upon her during most of the six years that she spent with her son at Nashville. Ardent love and reverent devotion sought every means to make her comfortable and happy.

His mother had gone to the home of her daughter, Mrs. P. H. Prince, Conway, Arkansas, in the summer of 1891. Having been in feeble health for many years, she died at the home of her daughter, Martha Ellen Prince. The precious, worn body was brought back to rest with her dead at Jonesboro. Her afflictions had doubly endeared her to her preacher-son. Many of his references to her will be found elsewhere in this story.

The younger brother John Isaac also lived in Arkansas. In July, 1897, he was assassinated at his home in Conway, Arkansas. Dr. Hoss sent the following message through the *Advocate*:

To My Friends: The *Advocate* of last week contained a brief notice from the pen of Dr. Boswell in regard to the atrocious murder of my brother, Mr. John I. Hoss, at Conway, Arkansas, on the 26th ult. Since then I have received many letters of inquiry and of sympathy from dear friends in different parts of the country. To answer all these letters at the present time would

be a tax upon my strength and upon my feelings too heavy for me to bear. Nor do I think that it would be proper to obtrude my private griefs upon the readers of the *Advocate* in general. But I must return my sincere and profound thanks to all those who have been kind enough to think of me in my distress. Though lying prostrate and dumb before the throne of God, I am still trusting in his goodness. Having preached the gospel of Christian fortitude for thirty years, I shall try, weak as I am, to give an illustration of my own teaching.

It is impossible to say whether the editorial which follows grew out of this experience. It followed after a brief interval:

There is no bitterer experience than to find out that the friend whom we loved and trusted is really unworthy of our esteem. We have supposed him, let us say, to be magnanimously capable of acting from the loftiest motives. But we discover that, on the contrary, he is selfish, narrow, and spiteful. We have stood by him, it may be, when the storms broke over his head, and have put our arms around him; and we dreamed that if the day of disaster should come to us he would show an equal regard for our sorrow. But, to our amazement, he proves as indifferent as a stone. Not even by a handgrasp or a movement of the lips does he reveal the slightest token of sympathy or brotherly regard.

The disclosures of his baseness is a terrible shock to us, and threatens for a time to overthrow our faith in human nature. So contrary is it to our expectations that for a time we put it away from us, and refuse to believe that it can be so. But at last no room is left for doubt, and our disenchantment becomes complete. The facts press drearily down upon our souls, and burn into us the conviction that we should be glad to reject. It is like being jabbed in a vital organ with a dull and rusty blade. The pain is all the more intense for not being instantly fatal. Alas! alas! who has not endured it?

One of the most pathetic utterances of the Psalmist is this: "Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." To be treated with indifference by one upon whom we have showered the wealth of our affection is bad enough, but to be actually opposed, maligned, persecuted by him is a great deal worse. Nothing except the grace of God can enable us to bear such a misfortune without becoming hard and misanthropical. When the trial

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

comes we shall have abundant need for prayer, for patience, and for watchfulness against temptation.

It was the lot of Dr. Hoss to find and make many friends and to hold them in the warm strength of his ardent affections. Their companionship, counsel, and esteem brought light and joy to his heart. It was also his lot to experience much of pain, sorrow, and bereavement, which he endured with fortitude and unfailing faith.



BISHOP HOSS AND HIS GRANDCHILDREN

CHAPTER XIX

HOME AND FAMILY LIFE

The humblest home on earth is better than a king's palace that belongs to other people. To get up in the morning and look on the faces of those you love, and to go to bed at night with their kisses on your lips, this is surely the greatest of earthly goods and blessings.

I

DR. HOSS was never too absorbed in affairs of Church and State to be interested in his family and his home. The region which had been consecrated by the labors and experiences of pioneer ancestors, and the places where his family dwelt, were always in his heart. As a youth he gave full devotion to his parents. His love for his wife knew no bounds and continued to the end of their days together. His affection for his children and grandchildren was as tender as that of a mother.

Embree Hoss was with the army in Cuba and remained there during the early part of 1899. The visit which Dr. Hoss made to Cuba in January-February, while having other interests and accomplishing other objectives, perhaps found its chief satisfaction in seeing his son. He was aware of the dangers of the camp for Embree.

While in Cuba he wrote Mrs. Hoss a letter which is fragrant with devotion and love for home and family. We have been accustomed to seeing him in the glaring light of public life. Here we see him in the circle of his own home. He wrote to his wife from Cuba:

Cienfuegos, Cuba, Sunday, Jan. 22, 1899. My Dear Wife: After a full day in Havana, I took the train yesterday morning at 4 o'clock for this place. Our route for the first sixty miles lay near the seacoast; but at Matanzas, we turned to the Southeast and came diagonally across the island. The distance is 175 miles, the fare is \$15.20, besides \$3 for my trunk. Between the two points you change cars four times.

Among my fellow-passengers were Major General J. C. Bates, Embree's division commander, and one of his staff officers. They were very courteous, and helpful to make the day pleasant for me. I trust that the good fortune of my meeting them may prove helpful in some way to Embree.

On leaving Havana I was told that I could get a boat here for Trinidad tonight. Judge then of my disappointment when I discovered on my arrival here that I should have to wait till next Friday. The distance is only fifty miles, but there is not even a footpath over the mountains. If there were, I should walk it, and leave my baggage to come after me.

Feeling particularly blue, I concluded to go to headquarters last night, and see if any transport, lighter, or other vessel would be going over to Trinidad this week. Captain Carvin of General Bates' staff met me most civilly, and told me that he thought perhaps the steam lighter *Laura* would sail with rations tomorrow or next day, and instructed me to go this morning to the office of Capt. Barker, the first quartermaster, for the purpose of finding out more definitely. In the meantime, he said that he would notify Capt. Barker to furnish me with transportation on any vessel that might be sent. You may imagine that I was up bright and early and off for Capt. Barker's office. When I introduced myself, he said: "Is this Dr. Hoss who edits the *Nashville Christian Advocate*?" It gave me a most pleasant sensation to be recognized so far away from home, and I replied: "Yes, sir, but how do you happen to know anything about me?" "O," said he, "I am a Mississippi Methodist; and of course have heard of you often; but was looking for a much older man." He then promised to help me in every possible way, and said that he would know definitely on tomorrow, Monday morning.

The rest of today, I spent in my room, resting and writing and thinking of the dear ones at home. How dear you all are to me, you will never know till my heart is laid bare to your gaze on that day of judgment when all secret things shall be disclosed. As I looked back over the years that are gone, the memory of every good thing that has ever happened to us became as sweet as heaven itself, and I felt an inexpressible regret that I should ever, by one word or act, have marred the perfect beauty of our wedded life. Not idly nor thoughtlessly, but from the deepest parts of my soul, I send my holiest love to you and Mary and Sessler, and beg to assure you that there is nothing on this earth that I desire half so much as to serve you while I live, and to be worthy of the affection which I crave at your hands.

Affectionately and always, in life, death, and eternity, your
 husband,
 E. E. Hoss.

He wrote on the next day: "I shall have material for at least twenty letters for the *Banner* if they will only print all that I write."

II

Love of home and family was in the blood of E. E. Hoss. When he was introduced to President Theodore Roosevelt, the President was told that he was related to Daniel Boone. President Roosevelt asked, "How many descendants has Daniel Boone?" Bishop Hoss replied: "About sixteen hundred." The President asked: "And do you claim kin with all of them?" Bishop Hoss answered: "Yes, with every mother's son of them." The President slapped his own knee and exclaimed: "By George! That is great."

There are so many references to his parents, his brothers and sisters and to his boyhood home, in his writings and words, that formal recital here is entirely unnecessary. He has often conducted those who have heard him speak, or have read the thoughts which he confided to the printed page, into the holy and sacred places of his family, and his home.

But it may be of interest to those who knew him personally, and to those who shall meet him in this biography, to go with this Methodist preacher to the places where he had lived in the years from his childhood and to which he often returned to the end of his eventful days. The home "on Cherokee," where he was born, was a plain farmhouse, rather larger and more comfortable than most of the houses in that section. There were two things which made it notable. It rested on Cherokee Creek, which flowed into Nolichucky River, with an outlook on the Unaka Mountains; and it was the place where dwelt Henry and Maria Sevier Hoss and their children. The sweetest memories of childhood lived in the heart of the first of those children. When he made his last visit to Jonesboro, he must needs go to "Cherokee."

When he was a small boy his father built a larger and more commodious brick house about a mile north of Jonesboro. Here

several of the younger brothers and sisters were born. Here the family lived when he went away to school; and here the family received their own son and brother when he came, at the age of twenty, to be pastor of the Methodist church in the little town. It is still the home of those who bear the name and are descended from Henry Hoss.

In San Francisco he and his young wife spent their honeymoon in a kindly home which had been opened to them. The "floods of glory" of the Golden Gate were no more transcendent than the glow in the hearts of the young couple far from home, but beginning the building of their own home life, which was to be lived, like true itinerants, in many houses east and west. For sixteen years they lived on college campuses; at Santa Rosa, at Martha Washington, at Emory and Henry, and at Vanderbilt, where the last five years of academic life were spent. These years at Vanderbilt were spent in a house near the residence of Bishop McTyeire. He had the servants' house on the place fitted up for needy students. When he was elected Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, and had to leave the house on the campus, he was aware of the affections which entwine about a place in which a man has lived with his dear wife and precious children. The house in which he had lived was, of course, needed for a member of the faculty. His own house was rented. For this reason it became necessary for Dr. Hoss and his family to move to the third floor of Wesley Hall and live there for a month until their tenants could vacate. His mother was very feeble and there was sickness in the family.

At the end of a month the family moved to the "Old Bush Place" on Hillsboro Pike. There were ten acres and the youngsters had a great time among the numerous hackberry trees which grew on the place. Here the family lived, as the children passed from youth to adolescence, through several years; after this several other houses were occupied for brief periods. Monteagle attracted Dr. Hoss and the entire family. At first it was only a resort; but gradually it came to be the place of the central shrine of the home. It continued to be their summer home until after their return from Dallas. They lived in several different houses

at Monteagle before the purchase of Unaka Lodge. Bishop Denny tells of visiting with Dr. Hoss at Monteagle: "Our close association began slowly, and indeed did not become very close till some question of disagreement came up about 1898. We had a personal conversation, sought by me, and then I learned what a great soul Hoss was; but save that he insisted that I should accompany him to Monteagle for some days and that while there we spent most of the time in the woods with our Greek Testaments, I cannot recall the details."

Mrs. Maud Turpin tells of having been with Mrs. Hoss on one occasion, when she was expecting Bishop Hoss to return, after prolonged absence. She noticed several small placards on the walls of the living rooms and the library, with the words "O, Abbie! Abbie!" and asked Mrs. Hoss what they meant. Mrs. Hoss replied: "To keep Mr. Hoss from having to say, 'O, Abbie, Abbie,' when he fails to find what he is looking for."

After Dr. Hoss was elected Bishop, several places invited him to make his residence in their midst. The invitation of Dallas was accepted and a house was secured in that city. The location proved to be ill chosen and the house not well adapted to the family and they remained there but one year. In later years Sessler located at Muskogee and gradually his father and mother gravitated to that place. There they spent the last few years of their lives in close touch with their son, who was a skilled physician and surgeon. To his father and mother he gave unremitting attention during their long and sometimes painful illnesses.

His affection for the people whom he had served and the places where he had preached was only less deep than for his family and his home.

III

Easter morning of 1900 found Dr. Hoss at Jonesboro. No recital of that visit, or of his experience, can equal what he wrote:

A good Providence had taken me back for a brief season to the home of my childhood, and two glad days among the old familiar scenes had stirred a flood of holy memories in my heart. The distant years had returned as if summoned by an enchanter's

wand, bringing with them a blaze of glory. Up from behind the towering eastern hills the sun rose in his strength, and flung his prodigal splendors over all the land. From zenith to horizon there was not even the suggestion of a cloud in the sky. Responding to the vernal gifts of light and warmth, the earth was awaking from its winter sleep, and arraying itself in a far-spreading carpet of grass, sprinkled here and there with bright patches of early flowers; and the trees seemed to be running a race to see which should be the first to unfold its swelling buds into leaves and blossoms.

I was up betimes and out of doors drinking in great draughts of the sweet and wholesome air. Everywhere there was a befitting silence that could almost be heard. Save for the glad singing of the birds, no sound disturbed the solemnity of the Lord's Day. Passing down through the streets of the village, which has had its thousand inhabitants—few more, and few less—any time this century past, I did not meet a single soul. Nobody except myself was yet astir. Nor was I displeased at the fact. My thoughts were afar off with the loved ones beyond the flood, and my steps were bent to the old cemetery, where their dust lies sleeping till the shout of the mighty angel shall herald the coming of the Son of Man.

As I reached the top of the hill on which the cemetery is situated I turned and looked behind me. What a view! Bounding the southwestern horizon like a battlement of the eternal, lay a great arc of the Unaka Mountains, not bare and brown, but covered with virgin forests from base to summit, and wrapped in a transparent veil of blue mist. The intervening landscape was rolling and broken, a sea of depressions and elevations, as if the molten earth on some ancient day, when it was swept by Titanic tempests, and raised into great waves and billows, had suddenly grown tense and rigid, and afterwards through the slow-moving ages had gradually become a fertile field, without losing any of the inequalities of its surface. Is it extravagant to suppose that even one of God's unfallen angels would pause to gaze with rapture upon such a sight? Or am I simply the victim of associations, and deluded by them into the unwarranted belief that there is no fairer prospect upon our spinning globe? It may be so, but no one will deride my feelings except those detached and isolated souls to whom one place is as good as another, and who are quite incapable of understanding what passionate local attachments may mean. Into those mountain fastnesses came my ancestors from Virginia and Pennsylvania a hundred and thirty

years ago, and pitched their tents by the sparkling waters of the Watauga when there were less than five-score white families in the limits of the present State of Tennessee. Every foot of the soil is as sacred to me as Jerusalem to the devout Jew or Mecca to the Mohammedan. If I forget it, may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

But the contemplation of the natural world did not satisfy me; and after a little while I crossed the stile, and found myself in the city of the dead, with bared head and reverent emotions. Hard by the entrance five green mounds rose up before me, three of them showing by their length that little children lie beneath them, and the other two holding all that was mortal of my parents. There on one side we put away just forty years ago the body of my little brother. It was the first time that death had ever come close to me, and the chill which struck my childish heart left an ache behind it that lasts in some measure till the present moment. Two years later a baby sister, with her tiny hands folded across her breast and her face as sweet as if illuminated by the kiss of God, likewise went away from us, to be missed and mourned by every member of the household. And then there was a long interval before the turf was broken again for the burial of a grandchild, whose parents, itinerants like myself, have had no fixed abiding place, and no spot that they could call their own for the sepulture of their dead. In 1885 my strong, upright father, who could not fashion his lips to tell a lie, and who carried beneath a stern and sober demeanor a heart as warm as a summer sea, reached the end of his pilgrimage, and in 1891 my sweet and gentle mother, after passing through untold sorrows, also grew tired and lay down to rest.

The bonds which held him to the little town were being severed one by one. The years which followed the death of his brother brought him back to the old place, sometimes in heart-breaking sorrow, sometimes in almost bewildered loneliness; but his visits there did not cease so long as he lived. He loved the hills and the streams. He loved the places where he had lived and loved from boyhood to old age.

It was his desire to rest, at last, by the side of his loved ones on the Hill looking toward the mountains which he loved. To this Hill he was to be brought for his last resting place.

The thread of the story of his devotion to his home and his

family runs through his entire life. The ardor of his devotion to his wife never waned through forty-six years of wedded life. From those first days, in sight of the Golden Gate, to the last hour of her life he gave her unstinted and adoring love. It was his supreme pleasure to contribute to her happiness. Nothing which he ever did for her seemed to him a sacrifice. He was a happy and willing lover.

He was likewise a most devoted father. He was never happier than when he could be with his children. This was true as well after they reached maturity as when they were little children. Mary accompanied him on many of his journeys. She went with him to England and to Brazil. His letters to her reveal the wealth of his love and care for her. Embree, who was much like his father, was with him on the last and greatest of his great itineraries, to the South Seas and the Orient. His father's heart was ever toward him. Sessler had broken down while in medical school and again and again after he began his career as a physician. To his home, in Muskogee, his father and mother came. When he was ill no press of episcopal duties kept his father long from him. When his father was ill, Sessler came to him and sometimes spent whole seasons nursing him back to health. That Bishop Hoss was able to keep going long after his diagnosticians prescribed complete rest, was doubtless due to the attention given him by his son, Dr. Sessler Hoss. His children almost worshiped him. I heard him say long after his children were grown: "If I had my life to live over again, I should, at any sacrifice to my public duties, give more time to my family." But no one ever heard any member of his family offer the least hint of any neglect on his part.

His love for his father and mother has been mentioned many times. It found expression in ways beyond number. One of the great experiences of the life of Embree Hoss and his family was the conversion of his father in one of the early services of his pastorate at Jonesboro. Bishop Hoss wrote of this event in a tribute to his brother-in-law, Judge Samuel J. Kirkpatrick:

For forty years Judge Kirkpatrick was a member of the Methodist Church. My memory goes back tenderly to that chill winter day of 1870 when both he and my father came to the chancel and

gave to me, a stripling pastor, their hands in token of their purpose to be identified with the people of God. It seems as if it were only yesterday; but the flood of the years has passed, and the most of those whom I knew and loved then are now with God. From the beginning Judge Kirkpatrick was a liberal supporter of the Church, and as his circumstances improved he became its financial mainstay. He also took at once his place as teacher of the men's Bible class, and held it without a break to the close of his life, an almost unparalleled record. His power as a teacher was most uncommon. For several years past he had lectured on Sunday afternoons to general audiences from all the Churches in the town.

Embree Hoss and Samuel Kirkpatrick were friends from youth. One became a distinguished leader in the Church; the other became a distinguished lawyer and judge. Their love for each other was rooted in all the sacred relations of life; and that love grew and brought forth fruit through the years of honored age as well as those of aspiring youth.

IV

When the life of Embree Hoss, begun in the country home of his parents near Jonesboro, had reached its final period, and when men were writing and speaking of him as a great bishop, preacher, and leader, his sister, Mrs. Mattie Prince, wrote to the *Christian Advocate*:

For many years I have treasured among my sacred keepsakes a little manuscript, yellowed from age. It was written by my brother Embree (Bishop Hoss) when he was nineteen years old. He was spending his summer vacation from Emory and Henry College in our father's old home at Jonesboro, Tenn.

So much has been written and spoken of my brother as a preacher, as an editor, as a scholar, as a man of such rare charm and magnetic influence that he drew many friends to him, all of which tributes I have appreciated more than I can ever express; yet the world can never know how much his goodness shone as a son and a brother in the home circle. He had exceeding love and veneration for his father and mother and the utmost affection for his brothers and sisters. And I am sure that all of us were always in a measure hero-worshippers of him—proud of his fine

character, of his intellect, of his career, and loved him with a deathless love. He was always tender and kind and loving in our home. He never gave me an unkind word in his life. He was the best boy and man I ever knew.

How many quiet hours of happiness as a little girl I spent with my brother in his study upstairs, in our father's house, gratifying my exceeding love of books by reading from his library, which he as a boy was accumulating even then with rare discernment. He directed my reading and always touched my life to highest issues. When he returned to Emory and Henry in the fall, he left the little manuscript I have spoken of on his table. Even as a child I recognized its beauty and carefully put it away and have kept it all these years as a most precious remembrance.

I am now sending a copy of the manuscript to the *Advocate*, believing that his friends will appreciate a glimpse into his youth that has not been written about as much as the later years of his life.

The manuscript which Mrs. Prince sent had been written by Embree, while at home from Emory and Henry College, for the summer vacation in 1868. He was then nineteen, and was ready to begin his senior year at college. Mattie was six years his junior. For more than fifty years she had treasured the paper, left on his table as he went away to school in September. What her brother had written fitted into what she now wrote as "apples of gold in pictures of silver":

MOTHER'S PRAYER

I was sitting by my table writing a few moments ago, when the sound of a well-known footstep was heard on the stairstep. I knew it was mother retiring to her accustomed place for private devotion. Soon the opposite door opened, and not many minutes elapsed before I heard a voice speaking out the feelings of her heart to God.

I had often listened to her prayers before and never without the most solemn thoughts; but never do I remember to have realized such feelings as this morning. A strange, mysterious influence came over my soul; the sea of emotion was stirred from its lowest depths; the fountain of tears was broken up, and I wept. O mother, I'll remember that prayer forever. Time may efface other things from my mind, but it shall be graven there as with a pen of iron in a rock. As long as I live I will think of it. I understood not a word you spoke, but I knew there was an invocation of God's

HOME AND FAMILY LIFE

blessings on my head. In temptation the memory of this prayer shall be a shield, in sadness a solace, in prosperity a joy. And when we are separated, when death has loosed the silver cord and broken the golden bowl of your life, then I'll come to your resting place and muse on it and call you blessed.

Your affectionate son,
Jonesboro, July 9, 1868.

EMBREE HOSS.

CHAPTER XX

AT THE GATHERING OF THE TRIBES

The world of Methodism is to meet again. It will be an imposing assembly, calculated to impress one with the world-wide spread and force of Methodism.

I

THE third Ecumenical Conference met in City Road Chapel, London, September 4-17, 1901. Dr. Hoss was a delegate to this Conference and was a conspicuous figure in its proceedings. Among the representatives of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, were Bishop Charles B. Galloway, who preached the Conference sermon, and Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson, who presided at the opening session of the first day. There were men of distinction from the Methodist Churches in every part of the world. Among these were many who had been intimate friends of Dr. Hoss for nearly a quarter of a century.

This was his first sea voyage and was full of interest to him. As was usual, wherever he went, he was interesting to his fellow-voyagers. He was never a stranger even in strange lands or with new experiences. His engaging frankness and friendliness won the confidence of men wherever he went, from his youth to old age. His interest in those whom he met, the things which he saw, and the events going on about him, made him a most agreeable companion. His fondness for good stories and the skill with which he told them won a place of comradeship with all sorts of folk.

He was equally at home with a group of preachers, or pullman passengers, or guests at a summer resort, or voyagers on the sea, or laboring men on a tramway. He felt so perfectly at home with all sorts of folk that they felt at home with him.

Of incidents and observations on board ship on his way to England he wrote:

The passengers are a delightful body of people, nearly all of them being quiet and cultivated ladies and gentlemen off for a little rest, and not in the least inclined to put on airs or make a display. There is one group of eight from New York going to run through Ireland and then get a couple of weeks in Norway. Three of the group are young lawyers and another one is a pastor in the Dutch Reformed Church. All are college men, fine, wholesome, athletic fellows, with whom it is a great joy to have social intercourse. They have made themselves very free with us, and seem particularly to relish the flavor of a good story. Including those already mentioned, there are ten ministers on board, representing the Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, Dutch Reformed, and United Presbyterian Churches. Every man of them has displayed the manners and instincts of a Christian gentleman, and some of them have been particularly charming. We have all taken a great fancy to a venerable Presbyterian brother from Philadelphia, who puts in the greater part of his time playing checkers and smoking, and who is as stout a Calvinist as if he had stepped right out of the Geneva of the sixteenth century. He was born in Ulster, and came to America when a very young man. It would not be possible for him to hide the land of his nativity if he desired to do so. The gleam of humor in his eyes and the quaint expressions of his tongue both betray him. He has led once in prayer in the ship's cabin, and with such appropriateness of speech and fervor of spirit as melted down all who heard him.

At this time Dr. Hoss was very widely known in all of the Methodist Churches in America and England. Ten years before he had sat in the second Ecumenical Conference in Washington. During the intervening years he had been Editor of the *Christian Advocate*. His fraternal message to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1900, had attracted wide attention and received cordial approval by Methodists around the world. His work in the Ecumenical Conference brought him into a place of commanding leadership and usefulness which placed him in the first rank of Methodist leaders.

On the second day of the Conference he answered for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at roll call. This brief address was so characteristic of the man that it cannot be omitted here. He speaks as a Methodist from the South, as a Tennessean, as an American, as a Christian:

In the fifteen Southern States of North America there are not merely more Methodists relatively than anywhere else in the United States, but more absolutely than there are in the other thirty-three States and Territories of the Union. In the State of Tennessee, from which I come, brightest and best of all the States in the American Union, there are more Methodists than there are members of the other Churches—Romanists and Protestants put together. This state of affairs has obtained almost from the beginning of the American Methodist history.

There is a tradition floating around the atmosphere of the city of New York to the effect that American Methodism began in John Street, but we all know that it began on Sam's Creek in the State of Maryland. An eloquent Irishman, who declined to submit to the domination of Mr. Thomas Rankin and some other ministers who had been sent over for the purpose of controlling him, is the true father and beginner of American Methodism. There is a very interesting account of him in Bishop McTyeire's "History of Methodism."

Methodism in the Southern States is still alive; it shows no sign of decay. We glory in the days of our fathers, but we are not looking behind us, we are looking ahead of us; and we sincerely trust that the years to come will be far more glorious than the years that have already entered into our history. We have a solid block of English-speaking people in the Southern States. In the State of Tennessee there are less than one-half of one per cent of foreign population. We are all Englishmen there, white and black; there is nothing composite in our blood. We hold fast to the great traditions of the Methodists; we are on terms of fraternity with every other Denomination in the world, but there is only one thing that we hate worse than persecution, and that is patronage. Toleration implies superiority on the one hand and inferiority on the other. Equality is our word. All our Churches stand upon the same level, all have the same rights. I visited a few months ago the old home of Thomas Jefferson, at Monticello. Carved upon his tombstone is the epitaph, written with his own hand, which narrated the fact that he was the author of the Declaration of Independence, the framer of the Statutes for Religious Liberty in Virginia, and the founder of the University of Virginia.

On the third day he spoke again. What he said then, on Christianity and War, is apropos in 1941 as it was in 1901:

I am very much puzzled to know just what our brethen mean

when they propose to make a practical application of our New Testament principles to the settlement of all questions of war. There have been one or two very small wars in the United States during the past three or four years. Very few of us have been aware of the fact that the wars were going on—they have been so easy. I should like to know whether any organized body of Christians would have the right, or whether it would be at all becoming and proper, on the part of any organized body of Christians, to issue a deliverance as to the exact manner in which the Government of the United States should comport itself in reference to those wars. Great Britain has had a war in South Africa, very much to be regretted. Nobody deplores it more than I do. As one of our great American generals, for whom we Southerners have more respect now than we had twenty-five years ago, used to say, "War is hell." Yet, is there any man in this Conference that would have the audacity to issue a deliverance as to the exact manner in which Great Britain shall deal with the questions growing out of this war?

War questions cannot be settled like mathematical questions; they are complicated and tangled worse than a skein of silk after it has been unravelled out and trampled upon. There are a thousand issues to be settled in connection with every war, and I should deeply deplore any effort on the part of this body to speak, either directly or indirectly, with reference to the justice or the injustice on the one side or the other of South African questions. As an American, I should resent it as an impertinence for anybody else to undertake to settle our questions for us, and if I were a Briton I would resent it as an impertinence for anybody to undertake to settle your questions.

All the influence that we can exert in regard to these matters is indirect, and moral, and spiritual. Every individual has a right to his own opinions, to express them at the ballot box; but I should like to see the Church that would endeavor to organize and mass Methodism to carry out any political program, or any scheme of that kind! I have been asked frequently to what political party I belong in America. I do not belong to any political party.

The trouble about all definite, tangible, practical schemes of this sort is, that they involve an amount of mechanical arrangement and ecclesiastical domination to which Methodists the wide world over will never submit. We are not a very peaceable people. I am not quite sure that Dr. Smith was correct when he said that the Americans were a peaceable people. We have fought everybody in sight. We have fought the Indians. We joined you

in fighting the French, in wrestling with them for the control of the great Mississippi Valley. We turned and fought you when we had nobody else to fight, and after a breathing spell we fought you again. At a later date we fought one another, God pity us! God forbid that any such thing should ever occur again. But out of that war, with all its horrors and all its bloodshed, there has come a better nation. Out of that war there has come a more imposing Union, which has come without the surrender of any of our local rights, or of any of our personal and individual liberties. God is in the midst of all the movements that are going on in this world.

On the fifth day he spoke on Apostolic Succession and Sacerdotalism. On the seventh day he gave the first invited address on "The New Demands upon Methodist Authorship." This address was published in 1913, in his "Methodist Fraternity and Federation," after having been widely read in Methodist journals of the period. Parts of this address have been referred to elsewhere. Space is taken here for one poignant sentence:

I confess a deep personal regret that, owing partly to the circumstances which I have above mentioned and partly to a right and jealous regard for the honor of long-established and well-accredited truths, our Methodist ministers have not had a full share in the critical and theological discussions of recent times; and I sincerely trust that in the future we shall show ourselves as worthy and as competent to be heard in these fields as we have been in other spheres of life and thought.

On the eighth day he spoke on "The Family and Worship." This address pulsates with the personality of the speaker, and portrays vividly the conditions surrounding his boyhood and youth. He said:

There can be no doubt of one thing, so far, at least, as the United States are concerned, and that is, that family prayers are not as common now among Christian people as they were twenty-five or thirty years ago. When I began my ministry, more than thirty years ago, I rarely spent a night in a Christian household without being invited to conduct worship either in the evening or in the morning, and usually both. But in recent years I have had some very unsatisfactory experiences on that subject. I shall

not undertake to say that family prayers and family religion are absolutely identical, but I assert that it is an exceedingly difficult problem, if not an impossible problem, to maintain family religion without family prayer. One of the chief difficulties in regard to this matter, in our country, at any rate, is that so many fathers have entirely abdicated their religious duties into the hands of their wives. Whether it is so in Great Britain or not, it is impossible for me to say. I have a sort of half-formed notion that the ordinary Englishman never surrenders anything. It, however, gives me very great satisfaction to add that in many cases where the father does not conduct family worship, the mother assumes the duty, and discharges it with great effect.

May I be pardoned a personal word. I suppose that even here it is not out of order for a Methodist to give his experience. My own father was not a Christian man, although a very high-minded gentleman. Yet I cannot remember the day when my mother did not pray with her children. I cannot remember the day when she did not pray for my father. It was my good fortune, the first year that I became an itinerant preacher, to be sent back as pastor of the charge in which I was brought up, and it was my great joy to receive my own father into the Church. He was the first person that I received into the Church. It was rather an awkward task for him to take up family prayers, and he sometimes had to have my mother's promptings, for he was a reticent man and rather slow of speech, whereas my mother had a wonderful gift in prayer, as so many of the saintly women of early Methodism had. There are thousands of such women in America.

Another fact that interferes with family religion among us in America is the decay of the conception of the unity of the family life. Individualism is becoming rampant among us. The family begins to fall apart at a very early period. Every boy or girl has his or her own particular interests, their own separate set, their own circle of friends. They are not merely allowed to cultivate and develop their peculiarities, but also their eccentricities. So that it becomes a very difficult thing to hold the family together in a common and united life. My own impression is that it is not the working people among us who find most trouble in having family prayer: it is the well-to-do people—those who go into society and stay up late at night, and are not well enough to get up early the next morning. The problem of the masses does not bother me so much as the problem of the classes. The worldliness, ungodliness, and immorality of our rich people is our greatest peril in America. The great bulk of our common people are sound to the core, instinctively religious, and only need efficient training in

order to make good Christians, and especially to make good Methodists. You cannot build up a Methodist Church without a large incorporation of that element—at least, the experiment has never been successful, and I suppose it never will be. Someone said to the eminent Dr. John Broadus, one who was close enough of kin to the Methodists to have a good Methodist wife, “Dr. Broadus, you have such a vast number of common and ignorant people in your Church.” “Yes,” said the Doctor, “and God have mercy on you because you do not have.” I think the two things I have referred to lie at the root of the trouble with us.

II

While the Methodists of the world were meeting in City Road Chapel, President McKinley was wounded by an assassin's bullet on September 7, 1901. To that great body, composed chiefly of English-speaking Methodist people of England and the United States, the attempt upon the life of the President brought great sorrow. He was the President of the great American republic; and he was a brother, beloved as a worthy member and local minister in the Methodist Church. The news of the death of the President reached the Conference on September 14. One of the last acts of the Conference was the holding of a memorial service in Wesley Chapel, in which representatives of Ecumenical Methodism took part.

Dr. Hoss spoke on the occasion of the memorial services in many places. The fame of the eloquent tributes which he paid to the kindly man, whose first thought, when wounded, was to protect his would-be assassin, spread throughout the English Isles. He spoke in Sheffield on October 18, in Brunswick on the morning of October 19, and in the evening in Birmingham, where a special memorial service had been arranged by the Committee; he spoke also in Dublin on October 20, and in Belfast. No record of the addresses has been preserved except his own brief reference to his address in Belfast, which will be given later in this chapter.

III

His editorial correspondence gave glimpses of his journeys in England and Ireland. He wrote:

There are at least half a dozen different routes from England to Ireland. Very naturally I chose to take one that would keep me as short a period as possible on the water. Leaving Birmingham accordingly at 9:55 A.M. on the Northwestern, I went via Chester, and thence eighty-five miles along the beautiful coast of North Wales to Holyhead. The compartment in which I traveled was filled with laboring men, very friendly and talkative. One of them, who was the father of thirteen children, all respectably fed and clothed, as he told me, by his miner's pick, seemed to be a hero among his companions; and, in fact, I felt like taking off my own hat to so honest and worthy a man, and assuring him that in my humble judgment he deserved well of his country. Another, a little the worse for drink, and not very distinct in his articulation, was quite sure that free trade is ruining England, and that there will never be any better times for British workmen till American products are shut out by a protective tariff. I could not quite agree with him on that score; but as it did not seem likely that he could be converted to sounder views I let his utterances pass without contradiction. Still a third was a broad-shouldered young fellow who had been eighteen months a soldier in South Africa, and had nothing very good to say of anybody in that part of the world. I listened attentively while he told me of the manner in which the negroes are treated in the diamond mines, and wondered whether the naked facts could be as bad as he declared. The bottle was passed around more than once, and I was urged each time to help myself. But when I finally assured my new friends that I was a teetotaler they apologized and hoped I would not be offended. On the whole we made a good morning together, and I left them feeling perfectly sure that I had got as much as I had given out of the conversation.

I cannot close this letter without saying at least a word concerning the Irish cabman, who helped to make the day in Dublin so pleasant. He bore the imprint of his nationality on his face. Not even the dullest man, if meeting him at the North Pole, would have had to ask him where he came from. His mental peculiarities were equally pronounced. That subtle sense of humor which is the heritage, more or less, of his whole race, cropped out in him on the slightest provocation. He caught our jokes, so to speak, on the fly and was ready with an answer at once.

He was as much at home with laborers and cab drivers as with the Churchmen of an Ecumenical Conference.

At Belfast he was in an atmosphere which reminded him of his neighbors in Tennessee:

At three o'clock in the afternoon a memorial meeting in honor of Mr. McKinley was held in Grosvenor Hall, the headquarters of the Belfast Mission; and I was courteously invited to deliver the address. To put it mildly, I was astonished at the multitude present. Every one of the more than 2,000 seats on the floor and in the galleries was occupied, and the platform was crowded from front to rear and from side to side. All the preliminaries were conducted with great dignity and propriety, Rev. Dr. Crawford Johnson, Superintendent of the Mission, presiding. When my time came, I spoke about forty minutes following nearly the same general lines as at Sheffield and Dublin. The fact, however, that Mr. McKinley was a Scotch-Irishman made it becoming, as it seemed to me, that in Belfast I should have something to say as to the great part which the Scotch-Irish race has played in the history of the United States. There was the better reason for this course, since my own Tennessee is, more perhaps than any State in the Union, a Scotch-Irish State. The three Presidents that it has furnished, Jackson, Polk, and Johnson, all harked back to Ulster; and the two candidates for that high office that it has named who failed of election, Hugh Lawson White and John Bell, traced their ancestry to the same source, as did also the redoubtable Sam Houston, who achieved renown in the Governor's chair, afterwards became President of the Republic of Texas, and later still served that State in the United States Senate. In moving about Belfast the next day, I could scarcely resist the feeling that I was in Nashville. Every name that I saw on a business sign, or anywhere else, was one with which I was perfectly familiar at home; and a score of little turns of speech sounded familiar in my ears. When you rap at a door, for example, the universal answer is not "Come," but "Come in." I never in my life heard the single word used as an invitation to enter till I knocked at Dr. Merrick's door at the Ohio Wesleyan University when I went thither as a boy of seventeen. In Tennessee it is always "Come in!"

Dr. Hoss had gone to London as a representative of the Southern Methodist Church in the Ecumenical Methodist Conference. The distress caused by the assassination of President McKinley called him to be a representative of America to English, Scotch, and Irish Christians of every name. They recognized in him

such breadth and warmth of personality that their hearts were open to him as to one of their own sons.

No man among the great men attending the Ecumenical Conference was better qualified to represent the broken heart of America in that time of sorrow. With fullness of knowledge and with ready response of memory he was qualified to speak with appropriateness anywhere the English language was understood. His hearers, all over the British Isles, would remember, to the end of their days, the soulful messages of their kinsman from the other side of the Atlantic. Returning to his home he carried priceless memories of the experiences in the thronging assemblies, and of the people, humble and great, whom he met on the way.

CHAPTER XXI

ELEVATED TO THE EPISCOPACY

However things may go with me, I shall try to serve God with a glad mind and a willing heart.

I

THE General Conference met at Dallas on May 7, 1902. It was the first meeting of that body in the Southwest. The Church had made rapid progress in the State of Texas; and the Methodists of that great State were pleased to have the first session of the new century in Dallas. The turn of the century had been marked by important events, which affected the nations of the world; and the Church felt the stirrings of those events. The Boer War in South Africa had centered attention on the Dark Continent; the Boxer movement in China had brought the Occident and the Orient to face the fact that they were next-door neighbors; the Spanish-American War had awakened the United States to the fact that she could no longer live unto herself. The Church was called to face new responsibilities and assume new obligations in meeting the rapidly changing conditions. Cuba, freed from Spanish rule, was open to Protestant missionary work. By agreement with the Methodist Episcopal Church, this field was assigned to the Southern Methodist Church.

II

There were a number of controversial questions before the General Conference of 1902. The Church had been considerably agitated by "the transfer question." The Episcopal Address mentioned "the disposition of some to use offensive epithets when referring to the transferred preachers." The "time limit" was being discussed, but the temper of the Church was not ready for the removal of the four-year limit from the pastoral term.

It will be remembered that the storm over the payment of the Publishing House claim by the Federal Government had arisen

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just after the close of the General Conference of 1898. It continued to agitate the Church throughout the quadrennium. Although the matter had long since been disposed of, upon the adoption by the Senate of the report of its committee of investigation, the whole matter was thoroughly discussed by the General Conference. Dr. Collins Denny read a report from the Book Committee which required two hours for reading. The debates were long and heated. There were strong men on both sides. Dr. Denny and Dr. James Cannon, Jr., were, as was usual, on opposite sides. Dr. Hoss took an active part in the debate, maintaining the position which he had taken from the first. The action of the General Conference in the final disposition of the case has been given in a former chapter.

III

The balloting for election of bishops began on May 22. Dr. Hoss was elected on the first ballot, receiving 160 votes, out of a total of 260. On the fourth ballot Dr. A. Coke Smith received 138 votes and was elected. The two men were warm friends, although of widely different temperaments. Bishop Smith did not live through the quadrennium.

The *Daily Christian Advocate* said of the newly elected bishop: "Dr. Hoss is conceded to be one of the strongest men in the Church and his election to the episcopacy, which has been foreseen for some time, will delight his myriad of friends and admirers throughout the whole Southern Methodist Church, as well as a legion among other communions. Dr. Hoss had been a member of six General Conferences; was a member of the Ecumenical Conferences of 1891 and 1901; fraternal delegate to the Canadian Methodist Church in 1894 and to the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1900, and a member of the Joint Commission on Federation for the past eight years."

His parting words to the readers of the *Advocate* were such a straightforward expression of his thought and feeling that, as an intelligent typist has said, "You feel as if he were talking to you." They are given as they appeared, on June 5, 1902:

Twelve years ago, without effort or solicitation on my part, I

was chosen to be the Editor of this *Advocate*. Accepting the call of my Church as an indication of Providence, I took up the task thus assigned me, and have continued in it till this day. With little previous training as an editorial writer, I soon found that my hands were quite full. Looking back over the intervening period, I can truly say that with all diligence, and with a good conscience, I have tried to do my whole duty in the sight of God. How far I have come short of my desire and expectations in this respect nobody knows as well as myself. A sense of incompleteness and imperfection has burdened me through all these years. For any success that I may have achieved, I am largely indebted to the many able contributors who have so largely supplemented and re-enforced my personal service. If at any time I have written a single word that gave pain or sorrow to any of my readers, I sincerely regret the fact, and beg to be forgiven. To the thousands of kind friends who have helped and cheered me by their generous words in the midst of my toils, I desire to express my gratitude and love. May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ pour his abundant blessings upon them. It would be a piece of unpardonable rudeness if I did not acknowledge the more than brotherly kindness that I have always received at the hands of my fellow-editors of the religious press, both North and South. Nor can I forget the uniform courtesy of the secular journals of the country. They have never failed to be fair, honorable, and magnanimous in dealing with me. To one and all of them, I make my best bow. For the *Advocate* employees I have learned to cherish feelings of positive affection. Nothing gives me more satisfaction, now that I am going into another field, than the memory of the fact that my intercourse with them has never been marred by an unpleasant word on either side. It is not without feelings of regret that I vacate the place which I have occupied so long. The habit of utterance is strong in me. No doubt I shall find myself occasionally longing for the freedom of the press. However things may go with me, I shall try to serve God with a glad mind and a willing heart. It gives me unmixed pleasure to introduce my successor as in every way worthy of the position. He is a man of vigorous intellect, of thorough culture, and of sound character. Both as a thinker and as a writer, he has already shown great capacity. I feel sure that he will be fully equal to the responsibilities that have been put upon him, and I bespeak for him the affectionate regards of the whole Church.

The passing of Dr. Hoss from the tripod to the episcopacy was commented on by both the secular and Church papers. The

Presbyterian Standard said in evident good humor:

Was Editor Hoss unhorsed when he was made Bishop? That is the question that has been agitating some of the brethren, with different modes of statement. But the editors recognize the helpless condition of the ex-editor and refrain from writing on the subject as they might have done, or as he might have done. The *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* says that it is easier to find a Bishop than an Editor. The difference may be stated another way, that whereas a bishop is an overseer, an editor, such as Bishop Hoss was, is an overseer of the Overseers, and can help in keeping them straight.

Bishop Hoss was assigned to the presidency of five Conferences: Indian Mission, Memphis, Arkansas, Little Rock, and White River. The Indian Mission Conference was in Indian Territory; the Memphis was in Tennessee; the other three in Arkansas. He took up his work at once, and held eight District Conferences within as many weeks. He enjoyed the freedom and the fellowship of these occasions. It was a refreshing change from the work of editing a weekly paper. He returned from the Conferences to Monteagle, where he found quiet rest and the much-coveted opportunity of being with his family. In September he was at the home of his brother at Jonesboro, and was ill for several days. He wrote to his friends through the *Advocate*, September 11:

My dear Dr. Winton: After a very busy summer, during which I have had the pleasure of being at home but a single Sunday, I found myself quite collapsed at the home of my brother, Dr. A. C. Hoss, on my return from Virginia, and have suffered a severe sickness for several days. Much against my inclination, but acting under express medical order, I am compelled to cancel all the engagements I have for services before the sessions of the Annual Conferences. If the brethren whom I regretfully disappoint will pardon me, I shall try to make up to them all balances in the near future.

This note will also serve as an explanation to my many correspondents whom my repeated absences from home and my persistent sickness have caused me to appear to treat with neglect.

Before the end of September he was again at Monteagle. At Memphis, on Sunday, October 5, he preached twice at First Church, and returned at once to Monteagle. On October 14 E. E.

Hoss, Jr., and Miss Blanche Divine were married at Chattanooga by Bishop Hoss, father of the bridegroom.

His first Annual Conference was the Indian Mission Conference, which that year (1902) met at Muskogee, Ind. T., on October 22. He spent Sunday at Hot Springs and ran up to Little Rock on Monday morning, where he caught the "Choctaw" and reached South McAlester at ten o'clock at night. The next morning he was up at six to catch the M. K. & T. for Muskogee. He tells of his host:

The hospitality of those Western folk is perfect. They simply put their houses and themselves at your disposal. My own host, Dr. Callahan, who has a dash of Creek blood in his veins, and who was trained for his calling in the best American and European schools and hospitals, literally laid himself out to do me service. To him and his kind family and venerable father, I am a permanent debtor, as well as to many others.

Bishop Hoss was a delightful guest. Wherever he went he found lovely hosts. His correspondence is full of his grateful and delighted appreciation of the courtesies which he received and the pleasures he found in the thousands of homes where he was a guest. If he was blessed by their hospitality, they also were blessed by the presence of their brilliant and genial guests. He knew the way to the hearts of the mountaineer in his cabin and the lord in his palace.

He wrote of the ordination service at his first Conference:

The ordination of elders was an exceedingly impressive ceremony. I took it as an auspicious circumstance that at this, my first laying on of hands, men of three languages heard the questions and gave the responses in their own tongues. One of the elders ordained was Moty Tiger, second chief of the Creek or Muskogee Nation, the same to which John Wesley went as a missionary. Brother Tiger's son, an educated and godly young man, himself a local preacher, acted as interpreter. In the same class was Madison E. Jefferson, a full-blooded Choctaw, who spoke through Brother Williams, of that tribe. I am much concerned to supply these Christian Indians with some good literature in their own tongues.

Returning from Muskogee he stopped at South McAlester:

While there I was the guest of my old student, Mr. M. J. Horton, a distinguished lawyer, whose success at the bar has not abated the fervor of his Christian faith. It is not possible for me to say how great is my comfort in seeing the boys whom I used to teach standing so stoutly for Christ and his kingdom. To enter into their homes, break bread at their tables, caress their children, and feel the touch of their love is enough to make life worth living.

This, too, was an experience many times repeated through the years. His students were greeting him in every land, in Indian Territory, in Korea, in China.

Bishop Hoss was invited by Texas Methodists to make his home in Dallas. Nashville and Memphis were also urging him to reside with them.

IV

In 1880 Dr. Hoss had begun to contribute studies of the Sunday-school lessons and these had been continued for many years. Early in the year his "Notes on the Sunday School Lessons for 1903" were published.

These Notes were published annually for many years.

He eagerly gave himself to the affairs in his district, holding District Conferences, dedicating churches, preaching commencement sermons, and giving services wherever needed. He spent Passion Week in Chicago, preaching twice a day in St. James Methodist Episcopal Church, of which Dr. C. M. Coebern, a member of the Joint Hymnal Committee, was pastor.

The Joint Hymnal Commission met at Plymouth, Mass., on July 9-14. Dr. George B. Winton, a member of the Commission, wrote of the meeting:

The atmosphere of these meetings has been singularly charming. Bishops Goodsell and Hoss alternate in presiding, and usually act as spokesmen for their brethren when any matter arises which must be dealt with from the denominational point of view. That there is any such dividing line is, however, in the practical work of the Commission constantly forgotten and overlooked.

The brief fraternal addresses of the two presiding bishops delivered at Plymouth would make a most interesting contribution to the literature of fraternity had they been preserved. We have

a severe twinge of the editorial conscience whenever we think of foolishly allowing such good "copy" to go to waste for lack of a reporter. Our own Bishop endeared himself to all. His ready wit, unfailing good humor, and unaffected brotherliness are a sufficient passport to the heart of any reasonable man. His genealogical disquisitions quite dumfounded the sons of the Pilgrims. The editor of *Zion's Herald* wittily says, "Bishop Hoss is a most uncomfortable man to know unless your ancestors were entirely respectable."

The Joint Hymnal Commission was probably making more progress toward bringing the two Churches together than the Commission on Federation. It was easier to agree on hymns than on adjustments of territories and location of churches; and it meant more for the leaders to sing together and learn to know each other than to review Cape May Agreements and the History of Separation.

Dr. Winton says: "After the affectionately fraternal spirit and the deep religious fervor which constantly marked the meetings, nothing was more charming than the Commission's spontaneous love of song."

V

Holston Conference was added to his district in 1903, so that his work lay across the country from Southwest Virginia to Indian Territory. He gladly welcomed the privilege of serving Holston Conference, which he had joined at twenty and to which he belonged, except for three years in California, until he was elected bishop. His name was carried on the Conference roll until his death.

In September he had to cancel some engagements on account of an attack of malaria, but recovered in time to preside at the Holston Conference, at Morristown, October 7-12. This was the opening of his second round in the episcopacy. He wrote to the *Advocate* of this first experience as bishop in the country where he had been "brought up":

Of course I was glad to get back home. A warmer welcome than my old comrades gave me could not have been desired; and it touched me to the quick. They must have known that I felt a

little bit awkward in trying to preside over them, and so they made everything smooth and easy for me. From the oldest superannuate down to the youngest probationer, they treated me with as much consideration as if I had been a distinguished stranger present among them for the first time. Whenever hereafter I begin to grow weary under the burdens of my office, I shall beg my colleagues to send me back to the hill country for the recuperation of my spirits.

More among the mountains than anywhere else in the whole country, the Civil War was a disruptive force. Since its close the two Methodisms have been operating side by side, often helping and often hindering each other. It is too late now to inquire into the causes of this lamentable state of affairs. The blame is not wholly on either side. But it does seem as if, in the supposition that we are real Christians, there ought to be some way of abating the mean and petty frictions and jealousies that have been and are a reproach to the kingdom. The spectacle of two little houses of worship on opposite corners in the same village, each with only a handful of Methodists in attendance at its services, is enough to make the angels weep, and to hurt the pitying heart of the Son of God.

Thirty years ago our cause was weak in all East Tennessee, and many doubted whether it would ever recover its ante-bellum position. But in the face of all difficulties we have gone forward until today we are stronger in numbers and resources than any other religious body. The total membership of the Conference is over 60,000, possibly 5,000 of whom are in West Virginia and Georgia, and the rest about evenly divided between Virginia and Tennessee. In houses of worship, parsonages, schools, and colleges, we are fairly well equipped. The simple and aggressive spirit that characterized the fathers still prevails. Our doctrines have not been toned down to suit the demands of a frivolous age. Repentance, faith, regeneration, the witness of the Spirit, and holiness are still proclaimed in no doubtful tones.

There was much preaching—there always is when the Holston Conference meets. Other duties made it impossible for me to hear any sermon except that of Dr. Sullins, whose bow abides in strength at the age of seventy-five. A wonderful preacher he is. Nature equipped him royally for public utterance—more so than almost any other man in my acquaintance. Six feet tall, straight as an arrow, easy of carriage, with the quickest of fancies and the tenderest of hearts, a rich vocabulary, and a voice that ranges through all the notes, it is no wonder that the multitudes have flocked to hear him for over fifty years. My own recollection of him goes

back to 1855. In those distant days he was the sweetest of singers, and often began the service in the village church with a solo that put everybody in frame for worship. As a boy and young man he had been a famous fox hunter, and I do not doubt that even yet the music of the hounds on a frosty morning would set the blood to tingling in his veins. Utterly human, always bright and sunny, a lover of God and of all good men, a peacemaker by instinct, it is no wonder that he is honored and esteemed wherever he goes.

He never lost the thrill which he had felt when, as a lad at Jonesboro, he had heard David Sullins.

In 1903 the session of the Indian Mission Conference met in Oklahoma City, on October 26, and the Conference gave Bishop Hoss a glad welcome as their presiding Bishop.

Sessler Hoss broke down while in Jefferson Medical College and went with his mother to Jonesboro to be under the care of Dr. A. C. Hoss. Bishop Hoss came from Dallas to spend some time with him. This was in March, 1904. Later Mrs. Hoss took Sessler to New Mexico, where his father again visited him about the middle of May, before sailing for England. Sessler was still in New Mexico when his father returned and visited him in September. He found Sessler greatly improved.

In 1904 his Episcopal District included New Mexico, Northwest Texas, North Texas, Texas, and West Texas Conferences. The Indian Mission Conference also remained under his supervision. He was then living in Dallas, and was often in the office of the *Texas Christian Advocate*, which was ably edited by Dr. George C. Rankin. Dallas Methodism made full use of Bishop Hoss, who was always ready to serve any need which arose in his field of labor. He threw himself into the work of the Church in the entire State of Texas. During his presidency of the various Conferences in the Southwest, a movement for the endowment of Southwestern University almost spontaneously sprang up: at North Texas sixteen thousand, at Texas fifteen thousand, at Northwest Texas ten thousand, while an undivided gift of twenty-five thousand dollars was made to endow a chair of history. Bishop Hoss had been from early life deeply interested in Christian education. His connection with the Conferences in Texas

and contiguous States brought to him a conviction of the need of enlargement and strengthening of Church schools in that great and rapidly developing section of the Church. It may be that, at this time, the seeds of the conviction, which controlled his actions at a later time, were planted in his fertile mind.

In addition to holding the six Annual Conferences under his supervision, presiding in every one of them and making the appointments of all of the preachers in that extended territory, he was constantly called upon for other important services as one of the most useful of the General Superintendents of his denomination. Early in the year he attended the meetings of the Joint Hymnal Committee in New England. He was back and forth from New Mexico to Jonesboro. In midsummer he was away to England as Fraternal Messenger to the Wesleyan Conference. His preaching engagements were made many months ahead. He came to Nashville for the funeral of Dr. J. D. Barbee on November 8, and delivered an eloquent tribute to the memory of his honored and beloved friend. He was in Nashville and preached at McKendree Church on December 11.

He was not well at the session of the Texas Conference on November 30. Not even his sturdy body and strong constitution could bear the strain of such labors without occasional warnings that he was not, after all, an iron man. So resilient was his strength of mind and body that, in a little while, he was working as if there was no possible limit to his energies or his endurance. He was in every part of his district and in every important movement of the Church-at-large.

He had come to the Episcopacy from a no less conspicuous service as Editor of the *Christian Advocate* and was set, at once, to the largest tasks of administration and service. At the end of the quadrennium he had "shown himself a workman approved of God."

He was recognized widely in Europe and America as one of the foremost of American preachers and leaders.

CHAPTER XXII

A MESSAGE TO THE MOTHER CHURCH

Our brethren beyond the sea believe that they have a great inheritance of doctrine and polity from the father, and they are not minded lightly to surrender it.

I

BISHOP HOSS was fraternal messenger to the British Wesleyan Conference, Sheffield, England, July 21, 1903. He had attended the Ecumenical Conference in London in 1901 and was well known to English Methodists. He sailed from Boston on May 28.

He was to have had as his traveling companion on this journey Rev. J. M. Hawley, of the Little Rock Conference, who was one of his pupils at Vanderbilt University. His friend was too ill to leave home and the *Christian Advocate* brought the saddening news of his friend's death.

He landed at Naples and spent three days there:

My stay there was brief—a little less than three days. All the guidebooks will tell you that it is quite impossible, in so limited a time, to do anything worth while in the way of sight-seeing. But at this particular point, as at many others, the guidebooks err. It all depends on two things: first, on the preparation one has for the right use of his opportunities; and secondly, on the measure of physical ability to stand the strain of incessant going. An utterly unintelligent person, who needs to be told at every turn what there is to see, and who cannot even put into an orderly array the facts that he actually learns on the ground, will, of course, find that three days at Naples are comparatively valueless to him; and a person that cannot keep on his feet for ten hours at a stretch, and maintain a lively interest in what is before him, will likewise need a much longer period of time. Now, I am not going to lay claim to any large stock of accurate knowledge; but I was pretty well aware before I got on shore as to what I wanted to look at, and so I arranged to economize time. Thanks to the fact that I had some summers in a cornfield when a boy, I am still rather affluent in the matter of health and vital force. The

Expense Acct.

1x

1902

me 2	To Mrs. Hoss ^{9.00} Stamps ^{2.00}	11.00
'3	To Dunder & Schubert	1.15
"	To Frank Anderson	3.15
"	To Andrews & Burnsworth	6.25
"	To A.C. Collier	50.00
"	To various notes	690.00
4	To Mrs. Hoss	75.00
"	" Mary	50.00
"	" rent	30.00
"	" telegrams	2.00
6	" Geo. B. Rawson & Co. ³⁰	4.50
	Stamps ^{3.00} express charges, etc. ^{3.00}	3.00
13	To Mary ^{6.50} other items ^{5.00}	11.50
	To Mrs. Hoss	20.00
15	To insurance, 3 items	150.00
18	To freight - 10 Montague	10.00
	To Eulree's note	10.00
25	Two checks to Sender ^{30.00}	30.00
27	To Mary ^{30.00} To rent ^{30.00}	60.00
	To Mrs. Hoss	50.00
	To Mrs. Hoss ^{27.00} various items ^{3.00}	100.00
July 16	To Mrs. Hoss other items	30.00
18	Sundry bill for self & co	15.97
	over	\$1435.52

result was that I managed to get a great deal of satisfaction out of my short sojourn.

He saw Naples with the trained intelligence of a man who knew what there was to see.

He went after three days to Rome:

From that place I went to Rome, one hundred and sixty-five miles distant, through a country that is charming on its own account, and every foot of which is redolent of history. All my reading came back to me, and the very air seemed to be perfumed with romance and burdened with heroic tragedy. To Rome itself I could give only four days. Many persons had said to me that it would be impossible to see anything satisfactorily in that time, but they were all in error. As a matter of course, I could make no exhaustive study. I knew that much in advance. But it was no small thing to stand on the Janiculum Hill and take in the city as a whole, separated into two parts by the yellow Tiber, which now, as of old, flows swiftly on to the sea; and to follow up this general survey by visits to the Vatican and St. Peter's, and afterwards to the Castle of San Angelo, Santa Maria Maggiore, St. John Lateran, St. Paul's, beyond the walls, the Forum, the Arches of Titus and Constantine, the Baths of Diocletian, the Pantheon, the Coliseum, and scores of other objects of unfading interest. No one that has traveled much can have failed to notice how even a casual glance at historical places illuminates and vivifies all that has before been learned about them. That was especially my experience at Rome. I shall always be thankful for the Providence that suffered me to pass through the Eternal City, and to tarry there for more than half a week.

One incident of my sojourn may please the *Advocate's* constituency. When I got on the train at Naples, the first man that I met was a Methodist preacher, Rev. Gaetano Coute, stationed at Palermo, Sicily, and then on his way to the annual session of the Italian Conference. He proved to be a most intelligent and entertaining companion, and literally laid himself out to give me information on all points of which I was ignorant. From him I learned that Bishop Burt, recently chosen to the Episcopacy by the General Conference at Los Angeles, would preside at the approaching session. No news could have been more delightful to me. Being closely engaged with sight-seeing during the days, I did not get to the business meetings of the body. But I was present at the preliminary prayer services on Wednesday evening,

and also attended and took part in the formal reception which was tendered to the Bishop by his many friends on Thursday evening.

Bishop Burt, who has been on the ground for more than eighteen years, stands well with the present king, as he did with King Humbert. It would be difficult to find a man better fitted to occupy so delicate and difficult a post, and I count it a stroke of real wisdom that put him in a bishop's chair.

Bishop Hoss, although an incidental visitor, was chosen as speaker in the presentation of an engrossed address to the newly elected Bishop.

He reached Florence late in the evening. The following morning he arose, refreshed with sleep "and had a good time with my Greek Testament." He spent the better part of two days in the midst of the place made famous by Savonarola:

I could not help thinking of the fact that it was the very flower of the Renaissance, and wondering how it might be that a movement which had in it so much of life and power should have left such small results in the character of the people. The answer is evident. Unlike the similar movement in Germany, it was almost purely intellectual and aesthetic, and lacked those moral and spiritual elements which are necessary to give depth and permanency. The mere worship of beauty may be associated with moral baseness of every sort, and even the pursuit of abstract truth is of little value unless it be accompanied by a corresponding aspiration after goodness, a hunger and thirsting for righteousness.

On his way from Florence to Venice he was delighted with the mountains:

At almost every turn there are grand mountain views, with peaceful little valleys lying in the embrace of the towering heights. As I passed, the chestnut trees were in full bloom, and the streams were clear. In fact, the only one that I saw in North Italy that looked like those of North Carolina and East Tennessee was the Adige, between Venice and Milan.

He visited Milan, "the busiest of all Italian cities," and his journey led through the St. Gothard pass of the Alps, a glorious

memory; and across Switzerland and France to Paris. He proceeded from Paris to London, which he reached on June 24, four weeks after sailing from Boston.

It was his purpose to pass over the Channel and spend a few days at the Irish Conference, and he deeply regretted his inability to carry out that purpose.

Of his stay in London he said in part:

For about three weeks I made my headquarters in London. What did I do in the meantime? A little of everything. For one thing I wrote my address to the British Conference, which I had hoped to prepare before leaving home, but which a multiplicity of duties had pushed to one side. If anyone should say that I ought to have postponed other things till this was attended to, I shall not contradict him. Perhaps the remark is true. But I have had from my boyhood up a fatal facility for loading myself down with obligations, and then discharging them by main strength, and I am almost too old now to acquire wiser and better habits. All the probabilities are that I shall go right on to the end, living a day at a time, and dying with my hands full of uncompleted jobs. Nothing cheers me more when I think of the other world than the avowed conviction that I shall have time enough there to avoid hurry and confusion. Was it Isaac Taylor who had something to say about the calm serenity with which the angels do their work, unhasting, unresting?

But I was not three weeks writing a speech. Let no one accuse me of wasting time after that fashion.

Of course I saw the sights in London: the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, the Thames Embankment, Trafalgar Square, the National Portrait Gallery, Hyde Park, St. James's Park, the royal palaces, the British Museum, and what not; and I kept a faithful daily record of my comings and goings. But what would it profit anybody to print it? Perhaps my grandchildren will glance at it one day with curious interest. More likely it will go to the dust heap. Nothing seemed so strange to me as the city itself. Day and night there is an endless tide of human beings thronging all the streets. Everyone seems to know his own place. There is a sense of order in the air. The policemen carry no clubs, yet they are obeyed with unhesitating promptness. Let but one of them lift his finger, and all traffic ceases to flow in an instant. Nobody dares to drive on the wrong side of the street. A member of Parliament tried it while I was in London, and was at once arrested and fined for his pains. When he arose

in his seat the next day and asked the Speaker how far the privileges of a member extended, the prompt answer was: "Not so far as the wrong side of the street." After looking at it all for some days, I had about concluded that the Britons are the most law-abiding people on the earth. Just at that time the morning papers contained a story of how a dozen or so "navvys" had done up a whole town, smashing the parson's doors and windows and breaking the stained glass in the church among other things, because the proprietor of a public house would not sell them whisky on a credit. I confess that my first judgment received a severe shock from this occurrence, and I concluded that the Englishman, after all, is the first cousin to the Arizona cowboy, though he does not so often turn himself loose.

Many of the brethren, clerical and lay, showed me courtesy. I am particularly indebted to Dr. Waller for opening pleasant places for me. I went with him on a week day to Basingstoke, about forty miles out, to witness the laying of the foundation stone of a new church. The first two stones were to be laid by the Earl and Countess of Portsmouth. But, as the Countess could not be present, I was invited to take her place, which I did awkwardly enough. The inevitable speech followed, and on the evening of the same day, in company with Mr. Wiseman, of Birmingham, I addressed a large audience at a meeting convened in furtherance of the church scheme. The next day I went with Mr. Sellars, the circuit superintendent, and the rest of the preachers, their wives and children, about twenty all told, on a picnic fourteen miles across the country to Hind Head, one of the beauty spots of England. It was a memorable day. I can never forget the wonderful charm of the fields and the forests, nor the delightful fellowship that brightened the occasion.

By invitation of Dr. Thomas Bowman Stephenson, I ran up into Yorkshire, and had a day or two of perfect pleasure in his hospitable home. He is now president of the Deaconess Training College at Ilkley, and is an ideal host. Nothing could surpass the openness and cordiality of his hospitality. In company with himself and his wife, I drove for one whole day through Wharfedale, visiting the ruins of Bolton Abbey, on the estates of the Duke of Devonshire, and other points of interest. If I were to attempt to describe the scenery, my stock of adjectives would soon be exhausted. So I shall say that it was paradisaical, in the old Greek sense of the word, and stop at that. Hill and valley, and a swift and clear little river, and meadow, and field, and forest, and ancient ruins and modern cottages, and an atmosphere deliciously sweet, and fine roads, and a good team, and at the village of

Burnsall a comfortable lunch in the Red Horse Inn. It was like what I used to read about in Washington Irving, but never expected to see it. My visit to Ilkley was much enhanced by an evening at the residence of Mr. Lupton, a nephew of Dr. Stephenson, a graduate of Cambridge and a learned solicitor. The American who goes to England and does not see the inside of an English home misses the best thing in the island.

From Ilkley I ran down to the old city of Lincoln to take part in the laying of a cornerstone of a church, having received a cordial invitation from Mr. Brailsford, the circuit superintendent. He and his colleagues showed me a most brotherly side. I profited largely by watching their way of doing things, and sought to repay them, as far as possible, by speaking twice. They were all too polite to criticize my poor efforts, but I knew for myself that I had not done them a great service. My home at Lincoln was with Mr. Edward Harrison, an ex-Mayor of the city, who had spent several years as a young man in Canada, and had caught the spirit of the new world without losing the best of the old. Busy as he was, he quit everything, and spent the better part of a day showing me first the ancient Roman ruins of the city, and then the wonderful cathedral—all in all the most wonderful one in England. From Lincoln I went to Epworth, saw the rectory in which Samuel Wesley lived, and stood on the tombstone from which his greater son preached to the rustic congregation.

Besides these engagements, I filled the pulpit—platform rather—on one Sunday at St. James's Hall, the center of the West London Mission, in which Hugh Price Hughes labored for so many years. There were about 800 auditors in the morning, and not less than 2,000 at night. Having been distinctly notified that twenty-five or thirty minutes was the limit for the sermon, I felt a little constrained and awkward to begin with, but soon got on good terms with my congregation. The present superintendent, Rev. C. Ensor Walters, is a young man, trained in Mr. Hughes's traditions, and very efficient in all kinds of evangelistic effort. He looks very much like our Bishop Candler, though not quite so well advanced in years. Of these great city missions I shall have somewhat more to say in another letter. I was entertained for the afternoon by Mr. Percy Bunting, editor of the *Methodist Times* and the *Contemporary Review*, one of the chief Methodist laymen. The last Sunday before Conference I preached twice at Ealing, one of the suburbs of London. It was the occasion of the reopening of the church, which was full both morning and evening of attentive and apparently devout listeners. At the morning hour the full service of the Church of England Prayer Book was

used, as it is in many of the Wesleyan Churches in England. As I am not quite skilled enough to handle that service easily, a lay preacher, Mr. Hedges, took it off my hands, and left me nothing to do except preach, for which I was very thankful. I was guest for the day of my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, who entertained me during the Ecumenical Conference, and who now again opened their home to me.

I was also the guest of the Atlantic Union at its annual dinner, an organization effected by the late Sir Walter Besant for the purpose of bringing Englishmen, Americans, and Colonials together in London in a social way. The company on this occasion numbered about fifty, and was presided over by Mr. W. P. Reeves, Agent in London of the Colony of New Zealand, who is a capital speaker. Very fine addresses were also made by Prof. Oscar Monkswell, Lord Aberdare, and other gentlemen. I was down to respond to the toast to the English-speaking race, and did it as well as I knew how. The social intercourse of the evening was most delightful.

The Earl of Portsmouth presented to Bishop Hoss a silver trowel, properly engraved, as a memorial of the laying of the cornerstone at Basingstoke. Bishop Hoss made an address on that occasion and was invited to take the place of the Countess of Portsmouth, who could not be present, in laying the second cornerstone.

Bishop Hoss was a guest in the home of one of the noble families. He found himself embarrassed by having the servants address him as "My Lord." He felt, however, that it would hardly be proper to say anything to the servants about the matter. After a day or two he did mention it to his host, protesting that his office as a Bishop did not confer any title, or honor, of nobility. His host replied: "An American Bishop is as truly entitled to honor in my home as any Bishop of the English Church."

Bishop Hoss was proud of the fact that he was a Tennessean. His ancestors were among its first settlers, and had been, from the first, among its most prominent and useful citizens. It was a matter of great pleasure to him that the Methodist Church took rank as the strongest Church in the State.

On one occasion, at a reception in London, when he was introduced to an Anglican clergyman as Bishop Hoss of Tennessee, the

clergyman said: "I thought Bishop Gailor was Bishop of Tennessee." Bishop Hoss replied instantly: "You are quite right. Bishop Gailor is the Bishop of Tennessee. I am the Bishop of the Tennesseans."

He wrote of his home during the Conference:

My home during the Conference session was under the roof of Mr. George Senior, an ex-Lord Mayor of the city, and a most hospitable and kindly gentleman. During the thirty-five years of my ministry I have never been entertained in a freer or more generous fashion. Without the slightest particle of ostentation, and yet with a warmth that went straight to my heart, Mr. Senior and his kind family left absolutely nothing undone to make my stay a happy one. He is a very busy man, but he spent a whole day showing me through the great manufacturing plants in the city and the other places of chief attraction to the stranger. I shall never forget all those things. My fellow-guest, Rev. Isaiah Parker, added much to my joy. To mingle with such a man for a week is to learn what the fellowship of the kingdom means.

II

He observed with deep interest the personnel and procedure of the Conference and was especially interested in the discussion of the question of union of the different Methodist bodies in England. He makes the statement, after hearing much discussion, that: "Any attempt to force things prematurely would probably set back the very end in view." That union was to come thirty years later.

He tells with characteristic frankness of the session for the hearing of fraternal addresses:

For the foreign deputations, an open session was held, beginning at 6:30 in the evening after a busy and taxing day's work. Many committees were sitting at the time, and this thinned down the attendance. The feeling of not a few others was doubtless similar to that of a venerable minister who frankly said to me: "Fraternal deputations always talk twaddle." Those who entertained this view foresaw the evil and hid themselves. When the time came, not more than one-third of the Conference was present, and only five or six of the thirty chairs on the platform were occupied. But the people crowded the galleries, and by consent

filled up the vacant spaces on the floor. There was a typewritten program, in which an exact limit was set to each man's time. As a special courtesy I was allowed thirty-five minutes. This was not at my request, as I certainly would not have asked for one second more than was offered me. Under such pressure I naturally felt a little constrained, and scarcely knew just what course to pursue, whether to deliver the speech which I had prepared or to say some words of salutation and sit down. But I concluded to adopt the former course, as far as the occasion would admit. I could not have asked for a more respectful hearing. After once getting started, I managed to keep in company with my audience, who helped me at every turn. It was a gallop to get through. The most of my speech was printed in the *Recorder*. But one or two paragraphs that I really wanted to bring before the brethren were not uttered, and accordingly were not sent to the printer.

Of the address, Rev. John Telford wrote:

Bishop Hoss had a warm welcome among us. He is already regarded as an old friend, and his address at the open session was greatly enjoyed. His points were eagerly caught, and some of the brilliant passages were received with much applause. The description of Goldwin Smith's book on the United States and the thrust at the vagaries of the higher criticism will linger long in our memories. After addressing the Conference, the Bishop went to the great temperance meeting, where he made an impressive speech. We are all sorry that his visit was so brief. It will leave a host of happy memories.

The address of Bishop Hoss on this occasion was published widely in the religious press and also with other addresses in a volume entitled "Methodist Fraternity and Federation in 1913." The passages referred to by Rev. John Telford are well worth reproducing here. Bishop Hoss thought of himself as a representative of that part of the United States in which his Church had its sphere of operations, as well as of that Church itself. Of that matter he said:

And now, Mr. President, as a sort of prophylactic against possible misapprehensions, let me state in the most definite possible terms that from my heart's core out to my finger tips and in every fiber of my being I am an American, loving with a passionate

affection every foot of soil in the great republic, and reverencing more than any poor words of mine can possibly express the starry flag which is the outward and visible symbol of its authority. At the same time, seeing that I am from the South and that I belong to a Church which unhesitatingly publishes in its very name the geographical sphere of its operations, I shall offer no apology for confining myself chiefly to the discussion of affairs in that particular part of the United States.

Am I wrong in supposing that your judgment in regard to the South has been made up in large part on the testimony of those who, to put it mildly, held no brief in our behalf? At any rate, as it appears to us, the majority of those who have spoken and written about us have hardly set us in a fair light before the world. That we are a little sensitive in regard to our reputation is no doubt true, and it can scarcely be considered a fault that we cherish a just regard for the opinions of mankind. To give a concrete example of what I mean, let me say that not a great while ago I reread, after seeing it indorsed in the stately columns of the *Spectator* as of unimpeachable authority, Prof. Goldwin Smith's "History of the United States." But this second reading served only to fortify the conclusion which I had reached about the book some years ago—namely, that, though written in exasperatingly good English, it is as perfect a mixture of crude ignorance and Pharisaical malignity as the literature of our common tongue can show. What Professor Smith has to say about the South may be summed up in a single sentence something like this: That but for its political connection with the more intelligent and progressive North, it would long ago have drifted back into a state of fossilized semibarbarism. "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" To this test and adjudication we are willing to submit without a murmur. Professor Smith himself was never in the South. He is not, therefore, in a position to speak from personal observation. But the record of the facts is writ large in the life of the nation, and so is open to the inspection of all honest and fair-minded students. If anything in human annals is susceptible of proof, it is this: that the men of the South, from the beginning of the colonial days down to the present time, have contributed their full share to the prosperity and glory of their country.

From the South came George Washington, *pater patriæ*, whom the *Methodist Times* insists on classing with the Puritans, but who was really a Cavalier in every drop of his blood, a sort of transfigured and glorified English country gentleman whose nature had been broadened by the ample spaces and the liberal

atmosphere of the New World, of whom John Richard Green truly says that "no nobler figure ever stood in the forefront of a nation's life," and who was so unassailably great that not even gruff old Thomas Carlyle, *advocatus diaboli* as he was, could fulfill his promise to "take George down a peg or two"; Patrick Henry, the supreme orator of the Revolutionary era, not an ignorant and briefless barrister as prejudice has painted him, but a diligent reader of great books and a thinker who grappled the law and the reasons of it with the unrelaxing vigor of a giant; Thomas Jefferson, the author at thirty-three of the Declaration of Independence, and later of the Statute for Religious Freedom in the State of Virginia, and by far the most erudite and versatile of all our Presidents; James Madison, "the father of the Constitution," a publicist whose knowledge ranged broadly and deeply over the whole field of history; John Marshall, the great Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, who dwarfs all his successors in comparison, and by whom more than by any other one man the written Constitution was converted from a tentative theory into an actual working plan of government; Andrew Jackson, son of a Carrickfergus immigrant, whose brilliant victory at New Orleans on January 8, 1815, almost the only substantial land victory that we gained in that miserable war, made it certain that thereafter nobody would venture in times of peace to search an American ship on the high seas; and in later years, when unhappy civil discords issued in a gigantic War between the States, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, those Christian knights without fear and without reproach, who may be held up in the face of all the world with the deliberate challenge to produce their like.

He spoke of the practical effects, rather than the technical questions, of higher criticism:

The atmosphere is increasingly impregnated with the germs of doubt. A feeling of uncertainty has taken possession of the minds of a great many people, and they are raising the question as to whether, after all, we have not been building on the sand instead of on the rock. Very often they are not enemies of Christianity, but simply weak believers without that heroic strain in their faith which has our Lord's promise of special blessing.

Among other causes which have wrought to produce this state of affairs is the general dissemination of the views advanced by the higher critics of the Holy Scriptures. A thoughtful scholar may accept for himself most of these views without at all surren-

dering his established Christian convictions. The law of charity forbids me to think otherwise. But the masses of the people, when they are told that they must no longer regard the Bible as being the Word of God but as simply containing the Word of God in solution with many purely human elements, are naturally staggered and unsettled. "What, then, are we to do?" they ask. "Who shall help us to discriminate what is divine and authoritative from what is human and without binding force on the intellect and the conscience?" The minister who can make light of a question like this, carrying, as it often does, a burden of tearful agony, has the heart of a fiend in him.

Of course we cannot suppress investigation. We are Protestants and not Romanists. "Light and more light" is our watchword. Whatever is proved true we are bound to accept, no matter how much the effort may cost us. But let us not be rash. There is a good deal of foolery mixed up with this higher criticism. The leader who gets too far ahead of the procession ceases to be a leader and becomes a solitary individual going his own gait. There is no want which the Church just now feels more keenly than the want of a sufficient number of profound, well-balanced, and devout scholars without even a trace of the pride of learning and with a keen and solemn sense of their responsibility to God, who shall be able to find safe and solid marching ground for those of us whose duties lie in the sphere of active labor rather than in the pursuit of exact and minute learning. Personally, I feel no trepidation as to the final issue. The things which cannot be shaken will remain as a heritage to our children and our children's children. But I am gravely concerned to arrest, if it may be, the disintegrating effect of the new and often more than doubtful teaching upon the present generation.

III

After saying farewell to the Wesleyan Conference he was ready to be "Homeward Bound." In one of his letters on this tour he refers to his diaries and wonders if his grandchildren will glance at them with curious interest, or if they "will go to the dust heap." How much we would now give to have his Journals covering those eventful fifty years! No trace of them has been found.

It may be doubtful if his Journal contained more intimate accounts of his experiences, thoughts, and feelings than are often

found in private and newspaper correspondence and in his addresses. He wrote so constantly for publication and for pulpit and platform that he acquired the habit of being perfectly at home with his public. He thus leaves the door wide open, so that we are able to see him in the tender and intimate relations of his experiences and life. It may be forty years after an event when he writes of it, as in the case of his story of his first Sunday in San Francisco. It may be in London, before an Ecumenical Conference, that he tells the story of his mother's prayers and his father's conversion. As he was telling the story of leaving Sheffield he slipped into that intimate mood:

I really wanted to stay and see the end of the Conference. But my ticket had already been purchased for the *Majestic*, sailing on the third of August from Liverpool, and there were a few things that I felt compelled to do before leaving England for what is likely to be the last time. So on Monday evening, July 24, I packed up my belongings and started for London. The thought that I was really going home filled me with a great joy. When I went away from the old home for the first time to spend a whole year at school, my heart grew a little sick and faint, and to this day I never leave without a similar feeling, and never get back without a sense of grateful delight. The humblest home on earth is better than a king's palace that belongs to other people. To get up in the morning and look on the faces of those you love, and to go to bed at night with their kisses on your lips, this is surely the greatest of earthly goods and blessings. And the everlasting home! O, shall I reach it at last, and be at rest and peace in the presence of my Lord? God grant it may be so!

Before leaving London he spent a day at "Somerset House, looking over old wills and other documents and coming across many things I was glad to find." He was always interested in history and genealogy and lost no opportunity to add to his store of knowledge.

From London he went to Oxford, where he found much difficulty in finding a place to lodge, because 3,000 doctors were there at a medical convention; but at last found a cuddy-hole in the Roebuck Inn; "and being thoroughly tired out, went to bed

and was soon in that land of dreams where not even an extortionate hotel keeper is able to do one any wrong."

The next morning I was up betimes, had secured a competent guide, and was ready for a full day. As there are twenty-two colleges in Oxford, each a distinct republic in itself, to say nothing of the university buildings proper, it was necessary for me to pick and choose. So I determined to do Christ Church, Magdalen, New College, and Lincoln pretty thoroughly, then to go through the Bodleian Library, and afterwards to glance at the rest as well as I could in the time at my disposal. My guide was a stout Englishman something past middle life, and possessed uncommon knowledge of the sort that was useful to me. By noon I had walked him down and talked him out of breath. For the rest of the day we had a cab. It would be presumption in me to fill up your precious space with a detailed narrative of what I saw. But that day with its suggestions and inspirations is a memory forever. On the whole, nothing interested me so much as the Great Hall of Christ Church, 150 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 60 feet high, its walls hung with the portraits of the mighty men who once sat there as students, though a hundred other things kindled my imagination, and would have detained me if I could have commanded the time. It will not be long till the Rhodes scholars begin to go thither from America. Whether they will profit most in such associations is not at all certain to me. The university is so indissolubly linked with everything that is wonderful in English history as to make it the very place for English youth. But Americans are to live in a new order, wholly different from the old, and they need to spend the most impressible years of their lives in the midst of environments that will adapt them to their future work. That, at any rate, is the way it looks to me, though I hold my opinion modestly and subject to rational revision.

I went to Birmingham to be the guest of Rev. F. L. Wiseman, who had kindly insisted on taking me in hand and showing me the next day to Stratford-upon-Avon and Warwick Castle. To be one night under his roof is worth a hundred miles of travel. What a companion he is! And what a charming family he has! The very air is saturated with simple piety and sound culture.

To go to Stratford at any time and in any company would be a rare experience. But to go on a bright July day with such a guide as Mr. Wiseman is what does not come to a man more than once in a lifetime.

He tells amusingly of his guide at Leicester Hospital:

One of the inmates took us through. He was a character. Long ago, he told us, he had got many a wet shirt in the Nile, when he was going after "Fuzzy Wuzzy." To hear him reel off the history of the establishment, in the most declamatory tone imaginable, dropping his h's as he went along, and finally concluding with a "God save the," while the sweat poured from his face in a stream, amused me immensely.

He tells of Mr. Wiseman's kindness in getting him off to Belfast and of his experience with his baggage at Liverpool:

It is hard to tear one's self away from such company; but at 6 P.M. we were back at Birmingham, and I had to say good-bye to Mr. Wiseman. He did not leave me till he had seen my baggage properly marked for Belfast, and given me all needed directions. But for his thoughtfulness in this regard, I should have been in an evil case; for when I got to Liverpool at ten o'clock, my baggage did not turn up with me. The ship was to leave in half an hour. What should I do? Finding a tramp on the platform, I got him to pilot me to the ship's landing, where I stated my case to the chief official and begged for a little delay. He kindly gave me half an hour. Then my tramp and I started on a search. Through what places we did go! I should surely have been lost but for my "guide, philosopher, and friend," and I did not know but that he might knock me on the head any moment as we passed around the dark corners. But at last we turned up the missing trunks and satchels. How were we to get them to the ship, half a mile away? There was nothing to do but to carry them. You should have seen us with a satchel in each hand and the trunk between us. After running thus a hundred yards, we stumbled on a cab, shifted our burdens to it, got in, and were whirled away at a rapid pace. When we reached the landing the gangway was taken up, and I had a scuffle to get aboard, having paid off my assistant and met the demands of the cab driver. It was then nearly midnight, and before I could secure my berth and get to sleep I was nearly tired out. After that I knew nothing more till broad daylight. We were then approaching the coast of Ireland, and pulled up against the Belfast wharf at nine o'clock.

He tells of his trip to the Giant's Causeway:

To reach the Causeway, it is necessary to take a steam train for seven miles. The rain poured in torrents. Our umbrellas were of little service; but some good friends had lent us waterproof coats, and we managed to keep very comfortable. At the end of

the tramway, we had to walk about two miles through a particularly sticky mud. But the scenery along the coast is so wild and grand, and the basaltic columns upthrust through the earth in endless confusion are so strange, that I should have been willing to endure even more rather than to miss the sight. We got back to Portrush late in the afternoon, and I was ravenously hungry. Never did a pot of hot tea go straighter to the right place. It was 10:30 P.M. as we rolled into Belfast. One of the sons of Dr. and Mrs. Crawford Johnson—there are five of them, and all worthy of such parents, which is the highest praise I could give them—met me at the train and escorted me to his father's house, where I found an appetizing supper and a welcome that touched me in the deep places of my nature. It was Saturday night. On the next day I was to preach twice. As a preparation for it, I slept till eight without a break or pause.

As on his former visit to England and Ireland in 1901, he had seen the life of their people on all its planes and had acquired friendly relations with its classes from Lord Mayors to tramps. His friends multiplied there as they had multiplied wherever he had gone in his beloved America.

In the midst of these busy days he wrote his daughter tenderly. A part of that letter follows:

My Dear Daughter: This is Sunday morning and while I am waiting for the maids to clean up my room I will write you a brief letter. It has been a busy and pleasant week with me, though all the time I have thought of the dear ones so far away, and wished that I might be with you.

I must quit now to go to Church. But I cannot close without saying that my heart goes with this letter. I love you, love you, love you, my dear daughter, more than all my words can possibly tell. Think gently of me always and don't forget to pray for me.

YOUR FOND AND FOOLISH OLD FATHER.

Sailing from Belfast, he reached New York on the Majestic on August 10.

CHAPTER XXIII

WORK IN BRAZIL

There can be no doubt that the Bay of Rio is in all respects one of the most beautiful in the world. After having seen the bays of San Francisco, Cienfuegos, and Naples, I am compelled to award it the palm above them all.

I

THE work in Brazil was assigned to Bishop Hoss for 1905; and he continued in charge of that field for four years. During that time he also had charge, first and last, of Indian Mission, Northwest Texas, North Texas, North Mississippi, Baltimore, Alabama, White River, Holston, Memphis, and Tennessee; thus serving, for a year or more, each of the Conferences stretching from Baltimore to Northwest Texas, while at the same time giving sole episcopal supervision to Southern Methodist work in Brazil.

Immediately following his appointment to Brazil he began to make preparation for the journey to South America and the administration of the missionary work in Brazil.

On his way to Brazil he "managed to get through with at least a dozen superior volumes, besides going twice through a Portuguese Grammar, and learning to read, with some considerable ease, the New Testament in that language."

He wrote of leaving home for his first trip to Brazil:

At 5:30 A.M. on the last day of May I left my wife and daughter at Monteagle, Tenn., to visit our mission in Brazil. The parting caused me not a little sorrow. By heredity and by training I am a domestic creature. There is no place on God's earth so dear to me as my own home. Advancing years have strengthened rather than weakened my disinclination to be separated from those whom I love. If my personal wishes could be consulted, I should never go away on a long journey, much less put the sea between myself and my native land. The time that yet remains to me in the flesh is short, and the greater is the reason for spend-

ing it among those whose faces are to me as God's angels and whose voices appeal to my inmost heart.

A brief stop-over at Jonesboro with my brother and sister brought back a thousand recollections from the misty past, as tender and holy as heaven itself. All the other scenes in my life are constantly shifting, but the home of my childhood, though it is only a dull and sleepy old town in the hills is a permanent and enchanted background in my memory. Thither came my forefathers, stout and courageous men, when the whole country was yet a wilderness and there were not one hundred white families in what is now the State of Tennessee. The traditions of all that they did and suffered in those pioneer days entered early into my blood and marrow, and became an essential part of my being. The blue, overarching skies, and the distant mountains, and the silent forests, and the green fields, and the clear and shining streams—these are a part of my patrimony. No change of time or place can take them from me nor rob me of the joy of possessing them. And there in the old cemetery overlooking the town lies the sacred dust of my parents and other kindred, sleeping so peacefully till the resurrection morn, when the clangor of the angel's trumpet shall break in splendor on the world. If I did not love it all, I should be something less or more than human; and I ask no better lot than that when my wanderings are over I may find there a little space in which to lay down my tired body and rest till Jesus comes.

The voyage took eighteen days. The first stop was at Pernambuco on the second Sunday out. The sea was very rough and with many others he did not leave the ship:

But I managed to get a goodly number of them together at 8 P.M., and talked to them for fifteen or twenty minutes. Some kind friends furnished good music, and Mr. Daffan, a young Presbyterian missionary, made a fervent and helpful prayer. On the previous Sunday nearly everybody on board had crowded into the reading room to listen to a sermon and had given as close and respectful attention as could be desired. I thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of expounding and enforcing a passage from the Sermon on the Mount.

I shall never be able to forget an experience that I enjoyed about ten degrees below the equator. The sun had gone down in glory, flooding the western heavens with his declining rays, and making the ocean itself to glow like molten gold. One by one

the stars began to appear till the whole dome was studded with them. The air was soft and gentle, like that of a June evening in Tennessee. When Captain Ohls invited me to go upon the bridge, I was most happy to say yes. It took me a little time to get my bearings, but presently I grasped the whole view. The moon was two hours out of sight. In the far north, Orion with his flaming belt was just sinking below the horizon, while the Great Dipper, turned upside down, was ten degrees higher. Overhead Arcturus was leading forth his sons. Just coming up out of the sea in the south, Canopus fairly blazed before our eyes. Across the firmament the Milky Way stretched like a vast band of silver, braided with flashing diamonds, and there, sure enough, was the Coal Sack or Magellan's Clouds, a sort of void space in the universe, while close beside it, and leaning like a benediction over the sea, was the Southern Cross.

He wrote interestingly of his fellow passengers, but especially of the ship's officers:

Of the officers of the ship, I have already spoken in a general way. Captain Ohls claims to be a Scotchman, though his name is distinctly Teutonic, and his speech also bewrayeth him. But he was born in Glasgow, and his mother was a Campbell. That strain of blood, as far as my observation goes, is always sufficiently strong to make itself felt in any commingling of races. The first officer, Mr. Thomas, is a Welshman and a Calvinistic Methodist, with a good ringing voice and a fine Celtic faculty for companionship; and the purser, Mr. Rennie, as his name, his appearance, and his manners all indicate, is a fellow-countryman of Bobbie Burns. He lets it be known that he is a Presbyterian; and as far as I could judge without ocular evidence, he is not at all averse to a "wee drap" of the fluid which the plowman-poet so thoroughly relished. The ship's surgeon is an American, Dr. Lance, the son of a New England clergyman, and a graduate of Yale University—a genuine Yankee inside and out, tall, angular, and sober-looking, but as full of fun and merriment as an egg of meat, and breaking out into all manner of queer remarks on all sorts of subjects. He sat to my left at the table, and long before the first week was over I had conceived for him a feeling of admiration and attachment.

Bishop Hoss sometimes quoted a homely Methodist, whom he had known in his youth, as saying: "The most interesting thing in the world is folks."

WORK IN BRAZIL

He reached Rio de Janeiro on June 23. The next day he met with the committee which was at work on a revised version of the Portuguese Bible. The second day was Sunday and he had his first experience in preaching through an interpreter:

My first service after getting ashore was to preach twice the same morning—first to the Brazilians, and then to the English and Americans. In an experience of nearly forty years, this was the first time that I had ever been called on for two sermons without intermission, and it proved to be something of a task. The first sermon—to the Brazilians—was interpreted by Dr. Tarboux, who did his work with surprising ease and smoothness. I could not resist the feeling as we moved along that he was improving everything I said. Certainly he had no difficulty in catching my sentences and turning them into good Portuguese. But all the same I suffered a certain sense of constraint. To break off a thought in the middle, wait for the fragment to be interpreted, and then utter the remainder of it, is, to put it mildly, somewhat awkward. Under such conditions soaring is out of the question, and undue feeling must be vigorously suppressed. Now my soaring days are over, and I do not mind being held down to the solid earth; but it is hard for me to preach without emotion. I scarcely think that I have preached at all when I have simply made a clear statement of the truth.

After spending a week in Rio he went into the interior to inspect the work, visiting all but one of the presiding elders' districts before the Annual Conference should meet on July 27.

Travel was not easy in Brazil in 1905:

The first long trip that I took to the interior was to Bello Horizonte, the capital of the State of Minas, four hundred miles from Rio, and the object of it was to be present at the opening—in-
auguration, they call it here—of the new church erected during the year at a cost of \$15,000 by Rev. James L. Kennedy. My program was to go up at night and come down in the day, and I supposed, of course, that I should take a sleeper; but when I was informed that it would cost me seven good American dollars, my conscience rebelled against such a piece of extortion. In spite of the assurance that the ordinary coaches were very comfortable, and that the recent long dry spell had made everything very dusty, I resolved to sit up the full seventeen hours. Sit up is the correct form of speech; for the coaches proved to be much crowded, and

lying down was quite out of the question. Once when I had managed to get a whole seat to myself, and had stretched myself out for a little nap, an impertinent train official passed through, caught me rudely by the shoulder, and said: "If you want to sleep here, you will have to do it—sitting up. There is a Federal law against lying down to do it." Fortunately my stock of Portuguese is so limited that I could make no such reply to him as I wished.

He was preaching wherever he went, sometimes three times a day; and preaching through an interpreter did not grow easier:

It was my hope that speaking through an interpreter would become easier after a few ventures, but I have not found it so. In fact, when one gets enough of the language to catch the meaning of words and phrases, the difficulty of his task is increased; for he is no longer concerned simply with speaking out his own thoughts in his own tongue and suffering the interpreter to do all the rest; but, whether he wills it or not, he will find himself trying to follow his thought till it reaches the audience, and thus dividing and dissipating his mental energy. Real preaching is hard work at best. It taxes all a man's energies—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. At the end of a sermon he is bound to feel more or less that the virtue is gone out of him. When in addition to this normal drain there is the distraction of which I have just spoken, the exhaustion will be increasingly great.

At Sao Paulo, where the Conference met on July 27, he was a guest in the home of the presiding elder, Rev. E. B. Crooks, and felt as easy as if he had been in his own home. How tenderly he longed for home is shown by his account of receiving letters from home:

To my great joy I found a package of letters awaiting me from home, the first for seven weeks. If I should say that I read every one of them again and again, I should not be far from telling the exact truth. Nobody knows until he has put the sea between himself and his native land how much a dozen lines in a familiar handwriting may mean.

He took time for a short journey through Uruguay and Argentina and was greatly delighted with Buenos Aires, which he reached on "the day of the burial of Dr. Carlos Pellegrini, the greatest

orator and statesman of the country. Dr. Pellegrini, on his mother's side, was a nephew of John Bright, and therefore came honestly by his inheritance of facile and forcible speech."

Bishop Hoss went to Brazil for the purpose of supervising the work in that field. As above indicated he visited as rapidly as practicable every place where his Church had work of any kind, and became acquainted with the missionaries and native workers. He traveled with them from place to place, sharing with them the inconvenience and discomfort of second-class railroad coaches, riding all night in day coaches, where passengers were not allowed to lie down. He was especially delighted to be in the homes of the missionaries and to enjoy the hospitality of Brazilian homes. Wherever he went he preached, sometimes three or four times a day. He would preach to English and Americans and then, without intermission, to Brazilians. He wrote that he could not resist the feeling "as they moved along that Dr. Tarboux, who was his interpreter, was improving everything he said."

He was impressed as he surveyed the field that there was need of a definite and persistent continuity of policy. It is likely that his continuous service in Brazil for four years was the result of his conviction that such service was needed.

After the close of the Conference at Sao Paulo he left Brazil in order to be ready for his Conferences at home. He reached Bristol in time for the meeting of his beloved Holston Conference. He never missed a session of Holston Conference when it was possible to be there.

He presided over the Indian Mission Conference at Lawton, November 8. This was the fourth time he presided over this Conference. It was the first Conference which he held after election to the episcopacy. The work of this Conference had shown phenomenal progress and membership had multiplied very rapidly.

II

He returned to Brazil in 1906, sailing from New York June 5, and found a most hearty welcome there, not only by the missionaries of his own, but of other denominations. He wrote:

In the city of Rio Grande I was delayed for one day. Bishop

Kinsolving and Dr. William C. Brown, of the Protestant Episcopal Mission, came on board my steamer, took me ashore, and made me their guest. Two finer Christian men one would find it hard to discover anywhere. They are both Virginians, gentlemen, scholars. Better than that, they are sincere Christians, full of devotion to our common Master and of love for all his disciples. As a matter of course, they are principled believers in their own Church. Nobody can blame them for that. But they are broad enough and liberal enough to recognize the honesty of those who belong to other denominations. I shall never forget the day I spent in their homes; it was full of delightful talk and of such fellowship as is never realized outside the kingdom of heaven.

He commented on the prosperity of the work:

All the workers likewise cheered me by the hopefulness with which they spoke and the readiness with which they took up the duties put upon them. The growth of the Church in that part of Brazil is remarkable. We took over the State of Rio Grande from our brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church four or five years ago. At that time there were only about two hundred and fifty members in three or four weak congregations. Now we have over one thousand members, and are making constantly larger gains. In Porto Alegre itself we have two good congregations, both of which would be self-supporting if they were only housed.

He visited the colony from the South who had migrated to Brazil after the War between the States and tells of his visit:

The story of this colony is full of romance and of tragedy. At the close of the Civil War, five or six hundred people, utterly disheartened with the conditions then existing in the South, determined to try their fortunes in Brazil. They came from different States, and sailed at different times. Many others thought of joining them, but finally gave it out. Among the number of such was the late Chancellor Landon C. Garland, of Vanderbilt University. It cannot be said that the venture has been a great success. A few of the colonists have grown comparatively wealthy; quite a number have made a good living; the rest have had a hard time. Nearly all those who went out as men and women are dead. Some of them, however, survive. I met two, men of fine intelligence, who followed John Morgan through the war. Just forty-two years before I had seen them galloping after that great

cavalryman on the day before his death. Little did I think then that I should meet them again in the heart of South America.

At Villa Americana we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hall, formerly from Georgia. He is an Episcopalian, and she a Presbyterian. Three or four of the five daughters of the house have in succession married Presbyterian missionaries. When I suggested to the good lady that it was almost time for the Methodists to have a showing, she gave me to understand that she had all the clerical sons-in-law she desired, which was bad news for my bachelor friend, Brother Parker.

He was in Brazil when the Third International Conference of American Republics was held at Rio de Janeiro, July 21-August 26, 1906, and gave an account of the impression made by Secretary of State Elihu Root:

It was my privilege to be in Brazil during the recent visit of Mr. Secretary Root and the sessions of the Pan-American Congress, and to take careful note of their effect upon the popular mind. That this effect was pronounced and far-reaching there can be no manner of doubt.

It must be confessed, too, that Mr. Root deported himself with most becoming dignity, both before the Conference and wherever else he appeared. Without fawning or cringing, he touched his auditors at their most susceptible points. Nothing could have been finer than his occasional allusions to their "older civilization." Not once during his whole sojourn in the republic did he say a rude or awkward thing, not once did he fail to stroke the fur the right way. It was no wonder that he took the country by storm. From one end of it to the other he was feted and feasted in great style.

The Brazilians understand how to treat a guest. They seem to have an instinct for seeing and doing the right thing at the right time. Their hospitality knows no bounds. If Mr. Root was not abundantly satisfied with what he got, then he must be hard to please.

He left Brazil on August 18 and reached Monteagle on September 10, and was again with his Holston friends at their meeting, at Cleveland, Tenn., in October. His Conferences in Texas were meeting the middle of November.

During these years, when he was giving so largely of his time

to Brazil, he was each year superintending the work in three or more Conferences in the United States. He was also a member of the Commission on Federation, the Commission on Revision of the Ritual, the Commission on the Joint Hymnal, and the committee for the building of a great church in Washington City. In his "leisure moments" he wrote many articles which were published in church and secular papers and in magazines. He was in constant demand in every part of the Church for special sermons and addresses.

III

He left Monteagle, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Mary Hoss, June 1, and sailed for Brazil for the third time on the Tennyson, June 5, 1907. The work in Brazil had developed into two missions and he went first to South Brazil, tarrying at Rio only long enough to answer letters and attend to imperative items of business. After four days on the Orita, "a floating palace of the Pacific Steamship line," he reached Montevideo, where he took a Plata River steamer to Buenos Aires. Two full days' travel by river and rail brought him to Uruguayana, where the Conference met. He wrote of the Conference:

Our gathering was not a large one—only eighteen or twenty all told. Several of these had come from immense distances. The brethren from Porto Alegre, for example, had to be absent three Sundays from their charges, and to spend at least sixty or seventy dollars on the way. What would the Virginia preachers think of going to Atlanta or Nashville to Conference? Yet they could do it with less expense and infinitely less pains than it cost these missionaries and native preachers to come up to their annual convocation.

We got through with our business very pleasantly. Everybody was in good humor. The Spirit of the Lord was present among us from beginning to end. The reports showed steady progress all along the line.

On the return trip to Rio, rough seas were encountered:

And rough waters we certainly had for the half of the trip to Rio. On Sunday afternoon, while we were at dinner, a great wave

struck us, turned the ship almost half over on her side, and sent a perfect hurricane of plates, cups and saucers, knives and forks, and wine bottles flying to the floor. Before we could get steady in our seats, she righted up, rolled over the other way, and completed the demolition of the tableware. Three hundred dishes were broken in an instant. In passing, I may say that I held on to my plate and continued my dinner. That evening, however, I was shot about twenty feet across the reading room, and came nearly getting my head broken; and all night long I was tossed from side to side of my bed, while my satchels marched up and down the floor, first this way and then that, as if they were having a game with one another. When it was over, I felt as tired as if I had cut wood or cradled wheat through a long July day.

Reaching Rio five days before Conference was to meet there, he ran up four hundred miles into the State of Minas to look over the work in that region. Since he was there two years before, Isabella Hendrix College had been built, at a cost of \$30,000. Again he was impressed with the need of church buildings and made strong appeals to the home church for money with which to build new churches. Each year saw the result of his appeals and labors in the expansion of the work in Brazil.

This was his third time to hold the Brazil Conference. It proved more harmonious than former sessions. "During the year there had been an increase of several hundred in membership and a manifest growth in compactness and solidarity of organization." In ordaining two elders he "used the Portuguese Ritual throughout—a little awkwardly, to be sure, but still with more ease than he had anticipated." His study of the Portuguese Grammar was bearing fruit.

Of the difficulty of episcopal administration in Brazil he said:

That we must have a more settled continuity of episcopal administration seems certain. Nothing could be more difficult than the work of our bishops in the disposition and oversight of the forces. For a long time they made only biennial visits. No one of them has been able to speak the language, nor even to carry on an easy conversation in it. One and all they have had to use the services of an interpreter not only in preaching, but also in carrying on the business of the Conference.

The need of continuous supervision and the need of more church buildings he carried with him as he left the country. In a very interesting letter on the Country and People of Brazil he wrote:

The oftener one goes to Brazil, the more he is likely to be impressed with the country. It is only by slow and insensible degrees that its immense magnitude begins to dawn on him.

My contact with the Brazilians has been a delightful experience to me. It is impossible to come into close relations with them without conceiving an affection for them. The strain of Gallic blood in my own veins has perhaps made me capable of sympathizing with many of their traits of character and of judging leniently what must be confessed to be their serious faults. I like their warmth of temperament, and am not offended even by their effusiveness. They are a kindly and hospitable folk, freely opening their hearts and homes to those whom they judge worthy, and counting nothing too much to be done for even chance guests.

Among the many friends of Bishop Hoss none stood closer than Dr. Collins Denny, afterwards Bishop Denny. A letter from Bishop Hoss to Dr. Denny, written from Monteagle on September 9, 1907, contains some paragraphs which show that, with all the self-reliant strength of one who found friends on every shore, there was a wistful longing for the intimate fellowship of a close friend: "I was very sorry not to see you when I was in Nashville last week, as there are many things about which I wish to talk to you, and, besides, I am hungry for the sight of your face and the sound of your voice. This is the first time you have ever forgotten to welcome me home."

As he was preparing to sail for Brazil with Mary in 1908, Sessler came very nearly losing his life. He wrote Mary of the accident:

Sessler nearly lost his life yesterday. He went into the country six miles to see a patient, drove his team into a stream that was swollen out of its banks, missed the ford, was washed down against a barbed-wire fence, lost his grip, his buggy, and one of his horses, and saved his own life only by climbing up into a little tree, where he remained a long time with the flood sweeping all around him. Some negro men at last came to the rescue and

threw him a rope. He tied it around his body and was dragged to the bank, more dead than alive. Today he is up, but very sore and shaken. It was a close call.

IV

Sessler was sufficiently recovered for him to sail on schedule. Of this, his fourth voyage to Brazil, he wrote:

From New York to Rio I traveled on the Tennyson, the same ship on which I had already made three voyages. Her former commander, Captain Ohls, is no more, having sailed during the past winter to that shadowy port from which no man ever returns. His place is occupied by Captain Allen, a true Irishman, who, without being at all effusive, makes himself most agreeable to all his passengers. The Tennyson cannot be called a floating palace. Built for a freight ship, she was afterwards reconstructed so as to make fifteen or twenty comfortable cabins. The table is well supplied, and all the appointments are good enough for those who do not care for better. As usual, I found pleasant company enough to meet all reasonable demands. Too much is not desirable as a simple sufficiency. In any part of the world—so, at least, it has turned out with me—he that shows himself friendly is sure to meet with kind friends. If a man anywhere fails to be treated with consideration, it is most likely the result of his own conduct. My good mother, who has long been at rest with God, taught me some lessons in regard to these matters which have verified themselves most abundantly in my personal experience. O strong and gentle soul, how shall I ever discharge the debt of gratitude which I owe thee?

He had mentioned Captain Ohls in writing of his former voyages, saying in 1907:

Captain Ohls and his fellow-officers, with whom I had before made two long voyages, gave me a most cordial welcome and left nothing undone to make my twenty days with them comfortable and happy. My personal experience may be exceptional, but I desire to record the fact that in all my wanderings by sea and land I have never been the recipient of the slightest discourtesy from any human being. The world owes me no debts. On the contrary, it would be impossible for me to discharge the obligations under which it has brought me by ten thousand acts of undeserved kindness.

Miss Mary Hoss, who had been ill for some time, again accompanied her father to Brazil; but she remained with friends at Rio while her father was busy with his work throughout the country.

On the S. S. Orion going south from Rio, he wrote Dr. Denny:

I have nevertheless done a good deal of useful reading, and have gone nearly through the Portuguese Grammar. If I could stay three months in the country and secure a good teacher, I should be able at the end of that time to speak the language with some facility. At least I think so.

I have been quite lonely on this long journey, and I feel tonight that I would give not a little to have a free and easy talk with you and Du Bose. The thought of my wife brings the tears to my eyes. She and I are getting old; and I do trust that I may be able, in the years to come, to be less frequently absent from her. As I come toward my threescore years, I see with wonderful clearness that many of the things in which I have been interested are really of little value. God help me hereafter to concentrate on the main issues of life and destiny.

You can scarcely know how much your friendship has meant to me. Without it I should be ineffably poorer in life and character than I am. Next to the favor of God, the love of good men is the best blessing that the world contains.

Bishop Hoss and his daughter, Miss Mary, reached Nashville on August 24. It was almost time to take up the round of his fall Conferences.

This was his last trip to South America. Four times he had crossed the seas and had taken up the work of an undershepherd of the Church in the land of the Southern Cross. But he was not to lose interest in its work and people. Ten years later, when failing health forced his retirement, he was still vitally interested in the welfare and disposition of the work in Brazil.

CHAPTER XXIV

AMONG HIS OWN PEOPLE

We talked of the old times, of our childhood days, of the friends and companions of our youth, of our dear departed parents, of all things sacred and holy in heaven and earth.

I

IN 1908 Bishop Hoss was in charge of the Holston, Tennessee, and Memphis Conferences, which comprised all the work of his Church in Tennessee, and also of the Alabama Conference. After his return from Brazil, these Conferences must be held before the close of the year.

He had spent a few days at Jonesboro just before going to Knoxville to preside over Holston Conference. He was not very well and was depressed. As always he wrote intimately to Mary:

My trip here has been rather a mournful one to me; nearly all the people I used to know are in the graveyard. Everybody has been very kind to me. But I don't feel as if I cared ever to come back any more. The place brings up too many sad associations that anything like a long stay here is really depressing.

Two days earlier he had written:

I have not been well a single day since I left home, and am still much under the weather. If I were only able to take exercise, I should have been a great deal better by this time. Uncle Arch is treating me and thinks that I will be all right in a few days. I went with him down to the old Sevier place day before yesterday. It is a beautiful place, fronting a full mile on the Chucky River, and running back another mile across broad bottoms to the very top of the mountains. Dr. Henry Jackson, the present owner, treated us very kindly in every way. He has built a new house on the old site, but has left the old stone chimney standing and covered it with English ivy and Virginia creeper. I never saw a prettier place in all my life. If you ever get a chance, you must go to see it.

The "Sevier Place" to which he and Arch went was the home of their great-grandfather, John Sevier. This was to be the last of those delightful experiences which they were to share. His next visit to Jonesboro was to add another to those associations which, in the home of his youth, made him sad. But neither pain nor sadness could deprive him of the delight which from youth he had found in the hills of home.

His own Holston Conference met at Knoxville, October 7-12. His presence among his brethren was always an occasion of delight to them and was doubly so to him. The work of the Conference at that time was heavier than usual. Only a year before, Bishop Morrison had changed district boundaries so as to divide both of the city districts, thus making two districts each for Knoxville and Chattanooga. At the same time he had made a nearly complete change in the personnel of presiding elders. At that time there were several men who were verging on the age for retirement. There was the painful necessity of moving some of these men, among whom were some who had been in the very front rank during the lifetime of Bishop Hoss. Notable among these was Dr. Frank Richardson, who but the year before had gone out of the presiding eldership into a pastorate. His people were insisting on a young man. He had been fifty years in the Conference, but was still in vigorous health both of mind and body. He was not a man to be dislodged easily. It is said that when his board told him that they wanted a younger man his reply was, "I hope none of you live to be old men." He was moved to Fountain City and served happily there until his death nearly four years later.

Bishop Hoss was plainly distressed by the necessity of exercising authority in making these appointments. At one time he named a committee to talk with these older men, but before dismissing his cabinet that afternoon, he recalled the appointment and said: "It is my duty to attend to this matter, and I shall not ask others to do so."

His sermon on Sunday morning was regarded by those who heard him as excelling in clearness and power anything which they had heard from his lips. The sermon which he preached

was often preached and always with power. His theme was, "The Primacy of Christ." He preached with resistless sweep and momentum.

The Tennessee Conference was held at McMinnville; the Memphis at Covington; and the Alabama at Greensboro.

II

In the very midst of the fiercest days of the battle with the enemies of righteousness in Tennessee, his brother, Dr. A. C. Hoss, of Jonesboro, became ill. An engagement to speak in Nashville had to be postponed; and he took the first train for Jonesboro. While waiting in the Read House, at Chattanooga, for a train, on December 21, 1908, he wrote his daughter in words as simple as those of a little child:

My train proved to be 30 minutes late in leaving Nashville; but it made the whole trip in less than four hours or about that and got here at 4 o'clock. The day was dark and misty, suiting very well with my feelings. I tried to forget my sorrow, but somehow it pressed heavily on me all the time. The days of other years came back to me. I felt once more as if I were a little child, kneeling at my mother's knees to say my prayers, or lying in my trundle-bed with my arms around Uncle Arch's neck. It seems only yesterday. But more than 50 long years have slipped away. Through what scenes have I passed, scenes of joy and sorrow, of life and death! The oldest of four brothers, I shall probably be the last. And my time will soon come to make the long journey. God grant that I may be ready. One thing comforts me now. I have never been alienated from my brother, not even in his wildest days. At all times, I have loved him and clung to him; and now, in the end, our hearts are not divided. He came to love me and honor me more and more as the years went by. The greatest lesson that I have learned in my long pilgrimage on the earth is that love alone is the supreme good and that, sooner or later, if it be persistent, it conquers all things. Like the law of gravitation, it holds the world together.

I gravely fear that the end will have come before I get to Jonesboro. It would be a great joy to me to hear one more word from my dear brother's lips; but I am trying to brace myself for the worst. God bless dear Aunt Allie and the sweet little children. It will be a sad world to them if Arch goes away.

Arch was living when Embree reached his bedside; but in the afternoon of the following day he died. Before leaving Jonesboro, Bishop Hoss wrote:

A BROTHER'S TRIBUTE

Dr. Archibald Calvin Hoss, son of Henry and Anna Maria Sevier Hoss, was born at Jonesboro, Tenn., December 11, 1852; and died of pneumonia at his home, near that place, on the afternoon of December 22, 1908. He was in many respects a most unusual man. Acquiring a good literary education at the academy of his native town and at Emory and Henry College, he graduated in his twenty-third year from Jefferson Medical College, of Philadelphia. Not long afterwards he entered upon the practice of medicine at Conway, Ark., remaining there for about seven years, and then returning to his old home to spend the rest of his days. In his forty-fifth year he was married to Miss Allie Susong, of Greene County, Tenn., a most admirable woman, who, with a little son of nine and two daughters of six and three, survives his death.

Few men are endowed with better natural abilities than he possessed. He was a diligent and in some directions a profound student, and had held for many years a high rank in his noble profession. For charlatanry or quackery he had an infinite contempt. While firm and strong in his judgments, he was at the farthest extreme from pretentiousness. He knew his own limitations and those of his art, and never once sought to make money or reputation by playing upon the weakness or ignorance of his patients. A more absolutely honest physician it would be hard to imagine.

Outside of his calling he had a wide range of interests and sympathies. In general literature he read much and read well—works of history, biography, science, romance, and poetry. The great poets especially were a delight to him. Shakespeare and Robert Burns were his lifelong companions. He relished the smell of fresh earth, and was an expert and prosperous farmer. It pleased him greatly to be able to say that he had raised one hundred bushels of good corn on an acre of red clay hillside. Nobody in his county had better stock or took better care of it.

Patriotism was in his blood. He loved the State of Tennessee as well as any son that was ever nurtured on her ample bosom, and especially that mountain portion of it in which he lived. Once, when we were journeying on foot together through the Unaka Range and had come into an almost inaccessible cove, with

a clear stream of water running through it and the wooded heights towering all around it, he took off his hat reverently and said: "I am kin to you."

For politics in the higher sense he had a keen natural appetency, and was prompt to take sides openly and decidedly on questions that involved essential righteousness. There was in him also something of the hero worshiper. His admiration for the late Senator Carmack was unbounded, and he was terribly shocked by the untimely and awful death of that brilliant man. The masterly address which he delivered at a memorial meeting in Jonesboro has the throb and quiver of a great human heart under it.

Of outdoor sports he was extremely fond. The open air always set his pulse to beating more rapidly, being in this regard his mother's true son. He was a good horseman and a crack shot. Many and many a time on the frosty October mornings he used to wake me and say: "The horses and dogs are all ready; come and help me run down a fox." It would have been better for me, no doubt, had I gone with him oftener. All day long when he was in his prime he would tramp the fields and forests in search of game, and rarely failed to come back with an ample supply—and with what was much better, the glow of health and of simple pleasure.

That such a man should have friends was inevitable, and he had them from his youth up. When less than twenty years old he faced an epidemic of cholera—though nearly everybody fled that could get away—and gave weary weeks to visiting and nursing the sick, burying the dead, and protecting the property of the community. Nor did it ever occur to him, so simple and straight was his nature, that in accepting such risks he was acting the part of a hero. All classes of people respected him, rich and poor, high and low. Little children loved him, and dependent negroes had a warm place for him in their hearts.

In his own home he was at his best. For his good wife, who was the greatest blessing that God ever sent him, he had unlimited respect and affection; and for his children a feeling that passed all ordinary bounds. He was my next younger brother. Between us no shadow of misunderstanding ever passed. While he lived I always felt as if I were two men, for in any trouble he never failed to be at my side. Now that he is gone a great sense of loneliness has fallen on me, and I often find myself longing for his presence and wishing to open my soul to him. To all his brothers and sisters—there were eight of us—he maintained the same kindly and loving disposition.

Brought up by Christian parents, he was soundly instructed as to the obligations of morality and religion. I should displease his truthful and courageous soul, however, if I did not say that for a long while after reaching man's estate he wandered far from the straight path. But fifteen years ago, by a supreme effort of will, he put the wine cup from his lips, and was ever afterwards a sober man. The moral energy involved in that act spread itself through his whole character. The grace of God came to him gradually and gently through the tender relations of the family circle and all the processes of his daily life. Step by step he came back to his old standing ground, and at last settled the intellectual difficulties that had beset him and took up afresh an attitude of reverence and worship toward the Lord Christ. His deepest convictions he hesitated to uncover to human eyes. But those who stood closest to him knew how completely he had been transformed.

Last autumn it was my privilege to spend four golden days with him. We were boys again. Together we revisited the spots where our ancestors pitched their tents when they came on the crest of the moving tide of population to find new homes in the wilderness; and we talked of the old times, of our childhood days, of the friends and companions of our youth, of our dear departed parents, of all things sacred and holy in heaven and earth. A few weeks before the end I passed again through Jonesboro and telegraphed him to meet me. He came to the train and went as far as Bristol (thirty-three miles) with me. It was dark when we stood on the platform to say good-by. Usually on our separation he simply shook my hand. But this time he got close to me, put his arms about me, and gave me a warm embrace. O brother, companion, and friend of my childhood, and near and dear to me as my own soul through all later years, thou art gone into the silent land; but I shall feel the tender pressure of thy arms forever.

III

The tremendous labors which he was performing at this period made a heavy draft on the strength of his splendid body. He was then in his sixtieth year and had an almost unbroken record of good health. The death of his brother was a great shock to him. Six weeks after that bereavement he became seriously ill and was taken by his son, Dr. Sessler Hoss, to Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, for surgical treatment by Dr. Hugh Young. Owing to the necessity of microscopic examination the operation required

some time and left him in a greatly weakened condition. His son remained with him until the end of March when he was able to return to Nashville in time to attend the marriage of his daughter, Mary, to Mr. John M. Headman on March 31.

On February 27, he wrote to his friends, Dr. Du Bose and Dr. Denny:

For ten days I have been down where the river and the ocean meet, and I can still hear the sound of the black and sullen flood. But by the providence of God, through the hand of a competent surgeon, I am again slowly drifting back to life and strength. It will, of course, be a long time before I shall be myself again. In fact, I do not yet know whether I shall ever be able to do much anywhere. If it be God's will, I shall take up my tasks by and by; but, if not, I shall fall out of the walks without a murmur or a complaint. After sixty years crowded full of blessings it would be base ingratitude in me to repine at anything that may now come. The Lord is God, and doeth all things well. My best love to your families and to all the dear friends whose prayers have helped me and held me up through this trying ordeal.

Letters of sympathy and love came to him from friends of every station in life and from all sections of the country; friends from other lands also wrote him in tender affection. Five years before his illness he had been a guest in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Harrison, at Lincoln, England, on the occasion of his fraternal visit to the British Wesleyan Church; and had written in grateful appreciation of their hospitality. A letter from Mrs. Harrison, written from High Holme, Lincoln, England, March 15, 1909, may be regarded as typical of the expressions which reached him as he came slowly back to health:

Dear Bishop Hoss: I do not suppose that you will remember me, but my husband (Mr. Alderman Harrison) and I had once the great pleasure of having you as our guest for a night, when you came to Lincoln, in connection with the opening of one of our new Mission Chapels.

We have entertained many ministers of all sorts, but we never had one who left behind him such a beautiful influence and fragrant memory as you did. Many, many times have we talked about your visit, and wished that it could be repeated. The

occasion of my writing just now is because of a paragraph in this week's *Methodist Recorder and Times*, saying that you have had to undergo a serious operation, and that you are now lying in a critical condition in a Baltimore hospital. We were truly grieved to read it, and sincerely trust that before this you may be restored to your usual health and the prosecution of your work.

Whenever we have seen a mention of your devoted service we have read it with the deepest interest. Until this week, the last we saw was that you had gone to South America, but that is some time since. I hope that we shall soon have the joy of knowing that you are better. Perhaps you know that the Wesleyan Conference is coming here in July! Lincoln is rather a small place, comparatively at least, in which to hold it, but we Methodists are very loyal in Wesley's County, and doing all they can to insure great success and blessing. I wish there might be some possibility of your coming again! I can assure you, you would meet with the heartiest of receptions. I often look at the p. p. c. you sent us, of Dallas, Texas; it is most jealously guarded, also the kind letter you wrote us.

We remember with pleasure the talk we had about the wonders of America and the "blue grass of Kentucky." My husband and I are hoping to come sometime to see the old places again. With our united kindest regards, earnestly praying that your most valued life may be given back to the Church for which you have done so much, I am, dear Bishop Hoss, very sincerely yours,

FLORENCE HARRISON.

Bishop Hoss remained at Johns Hopkins until late in March. He said: "I have come back from the depths of eternity, where I could see nothing except God on His great white throne." After convalescence began he had several relapses and suffered severely. As late as March 23, he was not able to "stand on his feet," and wrote Mary: "But it now begins to look a little doubtful whether I shall be able to get back for your wedding."

Mary had written him to get well and go with her on the wedding trip. His response was prompt and full of sound understanding: "Many, many thanks for your kind invitation to go with you and Mr. Headman to the Hot Springs. But I can't promise now, though I will come to see you later."

By sheer will power, or by psychic control of physical conditions,

he recovered sufficiently to go to Nashville for the wedding on March 31.

After the marriage of his daughter he went to Tate Springs, where he celebrated his sixtieth birthday on April 14, and received hearty congratulations from many friends. At the last of April he was still at Tate Springs, but was improving steadily, so that he was able to walk short distances in the open air.

On May 16 he delivered a memorial address at services held in McKendree Church, honoring his distinguished friend and colleague, Bishop Charles B. Galloway, who had died at his home in Jackson, Miss. In the issue of the *Advocate* which carried his Memorial to Bishop Galloway was published a sketch of Dr. D. C. Kelley, written by Bishop Hoss. Neither mind nor pen could be idle. Under date of May 28 he wrote from Muskogee, Okla.: "I am here to spend a few weeks with my sons, trying to pull myself together and get ready for my Conferences this fall. Having been reasonably busy all my life, I shall probably find continuous resting a rather difficult task, and, if I continue to improve, will put in a few strokes of one sort or another."

He was at Emory and Henry College on July 14 for the meeting of the Commission for the Revision of the Ritual. A week later he was at Ocean Grove, N. J., attending a meeting of the Commission to arrange for the session of the Ecumenical Conference to be held in 1911. At a later meeting of this Commission, held in Toronto, October 21, 22, he was elected chairman of the committee to plan for future meetings of the Commission, and also of the Executive Committee. He was very reluctant to accept this responsibility because of the condition of his health. There were addresses and, as usual, he was one of the speakers.

IV

Meantime his pen was busy; he wrote two and a half pages on "What Can I Do for the Conversion of the World?" which was published on August 27; on September 10 a very trenchant article appeared, which was called forth by suggestions made by Dr. James A. Burrow and others that Bishop Hoss was a fit man to make the proposed new statement of the Methodist creed, "Non Possum."

The entire article is worthy of publication, but space forbids. The following paragraphs must suffice to show his attitude toward the proposed "restatement" and, incidentally, his intellectual honesty concerning credal definitions:

My good brother, Dr. James A. Burrow, in a recent article in the *Quarterly Review* has been kind enough to suggest that I am a fit man to make the proposed new statement of the Methodist creed, and in the *Advocate* of August 6 Rev. Watson B. Duncan has seconded the suggestion. I much doubt, however, if there is anybody else in the Church that is ready to agree with their views.

Whether so or not, I rise in my place to say that I am utterly incapable of performing the task.

No, no; somebody else, with a better brain and a richer scholarship, must be found for this great work.

To be more specific, there are at least half a dozen points in respect to any one of which I could not frame an article that would pass muster even before my own judgment, such as original sin, sanctification, the exact nature of the atonement, and the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Let me not be understood as being without definite opinions on these subjects. Far from it. But it is one thing to have some definite opinions, and another thing to be able to put together comprehensive and coherent statements that would set in a clear and satisfying light all the phases and aspects of the doctrines in question. Nor do I personally believe that there are any five men in the Church who, in the midst of the existing whirl of beliefs and unbeliefs, are competent to achieve such a consummation in a satisfactory way.

He was quite frankly amused at those who had proposed a "re-statement," but were unable to say "what was in their minds."

On his way to Monteagle the last of August he spent one day in Nashville. His health was greatly improved. Dr. Sessler Hoss, who had attended his father closely throughout the year, spent a week with him at Monteagle.

"In fair physical condition" he finished his "round" of Conferences with the Tennessee Conference; having held five Conferences in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee in five weeks; and was off, at once, for Toronto.

Early in January he met with the Committee on Ritual, which must make its report to the approaching General Conference;

and on the 6th was in New York for the meeting of the program committee of the Ecumenical Conference. On the 16th he preached at McKendree, Nashville, on the opening of the new building.

Early in February, Dr. Sessler Hoss was so ill that he was ordered by his physicians to South Texas. As he was in no condition to go alone, his father went with him and stayed for two weeks. When he reached Muskogee on his return from Texas, he found Mrs. Embree Hoss, wife of his oldest son, very critically ill. The grief of her husband was shared by his father and the entire family. When the end came Bishop Hoss felt the "waves have gone over my head." They took her body to Chattanooga for burial. The remarks of Bishop Hoss at the memorial service were tenderly beautiful:

I know not whether it is possible for me to say the things that are in my heart, but under all the circumstances I feel that I ought at least to make the effort. Of the early life of the dear one that lies before us it would be superfluous to speak here. There are hundreds of persons in this city who knew her and loved her long before I had ever looked upon her face. Nearly eight years ago, however, she became the wife of my oldest son; and as to what sort of woman she has been since that day I am a competent witness. With her eyes wide open and knowing that the man of her choice had nothing to offer her except the love of his heart and the labor of his hands, she deliberately linked her fortunes to his. There was nothing mercenary nor worldly in the marriage. Accepting the inevitable limitations of her new life, and that without murmuring or repining, she became a true and faithful wife, devoted utterly to the interests of her husband and later to those of her little boy.

From the beginning I loved her most tenderly. Always since her coming into my family I have felt rather that she was my own daughter than my daughter-in-law. She was a merry soul, carrying a spirit of brightness and good cheer into every circle that she entered. In her home in the far West, as here in the city of her birth, she made good friends with ease and held them with steadiness. More than most persons she possessed a wonderful power of adapting herself to her surroundings. All kinds of people fell in love with her—rich and poor, cultivated and uncultivated, white and black. As time went on she grew in seriousness and breadth

of mind. Many trials came to her—separation from her loved ones, sickness, suffering, and the disappointments and disenchantments that are a part of our human lot. All these things, instead of making her bitter and resentful, made her kinder and more gentle. She was full of hope, and never for one moment ceased to believe that the future held larger and better possibilities than the present. Very rarely have I seen her depressed or despondent, and then only for a short time.

While still a child she had been received into this Church by Dr. Bachman, for whom she cherished always a most affectionate regard. After her marriage and to please her husband and me, though neither one of us ever spoke to her on the subject, she became a Methodist. Never, however, for a single day did she cease to love the communion in which she had been reared. Not a demonstrative Christian, she was, nevertheless, a God-fearing and God-honoring woman. When opportunities for service in the Church came to her, she accepted them. The week before the beginning of her long and fatal illness she had consented to take a class in the Sunday school, and was very solicitous to prepare herself for the work.

And now, Dr. Bachman, we have brought her back to you, and to the old church that she loved so well, and to the place of her birth and childhood, to sleep here among her kindred till the Lord comes. May the sod lie lightly on her breast and the flowers bloom sweetly around her! O, my dear daughter, thou camest into my life by the appointment of God, and thou shalt go out no more forever! I am a better man for having known thee; and I shall hold thee fast in my affections as long as I walk my pilgrim path on the earth, and hope to see thee again in that fair land to which thou hast gone. Good-by, good-by!

Embree accompanied his father to the General Conference at Asheville. After the Conference closed they returned together as far as Chattanooga, where Bishop Hoss stopped overnight before going on to Nashville. He wrote Mary of the little grandson whose mother had died but a few weeks ago: "Well, the Conference is over. I left Asheville yesterday afternoon, and got here last night at 11:30. The baby came in to see me this morning, and was mighty glad to be with me once more. He is growing rapidly, and bids fair to be tall and slender. His health is apparently good; but he has a wistful look out of his eyes that goes straight to my heart." He had stopped to see "the baby" on his way to

Asheville. Three weeks later "the baby" joined his grandfather at Memphis, and went with him to Oklahoma. Children always delighted the Bishop, and his tenderness for his motherless grandson knew no bounds. As he was sailing from San Francisco for the Orient, Mary sent him a telegram from her baby. He wrote the first of a long series of letters to the "Little Boy":

My Dear Little Boy: I got your telegram all right, and was mightily pleased with it. In about two hours I shall go aboard the ship and sail far over the Ocean. When I get back, I hope that you will be well and strong. Those old teeth are mighty hard to get, but they are very useful after they come. Be a good boy, and grow fast—not too fast—and hug father and mother for me.

YOUR OLD FADDIE.

CHAPTER XXV

THE VANDERBILT CONTROVERSY

These are my requests, counsels, and suggestions, concerning Vanderbilt University: I. That all the Bishops exercise steadily and constantly their charter rights as members of the Board of Trust, directing and controlling. This they have not done heretofore. (From Bishop McTyeire's Will.)

I

THE Vanderbilt controversy was as notable in the history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as it was celebrated in the civil courts of Tennessee. The controversy had its origin in 1905 when Chancellor Kirkland, in his annual report, recommended that a new charter be secured; and that the ex-officio relation of the Bishops to the Board of Trust of Vanderbilt University be changed to an entirely new basis of elective membership.

The reopening of the Vanderbilt controversy is very far from the purpose of this recital. The issues of that controversy were, however, so important in the thought and convictions of Bishop Hoss that his biography cannot be written without the recital of his part in that controversy; and this cannot be done without reference to the issues and persons involved in the controversy.

The story of the work of Dr. Hoss at Vanderbilt University has been told in a previous chapter. As there recited, he had accepted a position as professor in the Theological Department at the urgent invitation and solicitation of Bishop H. N. McTyeire. That Vanderbilt University was a Methodist institution was at that time universally recognized. The symbol of its dedication to that end was Bishop McTyeire, who was more a part of the University than the ground on which it was located or the buildings in which it was operated.

It was but four years after Dr. Hoss began his work at Vanderbilt that death claimed Bishop McTyeire, February 15, 1889; but those four years were sufficient for the development of a very

strong friendship between the great Bishop and the young Professor. After the death of Bishop McTyeire it was quite natural that questions should arise as to what should be the effect of that event on the University. The *Nashville American* made a statement as to the matter:

The Board of Trust will meet on the 7th of May. Besides the important matter of selecting a president, they will doubtless decide whether the University shall continue as it has been, an independent organization, or whether it will have to report to the Annual Conference or become responsible to the General Conference. It was Bishop McTyeire's wish that it should remain untrammelled by the Conferences, but it is understood that all the bishops—who are ex officio trustees—will hereafter vote, and they may seek to change the former policy, and to give the Conference control over the institution.

To this Dr. Hoss made reply in the *American*:

1. The Vanderbilt University, while it has never been offensively or narrowly sectarian, has also never at any time been an independent organization. Commodore Vanderbilt's gifts were made to a corporation then already in existence—the Board of Trust of Central University. This board was created by several Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the express purpose of building an institution of learning in the interest of that Church. Mr. Vanderbilt knew this fact, and his action was had in the light of it. If anybody cares to dispute or question the truth of my statement, the proofs shall be instantly forthcoming. More than this, to the seven Annual Conferences represented in the Board of Trust, the University, through its chancellor, has regularly and uniformly made its reports. In many instances I have myself been the bearer of these reports.

2. The effort to make Bishop McTyeire responsible for sentiments which he never dreamed of entertaining is a grave wrong. As to what his personal preferences really were I could speak largely and fully, having had many and extended conversations with him on this very subject; but it is not necessary to do anything of the kind. His will, written with his own hand about one year before his death, speaks for him. In it he urges the bishops of the Church to exercise the functions of their office as trustees, and almost chides them for not having done so sooner; and he declares in so many words that the university is under the control of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

3. The suggestions that the university should cut itself loose from the patronage and efficient support of the largest, richest, and most influential Church in the Southern States is a piece of folly without a parallel. The Church is worth vastly more to the university than the university is or can be to the Church. Besides this, such a policy would involve no less a crime than the deliberate perversion of a trust. The public may take it for granted that nothing of the sort will be done. The university will continue to be in the future what it has been in the past—the exclusive property of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. At the same time, it will keep on illustrating the truth that a denominational school need not be in any sense the patron and promoter of religious bigotry.

In the opening paragraph of this paper he states in clear and forceful words the basic facts upon which he founded his convictions as to the ownership and control of Vanderbilt University;

1. Commodore Vanderbilt made his gift to a corporation then already in existence.

2. This Board of Trust of Central University was created by several Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for the express purpose of building an institution of learning in the interest of that Church.

3. The Board of Trust had regularly and uniformly made its reports to these Annual Conferences.

Dr. Hoss made this statement of matters of fact concerning Vanderbilt University in the period from 1873 to 1889. The first and second were matters of unchangeable record. The third was to continue until, upon petition of the Board of Trust, the authority of the Annual Conferences was, by their consent, transferred, in 1898, to the General Conference. The several Annual Conferences did give their consent; and the General Conference by formal action did "accept the proposed relation and control of the Vanderbilt University." This action in no way affected the right of the Church to control Vanderbilt University. It merely transferred that right from several Annual Conferences to the General Conference; and this transfer was made upon a petition of the Board of Trust. The Board of Trust had said: "In order to secure such consent (from the Annual Conferences) the Chan-

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cellor of the University is requested to submit this proposition to the several patronizing Conferences at their next annual sessions."

When this action was completed there was transferred to the General Conference whatever authority had belonged to the patronizing Conferences. Following this transaction the Board of Trust of the University made its reports to the General Conference instead of to the patronizing Annual Conferences. During the years from 1872 to 1898 the Board of Trust of the University had never undertaken to make any change, in method or basis, of selection of trustees without first securing the consent of the patronizing Conferences.

The Board of Trust of the University adopted, in 1894, the following by-law:

Each of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is, *ex officio*, declared to be a member of the Board of Trust, and the Chancellor of the University is also by his office a member of said Board of Trust.

Before this time there had been some doubt as to the exact status of the bishops in the Board of Trust. Subsequent to the adoption of said by-laws the Bishops of the Methodist Church were recognized by the Board of Trust, by virtue of their positions as Bishops, under the charter of the institution, as *ex officio* members of the Board of Trust, and continued to be so recognized and to so act until the annual meeting of the Board of Trust in 1905, when by resolution the above-quoted by-law was rescinded, and five of the effective Bishops of said Church, chosen in order of seniority were nominated to the Board of Education of the Methodist Church for confirmation as members of the Board of Trust. To this meeting in 1905 the Chancellor submitted a report advising that a new charter of the institution be procured.

II

The effect of the action of the Board of Trust in rescinding the by-law declaring each of the Bishops *ex officio* member of the Board, was to deprive all the Bishops of membership on the Board. That the action was coupled with a resolution, or by-law, nominating five Bishops for confirmation as members of the

Board in no sense altered the fact that, in so doing, the Board was depriving the Bishops of all standing and authority in the Board. The five Bishops provided for in the resolution were to be trustees by election. Eight Bishops were to be dismissed from all connection with the Board.

In his annual message, recommending the change of the by-law which had been adopted in 1894, and under which the Board had been operating for eleven years, the Chancellor said that "the by-law was in the nature of a temporary expedient adjusting the question for the time being." That such a matter should have been passed without arousing instant opposition in the Board, and especially of the Bishops who were present, is full proof of their good faith, which was so complete as to obscure, for the time being, their understanding of the significance of this action.

During all this time Bishop Hoss was out of the country. He had left his home at Monteagle on May 31 for Brazil, and was busy with his Conferences there until early in August. Arriving in New York on August 24, he reached home after an absence of three months. The four Conferences over which he was to preside must be held within the six weeks beginning November 9. They included Indian Mission, Northwest Texas, North Texas, and North Mississippi. There was no time to lose in the effort to forestall the carrying out of the plans of Chancellor Kirkland for the change of the charter and dismissal of a majority of the Bishops from the Board.

The attack made upon Bishop Hoss by the attorneys representing the Board of Trust of Vanderbilt University is full proof of his ability and commanding leadership. In their brief before the Supreme Court they said:

The controversy is, on the Church side, and in a very real sense, the Hoss controversy. It was he who initiated the fight and who has directed the assault.

If he was alone in raising his voice in protest against the proposed changes, he was not long alone. With the sole exception of Bishop Hendrix, he had the support of the entire College of Bishops; and his leadership received the approval of three succeeding sessions of the General Conference.

When he learned, after his return from Brazil, of the action of the Board of Vanderbilt University, he wrote to nearly every one who had participated in the action of the Board: to Bishops Wilson, Galloway, Key, Duncan, and others; and he wrote vigorously to Chancellor Kirkland. It was never difficult for him to make himself understood. The effect of his efforts began at once to be felt.

The effort to secure the charter changes proposed by Chancellor Kirkland was being pressed. In a letter written to Bishop Hoss in 1910, Dr. H. M. Hamill says:

While you were in Texas holding Conferences at the same time that they were trying to jam the new charter through at Nashville, and when advised by Secretary of State Morton that if I could get even one name withdrawn from the application for charter, I could thereby defeat the scheme, I at once telegraphed Bishops Wilson, Candler, and Duncan over your signature and mine, urging them to withdraw their names.

Dr. Hamill also telegraphed other Bishops. This was in November, 1905.

Bishop Wilson and Bishop Key withdrew their names from the application and that ended the matter of the charter.

The facts and the issues of the controversy were stated by Bishop Hoss in his testimony:

The controversy became overt when the Board of Trust took the action that they could abolish at will the by-law which made the Bishops *ex officio* Trustees, and could throw overboard the old charter and get a new charter. The controversy was originated by the Board of Trust in 1905.

The adoption by certain of the patronizing Conferences of memorials to the General Conference, to be held in 1906, asking for action upon all matters involving ownership and control of the University, indicated the concern of the Church arising from the action of the Board of Trust. The General Conference ordered a commission:

1. To inquire into and determine the present relations of the Vanderbilt University to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

2. To take legal steps, if necessary, to perfect the transfer of the university from the patronizing Conferences to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

3. To define the charter rights of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South; and when so defined, the Bishops are hereby instructed to enter on the same.

This Commission was composed of five distinguished lawyers, all of whom were laymen in the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. Judge Edward O'Rear was chairman. They had two meetings in Nashville: on August 15 and on October 24-29. They filed their report on December 6. Stripped of legal phraseology, it was as follows:

1. That Vanderbilt University was established and was managed by the patronizing Conferences up to 1898; they were the members of the corporation and held the right to select its trustees and control its polity.

2. That the General Conference was the successor to the rights of the patronizing Conferences. That no further action was necessary to complete this transfer; but, in order to confirm this action, they recommended that the several patronizing Conferences take formal action ceding their rights to the General Conference.

3. That the Bishops were, by the action of the founders, common-law visitors of the University.

The patronizing Conferences promptly complied with the findings of the commission. The Bishops also formally agreed to act under its findings.

The Board of Trust upon receiving the report passed the following resolutions:

Resolved: 1. That we cordially receive the same and direct that it be filed with the records of this Board.

2. That we hereby express our appreciation of the ability and fidelity with which the members of the commission have discharged their important duties.

3. That, recognizing and rejoicing in the ownership of the Church in the University and all the responsibilities arising therefrom, we welcome any supervision by the College of Bishops that may aid us in executing the great trust committed to our hands

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so as to insure the observance of the charter, the conditions of specific gifts, and the statutes of the State.

That those responsible for the adoption of these resolutions did not intend to accept and be bound by the findings of the commission became perfectly clear as the case proceeded. In the brief of attorneys representing Chancellor Kirkland and the Board, presented to the Supreme Court, they said:

The General Conference had directed the Commission to present a copy of the Report to the Board, and this had been done, and it therefore devolved on the Board to make some expression regarding it. The situation was a delicate one, and especially so to those members of the Board who were still hoping that a struggle might be averted. The expedient thing to do seemed to be to avoid language of acceptance, but to express in courteous terms a disposition to conform to any agreement that recognized the supremacy of the Trustees.

In the light of this interpretation, which undoubtedly had the approval of the Chancellor, the disingenuousness of the resolutions becomes perfectly apparent. But, at the time, there were some who believed that the Board had accepted the findings of the Commission. Bishop Hendrix, who was president of the Board, so understood. He wrote Judge O'Rear in May, 1910: "The Board intended, in good faith, both to accept and be bound by that report." In a deposition, made later, he said, referring to this statement: "If they (the Board) have backslidden, that is their fault." Counsel for the Chancellor admitted in their brief: "There is oral testimony that Bishop Galloway, who had died before the suit was brought, so understood it, and there is other testimony that he did not."

The Board of Trust passed the resolutions, referred to above, at their June meeting in 1907. The drama was long drawn out. There were yet three years before the meeting of the General Conference to which the Commission must make its report; and after that another quadrennium was to pass before the matter should be finally disposed of. It was to be a war of giants. Whatever may have been thought of the contestants by the public, the

astute lawyers who represented the Board of Trust saw clearly that the chief contestants in the battle were Bishop Hoss and Chancellor Kirkland. They declared them the principal witnesses in the case in court. Bishop Hoss dared to stand up for his Church when her greatest educational enterprise was in danger of being alienated by the men who had been elected by the Conferences to the Board of Trust. That the threat was not imaginary is abundantly shown by the outcome of the controversy. But the utterances of Bishop Hoss give us a far clearer understanding of his participation in the effort to maintain Church control of Vanderbilt University than any abstract recital.

III

In April, 1908, Bishop Hoss wrote for the *Christian Advocate* on "An Educational Crisis," making statements which were vital to the issue then pending, although he does not mention Vanderbilt. Every word of this article was important, but space forbids more than these extracts:

The creation of a General Board of Education by our own General Conference some dozen years ago was a symptom. It signified a fixed determination not only to maintain all the ground that we had already gained, but also in a wise and orderly way to multiply and improve our educational facilities. If it did not have this end in view, it was a foolish and fatuous experiment, involving a large annual expense without adequate reason or worthy result. This Board of Education, to put it briefly, is the Church's distinct assertion that she is in the educational field and does not mean to be crowded out.

In order to accomplish this mission, it is evident that she must have effective control of the means and instruments necessary thereto. In other words, it is evident that she should have property rights in the grounds, buildings, libraries, and endowments without which she cannot go forward with any confidence for a single day. The tenure by which she holds her property interests need not be the same in every case. In fact, owing to the differences in the laws of the different States, it cannot always be the same. But it should always be real and substantial. I confess that I have been more than a little amazed by recent developments in this regard. The doctrine is boldly put forth in some quarters that a Board of Trust has the moral and legal right to

appropriate and use the prestige of the Church, to appeal to her in every possible way for patronage and support, to come before all her Conferences with demands for money, and to employ the columns of her official newspapers as advertising agencies, and yet to deny her any direct voice in the management of affairs. The influence and patronage of the Church are too valuable an asset to be disposed of in that way, and the desire so to dispose of them betrays an utter lack of correct apprehension.

I do not hesitate to say that, rather than go on in a loose, chaotic fashion, not knowing exactly where we are nor whither we are tending, it would be better to make the supreme sacrifice of giving up outright all that we have acquired and starting *de novo* as our fathers did. The Church is building for the ages and not for a day.

But I do not believe that any such course is necessary. In sound morals and in good law we are entitled to the schools that we have built, and we shall be foolish indeed if we surrender one iota of our just claims. I bring no charges against anyone. Many of my brethren who do not agree with me are just as much attached to the Church as I am. But I cannot help thinking that they utterly fail to note all the consequences of the plans that they propose to adopt. At a time when Mr. Carnegie is holding out the lure of pension money and showing his hostility to evangelical religion by discriminating against it in favor of avowedly secular or purely civic schools, we are bound by every consideration of good sense to hold our ground. To your tents, O Israel!

Let there be no confusion of the issue. It is fundamental. We are face to face once more with the old question as to whether the Church has any business in the educational field, and this question ought to be answered so decisively as to leave no shadow of doubt in the popular mind. No compromise can prove satisfactory.

Having given fifteen of the best years of my life, at the call of the Church, to Christian education, I cannot avoid a great depth of feeling on the subject; and at the risk of colliding with good friends, I am impelled to speak out in no uncertain tones.

At this time Bishop Hoss found time to write on the Vanderbilt controversy, in its various phases, and what he wrote was published throughout the South by both secular and religious papers.

The report of the Commission was approved by the General Conference of 1910. The General Conference asserted its right

to elect trustees by electing three trustees. After having done this it resolved to revert to the methods of electing trustees adopted in 1898.

So far as the present writer can see, the only justification for the election of trustees by the General Conference was that it brought to focus the issue of ownership and control. This action became the battle ground of the long legal proceedings in the courts. If the only way to secure and maintain control was to elect (as distinguished from confirming) trustees, then the General Conference was justified in staking everything on that issue. At any rate the issue was now defined.

The Board of Trust of Vanderbilt University, in June, 1910, promptly refused to recognize the trustees who had been elected by the General Conference; and immediately amended the by-law concerning the mode of election and confirmation of trustees, to provide that: "All vacancies on the Board of Trust shall be filled by election of the Board." For the first time since the founding of the University, the Board of Trust enacted a by-law denying the Church any participation in the election of trustees. In addition to this action, the Board of Trust tabled the following resolution:

The right of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to appoint the trustees of this university being denied by this Board of Trustees, great unrest is likely to follow to the damage of the university and the Church. To allay as much as possible this unrest and to guard as far as possible the interests of the university, this Board hereby declares the trust it holds is a trust for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and that Vanderbilt University belongs to said Church.

The College of Bishops, meeting July 12, as "visitors" of the university, refused to approve the action of the Board of Trust.

Suit was filed by the Bishops in Chancery Court, asking injunction against the Board of Trust. The case was in the courts from October, 1910, until March, 1914. Meanwhile it was being tried before the bar of public opinion. Perhaps no other case in Tennessee courts has been so widely discussed in the press, on the platform, and in private circles. The prominence of Bishop Hoss,

who was easily the best-known writer and leader of his Church, of Dr. Kirkland, Chancellor of the University, and of Bishop Hendrix, chairman of the Board, insured wide publicity for anything which they should have to say. Bishop Fitzgerald, writing of the leaders in the Vanderbilt Controversy, said:

There is Chancellor Kirkland, clear-headed and large-hearted, whose executive energy and sagacity have made his administration brilliantly and memorably successful. There is Bishop Hoss, to whom I have looked through these many eventful decades as a man whose knowledge went beyond that of others; whose speech was readier, to whom I had been in the habit of thinking aloud, and to whom I was looking to see my body laid to rest when God's good time for me should come. There is Bishop Hendrix, a scholar and a worker who knows men, and who knows books, who has sat at the feet of the Master and learned of him the lessons he has taught so long in his name. There is Bishop Wilson, the senior Bishop of our Church, who has had a way of grasping the great truths of the gospel of Christ in a brain of uncommon capacity and setting them forth to the edification of waiting congregations who have heard from his lips the message of God.

Bishop Hendrix wrote on June 21 of the meeting of the Board. He still entertained the opinion that favorable action would be taken by the Board. He quoted from resolutions passed by the Board upon receipt of the report of the Commission:

Recognizing and rejoicing in the ownership of the Church in Vanderbilt University, and all the responsibilities arising therefrom, we welcome any supervision by the College of Bishops that may aid in executing the great trust committed to our hands, "so as to insure the observance of the charter, the conditions of specific gifts, and the statutes of the State." . . . The original of this resolution, in Bishop Galloway's handwriting, is sacredly preserved by the Secretary of the Board as the unanimous action of the Board of Trust by which it is bound; and it does not deem it necessary to repeat it at this time.

Bishop Hendrix added a prophecy which was never fulfilled: "At the proper time doubtless all necessary affirmations will be made, together with a new by-law requiring nominations of

trustees to be confirmed by the Board of Education." Bishop Hendrix resigned as President of the Board on July 6. When the Bishops met on July 12, he was present only at the morning session.

In the earlier stages of the matter there had been some correspondence between Bishop Hendrix and Bishop Hoss. On October 12, 1907, soon after the Board had "received and filed" the report of the Commission, Bishop Hoss wrote to Bishop Hendrix:

Your note of 10th inst., containing a brief reference to the matter of Vanderbilt University, is to hand, and has been carefully read. I should not say another word on the subject, were I not profoundly solicitous to reach, if possible, an agreement with you. Your statement that Judge O'Rear has expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the action of the last meeting of the Board of Trust does not in the least affect me; the Judge does not know all the facts in the case. He does not know that the majority of the Board were in favor of repudiating the decision of the Commission; that Chancellor Kirkland sneered at it as "not good nonsense" and declared that he would never submit to it until it had been affirmed by a Tennessee Court; and that the paper finally adopted was a partial concession to the wishes of the minority, who insisted on a frank and explicit acceptance of the Commission's decision in all its breadth, without qualifying note or comment of any sort. He especially did not know what I know, that many of the members of the Board do not hesitate now to say that they stood exactly where they stood before the decision was given. By your own statement, Bishop, you were seriously disappointed in the attitude of Chancellor Kirkland and his friends once; *and you will be disappointed again.*

IV

The recommendation of Chancellor Kirkland that a new charter be secured and the by-law affecting the ex officio standing of the Bishops be rescinded, coincides with another important fact: In April, 1905, Andrew Carnegie announced the establishment of the Carnegie Foundation, under terms which excluded from its benefits institutions owned or controlled by religious denominations. In 1906 the Chancellor still entertained hope that the

effort to obtain a new charter was only postponed. He then stated in a report to the Board:

The decision as to our eligibility will be determined by the Carnegie Board in view of the general relations of the Vanderbilt University to the Methodist Church. According to their law no institution is eligible that is owned and controlled by a denomination, but they have not yet made a definition as to what is meant by Church ownership and control.

In correspondence with the Carnegie Board he said:

In my opinion it is proper that we should request the executive committee of the Carnegie Foundation to hear our arguments as to the interpretation of the charter restrictions imposed in the deed of gift of Mr. Carnegie. You will recall that the foundation has as yet made no final ruling on this matter.

It was about this time that President Holden of the University of Wooster wrote to the Chancellor: "*I do not believe that we would serve Christian education in this country by surrendering our charters.*"

In May, 1913, while the appeal in the Vanderbilt case was pending in the Supreme Court, Chancellor Kirkland solicited Mr. Carnegie for a gift of a million dollars to furnish and endow a medical department. Mr. Carnegie answered that, "while I am anxious to make this gift, I hesitate to do so until the question of denominational control is settled." Thus, it came to pass that Mr. Carnegie threw his money into the scale against the Church while the question of ownership and control was being considered by the Court. Whether this had any weight with the Court or not, it had immediate and unmistakable weight with Nashville newspapers and with public opinion. The newspapers opened their columns to attacks upon the Bishops who dared to stand in opposition to the surrender of Vanderbilt to Mr. Carnegie. Because Bishop Hoss was the leader in the effort to retain control of Vanderbilt, he became the target of all those whose cupidity or spleen moved them to enter the lists in opposition to the Church. To say that he never quailed or wavered would be to

convey a totally false impression. With a courage born of conviction, he withstood every foe—and that to the face. It was about this time that Will T. Hale said in an article in the *Banner*:

The reference to bishops recalls the remark I overheard by a plain farmer who happened to be on the Glendale car quite a short time ago. It seems worth repeating: "Well," he said, "a heap is said in the papers about the Carnegie gift an' the bishops refusin' his money. Whether they air right or wrong, it's still comfortin' to know that they's ten men still left in the world that can't be stampeded when a milyon dollars is jingled in their faces. As fer Brother Hoss, ef I had a friend that was meditatin' an attack on him, I'd advise that friend to hesitate with great violence."

Some of the newspaper discussions became quite personal under the intense heat engendered by the conflict over the Carnegie gift. There was discussion in a Nashville paper between Mr. Whitefoord Cole and Bishop Hoss, which overflowed into the *Christian Advocate*. The *Christian Advocate* of July 18, 1913, carried a three-column article by Chancellor Kirkland on "The Bishops and Mr. Carnegie." The Chancellor started in with sharp words:

In the *Banner* of June 26 Bishop Hoss has spoken, giving Mr. Cole, according to promise, all that was coming to him, and having an ample amount left over for me. Using the term "out-break" regarding Bishop Candler's article, it seems that Mr. Cole by implication offended the peculiarly sensitive nature of Bishop Hoss. It is strange that one so mindful of his own dignity should forget that others have feelings also and rights.

Bishop Hoss declares my article in the *Banner* of June 21 to be as "characteristic" as anything I ever wrote. Now "characteristic" means showing the character of a person. In his next sentences Bishop Hoss undertakes to unfold that character, but finds immediately ethical implications that he forbears to discuss. One marvels at his squeamishness. This is something new in Bishop Hoss's temperament. He has rarely been known to hesitate in matters of this kind. It is even rumored that he denounced as false certain statements made under oath by a colleague in the episcopacy. Why, then, does he hesitate to show up the baseness of my propositions? Perhaps he prefers the easier road of innuendo.

The article closes with these paragraphs:

The more one examines the contentions of the bishops, the more apparent it becomes that the alleged grounds for their action are insufficient. The action of the trustees in this matter is not nearly so vulnerable as in other things that have occasioned no episcopal outburst. Why this attack on Mr. Carnegie, on his views about education? Why these charges against my own sincerity and honesty? Why this exaltation of the Church, as if it were under attack? It will be remembered that this line of attack was adopted in the recent trial of the Vanderbilt case in the Chancery Court. The lawyers in that case come again into action. They write a protest for the four minority trustees to sign. On one day these trustees express great joy over Mr. Carnegie's gift and say they wish to vote for it. The next morning they sign a paper which states that the views of Mr. Carnegie on educational policy offend their conscience. In twelve hours, as the statement prepared by their attorneys and signed by them shows, conscience gets to work and assumes its sway. Carrying out the same policy, the bishops are hurriedly called together and issue their decree in a matter which the trustees had already settled. Are these things designed to help the lawyers win their suit? I do not know. But here at least one finds a sufficient motive for all the history of their transactions. Strike the University, strike Mr. Carnegie, strike the Chancellor—he deserves it on general principles—strike the trustees, strike Nashville, strike the South, but forget not the lawsuit.

Mr. Carnegie desires to advance medical education, to relieve pain, to banish disease, to bring joy and health into the world, to cast out the devils of uncleanness, to promote godliness, to give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, and bring back the dying to life again. In this he follows the example of One who gave his life largely to similar services. These bishops are supposed to bear a special commission to carry on their Master's work. But this time they have come to him saying: "Master, we have found one casting out devils, healing the sick, and comforting the distressed; and we forbade him with words stern and harsh, for he followeth not us." On them rest their Master's reproof and the condemnation of a suffering world.

Bishop Hoss replied immediately:

My recent reply to Mr. Whitefoord Cole seems to have stirred

up the instant wrath of Chancellor Kirkland. He comes back at me in great style. His communication proves at least one thing—that he knows how to use good English. But that is not news to me. I have been aware of his capacity in that direction for a long time.

Referring to the attacks in the newspapers, he said:

I note that all the Nashville newspapers are in open sympathy with the trustees and against the Church, and that every man who chooses to have his fling at the bishops, no matter how rude and indecent it may be, is allowed the opportunity to do so. Many of my friends who hitherto have been steady in their convictions as to the Church's rights have abandoned their convictions. The lure of a million dollars has caught them. Some of them are even personally bitter against me. Be it so. I have heard it thunder before, and am not much frightened by mere noise. Where principle is involved, I have had to stand with a very small minority, and, if need be, to fall with it.

Replying to Mr. Cole:

Mr. Cole is a gentleman by inheritance, with many admirable and kindly traits of character. I do not believe that he means to be unfair. But if he were practiced in debate, he would be a little more careful in his choice of words. In his first article he began by speaking of my brief communication to the *Banner* as an "outbreak," and in this second one he opens by saying: "It is rather characteristic of the Bishop that he should construe the attitude of anyone whose opinions differ with his as personally unfriendly and offensive."

When my deposition was taken, Mr. Cole's lawyer—a very keen and able man—tried most earnestly to get from me some word reflecting on the character and motives of the trustees; and Mr. Cole can hardly have forgotten that I refused to speak such a word, but testified, on the contrary, that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, they were a company of upright and honorable men, though much in error, as I saw it, concerning the issues involved in the suit. In spite of all this, a deliberate and persistent assault was later made upon my sincerity by the Chancellor of the University and other witnesses favorable to him; and it is now held as a matter of complaint against me that I did not tamely submit to such an outrage.

The attorneys for Chancellor Kirkland were clearly correct when they named the Chancellor and the Bishop as principals in the controversy. In the above quotations the word "characteristic" is used of each by his opponents. It may have been that the Vanderbilt Controversy was characterized by these "characteristics." Controversies always have some of the elements which compose the personalities of their leaders. Whether in politics, religion, or business it seems impossible to avoid the clash of antithetic personalities. The League of Nations was defeated in the United States Senate because of such clash between Woodrow Wilson and Henry Cabot Lodge. When discussing the relations of Bishop Asbury and James O'Kelly, Bishop Hoss, in his biography of William McKendree, says: "Waiving all other considerations, he and Asbury were so differently constituted that it would have been difficult for them in any complicated situation to see eye to eye or to act in harmony." Victor Hugo in psycho-analyzing Javert's instincts concerning Monsieur Madeleine has something to say of "antipathies and sympathies which separate one nature from another."

Both of these great men had married in Knoxville. The women whom they married had spent their early years in Knoxville, which was at that time a place of some ten thousand population. One belonged to a family whose head stood in the front ranks of learned professions. The other had no such prominence. They may have had no intimate association in girlhood. At any rate there are no records of any of those meliorating feminine relationships which create an atmosphere conducive to the amicable adjustment of the vexed questions of church or state.

Dr. Hoss and Dr. Kirkland had come to Vanderbilt University at about the same time. The former remained there but five years; the latter for nearly a half century. For long years both declared, on almost innumerable occasions, that Vanderbilt University belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and was under its control. As early as 1889 Dr. Hoss said that Cornelius Vanderbilt made his gift to a corporation created by the Church. In his inaugural address, in 1893, Dr. Kirkland said that Cornelius Vanderbilt was the founder of Vanderbilt University.

From those early days they placed emphasis on widely different values. One believed that the foundation of a University was spiritual: that it was laid in the hearts and ideals of men. The other believed that it was material: that it consisted in gifts of money. It would be silly to say that either believed that ideals without money, or money without ideals, was all that was necessary. Nevertheless, they differed widely in their ideals. It is important to find the points of divergence in epochal controversies.

Chancellor Kirkland found "cause in the existence of the Carnegie Foundation, which necessarily must make careful inquiry [his own words] about the relation of the University to the Church." In the light of the Carnegie money, ownership and control of the Church did not mean what, for forty years past, it had been understood to mean. After the Bishops had vetoed Mr. Carnegie's gift of a million dollars for a medical school Chancellor Kirkland suggested that, if the Bishops had postponed their action in connection with their treatment of Mr. Carnegie's offer until the court should have given its final word, the University would have been the gainer of \$200,000 invested in a building and of the income of \$800,000 in the meantime.

The *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate* commented on this suggestion:

But the Bishops in their message to the Church had already disposed of that suggestion by saying: "We are as unwilling that Mr. Carnegie should be deceived as that the University should be dismembered and the Church of God dishonored." It seems strange that the Chancellor should make such a suggestion, or that he should complain because the Bishops have put away the benefit of Mr. Carnegie's gift, even if the trustees win before the Supreme Court. It seems clear that the Bishops could have taken no other course from their point of view; and if Chancellor Kirkland or the majority of the trustees had any lurking notion that the silence of the Bishops could be bought even with a million dollars, they have certainly been undeceived by the prompt action and ringing utterance of the College of Bishops.

Bishop Hoss believed that ownership and control meant what they had been understood to mean; and that if, under the law of the state, the Church did not own and control Vanderbilt Uni-

versity, it was better for the Church to know that fact; and if the Church lost control he believed it was best "to give up lock, stock, and barrel and to begin anew."

The Supreme Court handed down its opinion on March 21, 1914. The *Tennessean and American* of the following morning said: "The opinion was a sweeping victory for the Board of Trust in the litigation with the College of Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The last chapter in the celebrated case was probably written."

Bishop Hoss immediately wrote:

A WORD TO THE CHURCH

By the decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Tennessee in the Vanderbilt case the Church has lost everything that is worth having. To use one part of a famous saying of John Randolph, of Roanoke: "We are all broken down and cut up, horse, foot, and dragoons." The statement published in some of the papers that the Church is left just where it has been for forty years is too absurd to merit reply. For seventeen years Bishop McTyeire was President of the Board, with a power of absolute veto. Up to 1905, with the full approval and consent of the Board, the bishops shared unrestricted rights as trustees. The only thing now decreed to us by the court is a right of confirmation that is less than the shadow of a shade, for the trustees elected by the Board are to enter upon their office without waiting for confirmation. Even in the exercise of this limited right, the Church is humiliated by having held over it, as if it were a band of lawbreakers and anarchists, the threat and menace of "contumacy."

The decision of the court is the law of the land. It is a complete and final denial that the Church has any trace of ownership in the University. The whole thing belongs to the Board of Trustees. There is no earthly way in which the Church can have the slightest voice in controlling even the Theological Department. Hide and hair go together. The Church is out from Dan to Beersheba and from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same. The slightest effort on our part to exercise any real authority would inevitably end in another lawsuit. Nothing can change the status. The Board itself cannot trade off nor concede away any part of the power adjudged to it by the court. It is as well to look that fact fairly in the face.

The shriveled remnant of confirmation that the Church still holds is just enough to enable it to worry the Board without benefiting itself. But that is neither a dignified nor a Christian thing to do. If the institution belongs to the trustees, they are entitled to take it and manage it to suit themselves; and I, for one, shall never consent to engage in any spiteful interference with their performance of the task.

The Church must quietly submit to existing conditions with Christian dignity, not for wrath, but for conscience' sake. Any attempt on our part to evade the decree of the court or to seek to recover by methods of indirection the position we have lost would be in the highest degree unethical and improper. We bow to the court's decision simply because it is the voice of organized authority, and for no other reason.

It is a time for serious thought. The doctrine that men may organize and control corporations for everything from making soap to running railroads, but that Christian Churches may not do so for the promotion of Christian education, is one that cannot permanently stand. It is a destruction of religious liberty. The sweep of the ages is against it; the very genius of our government is at war with it. Let us not be cast down. The Lord still reigns, and he will not vacate his throne.

In the *Banner* appeared the following:

The *Hustler* is a Vanderbilt University periodical which for several years has been exceedingly active in expressing its hostility to the bishops and the Church. It seems that in one of the late issues it used such gross and insulting language concerning Bishop Hoss that it outraged the sensibilities of many who have taken sides against the Church, and every copy of the *Hustler* suddenly disappeared from the face of the earth. The *Banner* rebuked this editorial of the *Hustler* last week, and the following is Bishop Hoss's reply:

"I have not read the *Hustler* editorial concerning which the *Banner* speaks in its article of yesterday afternoon, but some friends have informed me of its contents. In my judgment the effort to make a scapegoat of a thoughtless young man is a piece of very grave injustice. He really said no more than has long been current talk in the circle in which he has moved. If all the things alleged against me in the pleadings, briefs, and speeches of the lawyers for the trustees are true, then the youthful editor was fully justified in his utterances and denunciations. Moreover, it is a little strange that his former allusion to 'hoss' bones having

been found in the ashes of the campus bonfire and his description of the 'new dance' invented by the students on the evening of their carousal through the streets of the city as 'The Bishop's Squirm' were apparently passed by, unnoticed, as mere bits of delicious humor, and I cannot see why there should be such an ado over the more recent offense. It is my sincere hope that the matter will be dropped and the young man be allowed to complete his course without interruption. From my inmost heart I forgive him and wish him well. He simply did not know what he was doing. Let me advise him, however, that it is not a good beginning in life to assail opprobriously an old man who inherited a decent name and the traditions of gentlemanliness and during a public life of nearly fifty years has succeeded in maintaining a reputation for probity and uprightness."

The General Conference, meeting in Oklahoma City in the month of May, gave careful and prolonged consideration to the course to be pursued under the decision of the Supreme Court. The one thing that was left to the Church under that decision was the right to confirm trustees; but these trustees were to enter upon their office without waiting for confirmation; and if the Church failed to confirm the trustees so elected, its rights in the Board were to cease.

The opinion of the court that Cornelius Vanderbilt was the founder of Vanderbilt University was based on a narrow view; and failed to recognize the fact that the trustees, who decided to give the name Vanderbilt University to their institution, were already operating under a charter of incorporation, granted by the State of Tennessee. That they, therefore, changed the name of Southwestern University to Vanderbilt University, without otherwise changing their charter. Commodore Vanderbilt made his gift to Southwestern University, with no sort of suggestion that a change be made, least of all that the name be changed.

The opinion that Commodore Vanderbilt founded Vanderbilt University grew out of the idea that money creates institutions of learning. On the contrary institutions of learning are created by ideas which call to their aid means for their realization. Certain it is that Commodore Vanderbilt gave his money to aid in the realization of ideals which had already crystallized in the establishment of a University. His gift was of immense value in

the furtherance of those ideals, but it did not give them birth.

The group that founded Vanderbilt University was not the Church, but they were agents representative, and acting within the law of the Church. They never imagined that they were acting as individuals, nor that they were acting as an independent group. They were all agreed that they were acting as representatives of their several Conferences; that is, of the Church. They carried back the report of their actions to the patronizing Conferences.

When the University was ready for a field larger than the group of patronizing Conferences which founded it, they promptly turned it over to the General Conference; that is, they turned it over to the Church through its highest legal governmental and administrative body. This was never called in question until money was being offered under the disguised condition that the authority of the Church should be discarded. Strange things occur in certain types of mind where offers of large sums of money are held temptingly before them. If the men are not bought by gold, at least their opinions are warped by the glittering prospect of wealth.

The action of the General Conference in electing trustees was without precedent. It is true that, on one occasion, a Conference had elected trustees; and they were seated and recognized without question. At that time no one thought of questioning the ownership and control of Vanderbilt University by the Church, through these patronizing Conferences. Certainly the Board of Trustees did not question it; they seated, without question, the trustees so selected. On the other hand, the Church, then, showed no disposition to make any distinction between election and confirmation of trustees.

But when, in 1905, the Board of Trustees assumed the right to dismiss the Bishops, as ex officio members of the Board, and to determine the selection of Trustees, the Church was confronted with a condition which demanded prompt attention.

The question of ownership and control, when raised by the veiled act of the Board of Trustees, must be settled. If ownership and control was a sham, the Church must either brush away that sham or be pushed out of the great institution which she

had created. From the first her only means of control had been through the right, under the charter, to a determining voice in the selection of the Trustees. If this right could not be maintained, all right of ownership and control was gone. The General Conference, under the leadership of Bishop Hoss, determined upon a bold course. Three men were elected to fill certain vacancies then existing on the Board. Whether this was the only way open to the Church, in meeting the action of the Board of Trustees, may be answered in divers ways. Whatever may be the arguments, pro and con, the way advocated by Bishop Hoss raised the issue in such a way that it must be decided by the civil courts. If the Church could not control the naming of the Trustees of Vanderbilt University, then all claim or pretense of ownership and control was fictitious and utterly void. The Board of Trustees seemed perfectly willing for the pretense to be continued, provided they be left in control. It is a singular fact that at no time did they claim ownership of the University. They were Trustees; but for whom were they Trustees?

Bishop Hoss believed that the Church owned Vanderbilt University and had the right and obligation to control it. He also believed that if the Church should be denied the ownership of Vanderbilt University or the decisive voice in the election of its Trustees, it should then withdraw all pretense of control; and should proceed to establish a school or schools, in which it should be able to maintain control. No halfway measure seemed to him to meet the case. Hence when the decision of the court left only a precarious and vacuous right of confirmation of Trustees, he at once counseled complete withdrawal from all connection with Vanderbilt University.

The General Conference reached the conclusion that this right was "so small and remote as to be difficult of enforcement." Having received its rights from the patronizing Conferences, the General Conference returned those rights to the patronizing Conferences. No action was taken by those Conferences and the matter was ended by a commission named by the General Conference.

The courage and devotion of Christian faith was exemplified

by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, when, after the appalling loss of Vanderbilt University, it immediately set about the work of providing for the establishment and operation of two connectional universities. From this courageous purpose sprang Emory University east of the River and Southern Methodist University in the heart of the great Southwest.

CHAPTER XXVI

KEEPING A STEADY COURSE

While loving and honoring all true believers, I love my own Church best. The associations of my whole life cling to it. The memory of my mother's face, the recollection of my own conversion, and all that has been holiest and best in my entire Christian experience are connected with it. Why should it be otherwise? How could it be otherwise?

I

THE years through which the battle was being waged to prevent the alienation of Vanderbilt University from the Church, which had founded it, were strenuous years in the life of Bishop Hoss. But the fierce winds of that storm did not turn him from the steady course to which he had long prior to that time set his compass. Like Paul he could have said: "None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God."

His private correspondence during those strenuous years discloses the deep earnestness with which he attended to his duties, whether they were pleasant or distressing; and at the same time disclose a tenderness and humility like that of a little child.

In a letter to Bishop Denny, January 20, 1913, he refers to an effort then being made to "compromise" the pending case:

We have no authority to compromise the suit; and neither Carré nor the other gentlemen have any authority to do so. As far as I can see the matter will have to go right on to the end. If it turns against us, which I do not apprehend, we shall still have done our duty, and will know where we are.

In a letter to Mary, June 20, 1912, he said:

In all my actions, I have been guided, not by personal motives of any sort, but by the sole desire to serve the Church and secure the ends of justice. Whatever comes of it, my conscience is clear.

Two weeks earlier he had written Mary:

Well, I have had a time with Chancellor Kirkland. Before going to Washington, I spent two days at his original examination, and, on getting back here, two days more at his cross-examination. He was very vicious and bitter toward me in particular, but Mr. Fitzhugh grilled him very thoroughly before he got through with him. I shall be glad when the suit is ended, as it has cost me a great deal of very valuable time, and has brought me not a few enmities.

November 18, 1912: "The Vanderbilt case begins today. Judge Harris and the other lawyers are on hand. I hope for the best, but am prepared for the worst."

He wrote Bishop Denny, November 30, 1913:

The brief of the trustees is shrewd, disingenuous, and malignant. I am surprised that Mac Anderson would even sign his name to such a series of accusations against me. But I suppose that he felt compelled to do so. But I do not believe that with the array of facts it will be possible for us to lose our case.

In a letter to Bishop Denny on August 20, 1909, he said:

It is a great thing to have a friend so true that you don't have to be on your p's and q's with him. Of all the blessings that God in his mercy has sent me, there is none that I esteem more highly than this. More than once I have found myself doubting whether I am worthy of so great a favor. My purpose and intent are always to be a true man, but I fall so far short of that high ideal. You must never cease to love me, even should you find me full of flaws and defects. I need your love more than words of mine can tell. God has put heavy burdens—burdens of responsibility and burdens of sorrow—on my heart, and I cannot bear them unless those who stand closest to me uphold me by their sympathy and kindness. All of which, though it may sound unmanly, comes *ab imo pectore*.

Doughty as were the blows which he dealt his foes, his heart

was pained by loss of friends, much more by "malignant attacks."

II

After undergoing surgical treatment at Johns Hopkins Hospital, in February, 1909, his physicians ordered complete rest for six months. By the middle of April he was able to be taken to Tate Springs with the attendance of Sessler (Dr. Sessler Hoss), and "with the help of a cane can walk on a level, but am afraid of that which is high. Any sort of work is very taxing on me. I can neither read, write, nor think with any pleasure."

In a letter, April 25, he wrote Mary: "I am not able to ride nor to walk more than 200 yards; but I sit out a great deal in the open air and think and dream. It would do you good to see how delightfully lazy I am. After three months of absolute rest, I am beginning to doubt whether I shall ever want to do any more work. But the tides of life are slowly coming back to me. I sleep well, have a good appetite, and am entirely free from pain.

"Bishop Wilson is lying at the point of death. It distresses me greatly to think of his going away. He will be the fourth of my colleagues to die in three years. Bishop Galloway is also very infirm and I am fit for nothing. Ten years more, if I should live so long, will make me an old man. I can't realize it. My days have passed like a dream."

The latter part of August he was in Oklahoma helping to raise money for the building of three or four churches. From that time he was "on the go" until the close of his Conferences. Eight months out of the hospital he held five conferences in as many weeks and stood it fairly well.

As the time for the meeting of the General Conference approached he was suffering from pharyngitis, having had severe colds during the winter. Those who saw and heard him during that Conference could never have dreamed that he had been unwell.

He said that "it was perfectly scandalous the facility with which he reacted from low spirits."

Following the General Conference he was assigned to the work in the Orient: Japan, Korea, China, to which was added the

Baltimore Conference. He began at once to get ready to sail from San Francisco on July 19. He wrote Mary: "The prospect of the long voyage and what lies in it almost appalls me."

At Denver he wrote Mary an affectionate letter. Referring to the Vanderbilt case, he said: "I am glad to get away from the whole fuss for a while and let the rest carry the load. Surely I have done my part."

As he left home for the Orient he did so with a heavy heart because of illness in his family. Sessler was still in Texas; and there was always care in his heart for Embree. The illness of Mrs. Hoss had become quite serious.

Writing of his preparation for this journey, he said:

Did you ever know anybody, Mr. Editor, that got fully ready for a long journey? Always, even up to the last moment, there remains something to be done, and then there are many tasks left unfinished. When the set day arrives, it becomes necessary simply to quit and start. This at least has been my fortune. If some brother knows how to manage it better, he will bestow a great favor on me by letting me learn at his feet the secret of his methods. On Saturday, July 9, at 4 A.M., I said a sad good-by to my loved ones at Muskogee, breathing from the bottom of my soul a petition to the Father of us all in their behalf, and took the train for Nashville, where I had an important engagement with my colleagues. That finished, I ran over to Chattanooga to spend a few hours with my oldest son, and on the evening of the 13th set my face toward the Far West. Thirty-eight years ago the trip across the continent took eight full days, provided all connections were made. Now it requires only three days and a half. The conveniences and comforts of the trip have also been mightily multiplied. What with good sleepers, an observation coach, and a diner, one manages to get along very well. A delay of six hours at St. Louis allowed me to have a pleasant visit with kind friends, and another of three hours at Denver gave me a chance to get a glimpse of that great city, "a mile high," and still growing, if not in a perpendicular direction, at least in every other way. The next afternoon at three I had reached Ogden, and the next evening at five I had crossed the bay at Oakland and was on my way to my hotel.

He wrote of the start to the Orient:

At 1 P.M. on the 19th inst. my ship, the Chiyo Maru, was booked to sail. Taking time by the forelock, I was on hand nearly two hours in advance, and this turned out to be a wise precaution, as it enabled me to get my baggage on board and my stateroom arranged before starting. Brothers Vaughan and Squires, with a thoughtful kinswoman of my dear mother and several other friends, came to the dock to see me off. It was pleasant to leave with benedictions in my ears. A stiff breeze was blowing across the bay as we lifted our anchors and turned toward the open sea; but I put on my overcoat and stayed on deck till we had passed around the city.

The ship's company is not very large, at least as far as first-class passengers are concerned—about eighty. But it comes from many countries—America, Germany, Japan, and elsewhere. Of our own folk are Mr. W. C. Scarritt and daughter and Miss Hendrix, the Bishop's daughter, from Kansas City. I was also glad to find Mr. Hori, the Japanese fraternal messenger to our General Conference. On so long a voyage it is good to start with at least some familiar faces. Still it does not take long to make new acquaintances; and I have made some very agreeable ones. Unless I err in my judgment, we have at least five young married couples, going to the Orient to achieve their career; and one Japanese couple, evidently of high class, who have been around the world on a bridal tour. They are all interesting.

He was always interested in people and wrote of the parting of the ship's company upon arrival at Yokahoma, fifteen days after leaving San Francisco:

Here or hereafter I shall hope to see again the kindly faces that I first saw on sailing from San Francisco. What a strange medley our life is! We meet and touch one another, and then part; but if we are open-souled, we always leave a blessing behind us and carry a blessing with us. It has long been one of my prayers that I might never come in contact with any man without making some impression for good and getting some inspiring influence in return.

An observation on Japan reads now like history:

Some day or other, if God spares me, I hope to become familiar not merely with pictorial Japan, but with the living and throbbing heart of the country. The conviction is rooted in my mind that

the folk who dashed like an uncaged eagle on the self-conceited Chinese and drove the mighty armies of the Russians in confusion before them are bound hereafter to count for much in the greater movements of the world. It is possible that their ambition will have some backsets—possible and probable. But they must be taken into the reckoning in all forecasts of the future of the Orient.

His observations about the merchants have a fine touch of humor:

They are good merchants in the sense of knowing how to get the best prices for their goods. Once in a while, so I have heard, they sell imitation Satsuma ware to an uninitiated stranger for the real stuff. But they are not peculiar in this. There used to be a tradition in America about wooden nutmegs from Connecticut. The unsophisticated Tennessee mountaineer has been known to weight his green ginseng for the heathen Chinese by driving four-penny nails lengthwise into the roots. Even now they are manufacturing Navajo blankets in New York. The Japanese are not sinners above other sinners. When one of them from whom I had made a small purchase offered to give me a receipted bill for fifty per cent of its value so that I might take advantage of the American customs, I knew that he was simply proposing to do for me what some rascally fellow-countryman of mine had asked of him before. Though it was necessary for me to decline his proffered kindness, and to tell him that I was not a liar, I did not feel in my soul that I ought to regard him as especially blameworthy.

The temples of Japan were dreary to him, but the art factories were a delight:

But enough of the temples, and more than enough. The subject is a dreary one to me. I find little pleasure either in reading or in writing about it. Much more agreeable was my visit to the art factories. Some of the finest wares in the world are made here. Though not a collector, nor, except in a very small way, a purchaser, I have a deep, instinctive love for all the beautiful objects that are made by the hands of men. One of the things that almost startles a visitor is to find that the very finest silks, cloisonne, and satsuma vases, and damascened jewelry are often produced in little establishments on back streets. Up to this time the capitalists

have not been able to corner the artistic skill of this wonderful people, and I sincerely hope that it may never be so.

He was impressed with the chaotic religious condition of Japan; and with the conditions and needs of the Christian Church in that country:

Let me not for one moment be construed as speaking disparagingly of the native ministry. In many respects they are a notable company of men. Nearly all of them are men of good breeding and education. Nowhere in the world has Christianity struck so high a level of intelligence in its first converts as in Japan. The large majority of our own preachers are of Samurai stock, self-respecting, thoughtful, and upright. It is a matter for congratulation that there has never been a single instance of scandalous misconduct among them. My own fellowship with them has been in every way a joy to me. Nothing could surpass the courtesy with which they have treated me. Their love for Christ and his cause cannot be doubted. Many of them are equal to the utmost self-denial for the sake of the kingdom. But somehow they lack the dash and go that characterized the early itinerants in America, or else they have not fully caught the secret of soul-winning. The race to which they belong has infinite possibilities of courage and enthusiasm. Who can doubt it after Port Arthur and Mukden? If they could only be smitten with a great evangelistic passion, pushing them out into the small towns and rural communities and down to the lowliest classes of the population, there is no telling what they might accomplish. I am aware that conditions in Japan are utterly different from what they are in America, and that we cannot expect precisely the same methods and results here as there. Nor do I lose sight of the fact that one who views the battle from afar should be slow to pass judgment on the men who are actually in the conflict. It is not as a cold critic that I write, but as a friend and brother, and as longing for the day of redemption to dawn over this sunrise land.

Of his preaching in Japan he said:

The next day being Sunday, I went to the native church and tried to preach on "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." As this was my first appearance before a Japanese congregation, I felt very awkward, and fear that my sermon was even a little more commonplace than usual. The pastor, Brother Saijo, a graduate

of Drew Theological Seminary, interpreted for me. As far as I could see, he did it very well. But the missionaries who were present told me afterwards that he made me say some startling things. Well, interpretation is a difficult thing, and no man should be seriously blamed for trying to improve on the quality of the message that he expounds. The audience was quite small. I saw no large ones anywhere in Japan. Nor did those who were present show any signs of enthusiasm. At the same time, they listened with respectful attention, and after the service was over greeted me in the most cordial way. The Japanese Methodists, both preachers and laymen, make a point, as one of them told me, of being "calm." If I had to preach to them much, I could wish that they were a little more responsive. Perhaps, in the run of years, they will undergo a change. The growth of distinctly Christian emotions, especially among a self-confident and self-contained people, is a slow process.

He used every day in service or study:

Finding that I had a week or ten days to spare before the Annual Mission Meeting, I concluded to visit our stations along the Inland Sea, or as many of them as could be reached in that time. To my great satisfaction Brother Moseley agreed to go with me. If I had made the trip alone, I should have found it rather depressing, but in such good company I enjoyed it very much.

He was never more happy than in a Methodist parsonage:

Arrived at Beppu, we were met at the pier by Brothers Callahan and Turner, and entertained in a most hospitable fashion. My deliberate judgment, after more than forty years of experience, is that there is no place on earth where a weary traveler gets a more generous welcome than in a Methodist parsonage. After an early supper and a bath in hot artesian water, I went to bed and slept the sleep of the just till about daylight of the next morning, when I was waked up by a racket that sounded as if somebody were pulling down the house above us. It lasted for about ten minutes, growing no better but rather worse. I was certainly glad to learn at last that nothing more serious was going on than the sliding back and taking down of the folding doors. A Japanese house, by the way, is mostly a matter of doors. The whole front is made up of nothing but doors, and there are sliding doors not only between the various rooms, but, as it seemed to me,

every place else. Before the summer was over I got pretty well used to the morning and evening shifting of them, and ceased to worry over the inevitable.

After spending a month in Japan he proceeded to Korea and plunged at once into work. He wrote:

I found the General Council of the Protestant Missions in session, with perhaps one hundred and fifty representatives present. It was followed by the synod (or was it the presbytery?) of the Presbyterian Mission. Dr. White, of whom I have spoken above, delivered daily lectures on Bible topics before the missionaries. I was glad to hear him and to note the combination of scholarly research and evangelical fidelity in his utterances. He and his colleagues, Drs. Rogers and Sweete, have been very helpful to the missionaries in the Orient during the past summer. The opportunity which I enjoyed of preaching before so large a company of devout Christian workers was a most valued one. I tried to hold up Jesus Christ before them as the one and only hope of the world, and could not help feeling that they were actually doing every day this same thing. In the forenoon of Sunday I had preached to one of our own congregations, organized largely through the instrumentality of Mrs. Hardy in the beginning of this year. An old residence in a densely peopled part of the city has been bought and refitted for a meeting place. About two hundred and fifty people were present, all decently dressed and all sitting on the floor, the men on one side of a screen and the women on the other side. It was my first experience in Korea, and I went at it awkwardly enough. That linguistic marvel, Rev. M. B. Stokes, who, after only three years in the country, speaks the language like a native, interpreted for me with great ease and fervor. At the close of the sermon I baptized a dozen or so adults and about the same number of children. If I had \$2,000, or even \$1,500, I could build a church at that place that would speedily have five hundred members. Nowhere in all pagan lands is there promise of such quick returns for such a little outlay as in Korea. On Monday following I walked with Brother Gardine and Dr. Hardy over nearly every foot of the territory in the city that by common consent has been assigned to our Church. Besides the four congregations already in existence, we shall need to organize one or two more; and then we shall be able to meet our responsibility with some measure of effectiveness.

As he approached Songdo he was met by Mr. T. H. Yun:

Two or three stations before reaching Songdo I had a glad surprise. Mr. T. H. Yun, whom the Koreans know as Yun Tchi Ho, my old student in the days when I was professor in Vanderbilt University, came on the train to meet and welcome me. The sight of his face was a refreshment to my spirit. It is not necessary for me to tell the readers of the *Advocate* that now at forty-five he is perhaps the foremost man in all Korea, so recognized by the great body of his fellow-countrymen. In intellectual power and in moral probity he stands at the top. For less than the asking he might have had political preferment and whatever goes along with it. But as a matter of principle he turned away from it and dedicated his life to the headship of a Christian school, in which, along with instruction in manual arts, he hopes to give a sound religious education to the picked young men of his country. Such conduct is, under all the circumstances, a fresh lesson in the nobility of human nature. When we actually stopped at Songdo, there was a spectacle. Mr. Yun's whole school, more than two hundred strong, was drawn up in line, and behind them were several hundred Korean Christians. They had brought a particularly elaborate Sedan chair, and wanted me to get into it and head the procession to the village. But I just couldn't do it. At the risk of being considered unappreciative, I took a jinrikisha and went off with Mr. Yun, begging him to tell the kind-hearted people that I was not indifferent to their courtesy. Fortunately they were not offended, possibly because they excused my conduct as a result of the inadequate training I had received in America.

In Korea he was guest in many homes. These experiences moved him to say:

These more than forty years I have found open doors everywhere for my Master's sake, and inside them have enjoyed the fellowship of the kingdom of heaven. I cannot tell at how many tables I have eaten nor at how many family altars I have worshiped since those distant days when I first began my itinerant rounds. But I pause here to pronounce a blessing on them all. They have done me good and not evil in every respect. I am too old now to change the habits of a lifetime. If the good folks from Tennessee to Korea and roundabout will only suffer it, I shall keep on visiting them till the glad day comes when I shall

enter into that prepared mansion which I humbly hope to inherit.

After six busy and happy days in the Mission Conference he had a day in the mountains with Mr. Yun:

Before leaving Songdo I spent the better part of a day afield with Mr. Yun, walking not less than six miles to the summit of Song-Ak, the lofty mountain in the immediate vicinity. It was a glorious day, with just a hint of the approaching autumn in the air. While quite warm in the plain below, the temperature on the upper levels was bracing. The ascent brought out great views on one side, and the outlook from the summit in every direction was inspiring beyond belief. After gazing at it to our hearts' content, we stretched ourselves on the matted turf and looked up into the crystal sky till a somnolent feeling fell on us. I really wanted to go to sleep and not be waked up for twenty-four hours. But that could not be. We had much to talk about—the old days, the present surroundings, the prospect of the oncoming years, the eternal realities of the other world. Always I shall look back to it with unmingled satisfaction.

The work to be done in China made it necessary for him to leave Korea at the end of three weeks.

His letters from China are among the most fascinating of this or any other part of his "Episcopal Itinerary," which ran through twenty-three numbers and would make a large volume. Only brief extracts can be given. Upon arrival in China he says:

Well, here I am, much to my surprise, at last in China. But how shall I begin to write anything about it? The country is so vast in every respect that it appalls the imagination. What most excites a feeling of amazement in the minds of foreigners freshly arrived is the thronging masses of people. They are as thick as flies in cider-making time. Where do they all come from? What do they do? How do they manage to live? What becomes of them? It is not merely here and there that they surge on like a flood, but everywhere. In the suburbs as well as in the centers, go where you will, they meet you in droves and masses—men, women, and children. I have watched the crowds of a summer evening on the Strand in London, and have walked through the Bowery in New York, but have seen nothing that gave me such

an impression of density as one may see any day in Shanghai, or, for the matter of that, in any other great Chinese city.

Of a week in Shanghai he says:

It is wonderful how much an open-eyed man can see in a foreign land inside of a single week, especially if he begins with some preliminary knowledge of the situation, and, besides, has the benefit of competent and kindly personal guidance on the ground. The few days that I spent at Shanghai before starting to the interior were full to the overflow of novel and instructive experiences. My good friends lent themselves to me at every point with a spontaneity and warmth that doubled the value of their service. I visited many different places in the city, and got at least a passing glimpse of many different kinds of people. At this distance it all seems like a vision or a dream, but on the spot it was very vivid and real. I never had just such a time before, and shall never have just such a one again. Things do not happen twice in precisely the same way.

Very naturally I was solicitous, first of all, to inspect the work of our mission. That was the primary object of my visit to the East. I did not feel that I could afford to do anything else till I had met the good men and women whom our Board of Missions has sent to that field, and had noted, as far as possible, the methods and results of their work.

My first Sunday in Shanghai I shall never forget. In the forenoon I preached at Moore Church, which is hard by McTyeire School. The audience was a good one, including the teachers and pupils of the school and a considerable number of foreigners. Brother Dsau (John Marshall) interpreted for me, and did it with an ease that was most notable. Once or twice in the sermon I gave him a little flourish, but he took it without the least hesitation. The missionaries that were present assured me that he reproduced me most admirably.

One of the most pleasant incidents connected with my stay in Shanghai was the opportunity that it gave me of being present at a monthly meeting of the Missionary Union, an organization made up of all, or nearly all, the missionaries in and about the city. These meetings are held in the quarters of the China Inland Mission, which, as befits that most aggressive of missionary agencies, are ample and convenient for this and other uses. To my mind, this Union is one of the very best exponents of genuine Christian unity in all the East. None of those who connect themselves with it are asked to surrender or to modify their peculiar

views of doctrine or of polity. As believers in a common Lord, and as fellow-laborers in his kingdom, they meet together on a basis of absolute equality. The number of them is surprisingly large. Not less than two hundred and fifty men and women were present on the evening of my attendance. An hour or so was spent in the freest possible social intercourse. In the midst of it all I could not help wishing that the critics at home who are always talking about the evil of denominational differences on the foreign fields could witness the cordiality with which these devoted servants of Christ mingled together and the warmth of the love which they cherish for one another. While I am passing I may add that it is a great mistake to suppose that the heathen do not understand the significance of denominations. How could they fail to understand a phenomenon which is exhibited to them in their own religions?

He held the Annual Conference at Huchow on October 12. Of this, one paragraph must be given:

The discussions on the Conference floor interested me exceedingly. Missionaries and natives alike took part in them without the least restraint. Gradually but surely the Chinese are learning the lessons that will enable them after a while to assume exclusive management and control of their Churches. That is the end to which all our efforts should look. It is not for one moment to be thought of that they should be in perpetual pupilage to foreign Christians. As soon as possible they should become independent. Precipitate action in that direction, however, would be exceedingly unwise. For many years yet the missionary must lead and guide. When everything is ripe for independency, then it should be granted, not reluctantly, but gladly and joyously. For one, I utterly reject the conceit of one world-wide Methodism under the legislative domination of a single General Conference. It is unscriptural and irrational to the last limit. The Roman Catholics may consistently entertain it, but no Protestant can do so without involving himself in numberless contradictions.

Returning from the Orient, he reached San Francisco on November 18 and arrived in Muskogee on November 24. He was very tired after the travels and labors of the trip to the Orient. Six days later, November 30, he attended the meeting of the Joint Commission on Federation at Baltimore. This was one of the most important meetings of the Joint Commission on Federa-

tion and shall be referred to in a later chapter. The routine of his work for the year was finished with the holding of the Baltimore Conference the last week of March. He had had but few days' rest since returning from the Orient. The Board of Education, of which he was president, met the following week in Montgomery, Alabama. That Board had charge of matters pertaining to Vanderbilt University.

III

For the year following May, 1911, he was in charge of the Western North Carolina, North Carolina, North Alabama, and Florida Conferences. These Conferences would meet in the six weeks following the first week of November, but in the meantime there was plenty of work to do. Among his many engagements at this time was one to lecture at the New York Chautauqua Assembly.

As the time for the meeting of the Ecumenical Conference approached, his duties as chairman of two of its important committees were multiplied. He had given diligent care to attend the meetings of the special committees, and of the general committee. He was one of the most influential men in the Ecumenical Conference which met at Toronto in October, 1911. His address of welcome on the opening of the Conference has been referred to in a previous chapter. A member of two preceding Ecumenical Conferences, he was well known to Methodists of the entire world.

As readily to the lowly tasks as to those where the limelight shone, he gave himself to any service which was needed in the field in which he served.

In February, 1912, he appeared before the Congressional Committee on Libraries to speak on a bill, then pending, for the erection of a monument to General William Campbell, one of the colonels who achieved the victory of King's Mountain. Bishop Hoss did not appear as an opponent of General Campbell. He believed that the honor and glory of King's Mountain belonged to a group of men, rather than to one man; and that the honor and glory of that occasion belonged to the pioneers of the Wa-

tauga Settlements, rather than to those of the Old Dominion. He spoke without manuscript and without notes; and presented an account of the Battle of King's Mountain, so clear and convincing as to sound the death knell of the proposed measure.

His address was printed in the *Congressional Record* of February 12, 1912. It is one of the clearest and most convincing accounts of the Battle of King's Mountain that has been written. He gave quite liberal quotations from Theodore Roosevelt's "Winning of the West," in which King's Mountain is ranked as one of the decisive battles of the Revolution. On this occasion Bishop Hoss said of Mr. Roosevelt: "He is always right except when he is wrong, and always interesting even when he is wrong, and frequently irritating even when he is right."

The Bishop fairly captivated the committee and the spectators. He was at his very best when speaking extemporaneously; especially when speaking of the events of early Tennessee history. When he had finished speaking his auditors gathered about him and grasped his hand warmly. A Congressman from the Middle West said to him: "I am up for election this year. If you will go out and stump my district for me, I will pay any price you name for it."

The latter part of March, 1912, he was in the Southern College Campaign in Florida, where, in a little more than a week, he visited about twelve towns, preaching at each place, after which he hurried away to meet an engagement at Bristol, Va. In April he delivered an address to the Congress of the Men and Religion Forward Movement, meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York City, on "The Religious Paper," which was easily equal to the best addresses of that great gathering in Carnegie Hall, when the shadow of the Titanic disaster lay like a pall over the assembly and over the city. Two months later he delivered the address at the dedication of a monument to his lamented friend, Senator Edward W. Carmack.

His letters to his daughter indicate that his heavy labors were becoming a burden hard to be borne, but not once did he flinch when his work called him. The last of February he wrote Mary:

After incessant traveling for the past two weeks, I got here only

yesterday. This will explain my failure to answer your last letter earlier. It seems to me that I shall never again get to sit down long enough any more to catch my breath. Very much to my regret, the last General Conference put me on at least half a dozen Commissions of one sort or another and these take almost as much of my time and strength as the regular duties of my office. From now on till May 10, I shall be constantly on the road. Next Sunday, I must go to Texas to look after a large missionary subscription. The two following Sundays, with the intermediate time, I shall be in Atlanta, Ga. On March 18 I am to meet Dr. McMurray at Baltimore to help in a new Church enterprise there; and on the 25th I have a long-standing engagement at Woodstock in the Valley of Virginia. The week following I hold the Baltimore Conference at Clifton Forge, Va., and then make a run for Montgomery, Ala., to preside over the Annual Meeting of the General Board of Education, April 6-9. On April 12, I meet the Ecumenical Conference Committee in New York and on April 14-16 assist in a campaign for China and Korea. On the 25th I must be present at the Annual Meeting of the Board of Church Extension at Richmond, and during the two weeks after that must attend the Annual Meetings of the College of Bishops and the Board of Missions at Nashville. So you see I am crowded for every day during the next two and a half months. Beyond that, if I am not sent to the East again, I have a chain of promises and duties for the summer. My duties grow, not less, but more exacting as I get older.

Again the following week he wrote in the same vein:

Traveling this winter weather is not at all pleasant. I dread it very much, but it is a part of my business and cannot be avoided. When they superannuate me, I shall have my time at my own command, provided that event is not forestalled by my coming to the end of the way. Of that possibility I am thinking much these latter days.

Mrs. Hoss had a terrible cough; Sessler has gained twenty pounds but is suffering from having been caught in a wind-storm last Sunday. "Embree has gone to Denver to take a place with R. G. Dun and Co., his old business. Poor fellow, I tremble for him, but I trust and pray." He wrote again March 25: "For every member of my household I have always cherished an affection of the deepest character. The waywardness that Embree has

displayed in recent months has nearly killed me, but it has not altered my paternal regard for him. You know the story of the lost sheep. It is my story. I long and pray, day and night, that God in His good providence may remove all causes of alienation, and bring us together once more. Forgiveness, forbearance, gentleness are divine."

But despite such cares, he found time to send a collie dog to one little grandson, a shetland pony to another, and a package of maple sugar to Mary. At other times it was pecans from Texas or oranges from Florida or Virginia Beauty apples.

He sometimes complained of being "deadly tired." Mary was ill and he wanted to go to her:

I wish that it were possible for me to come to you as soon as I get through here. It is no "pleasure" that keeps me away. Pleasure and I have long since parted company. Duty and necessity rule my life. I am more nearly broken down than ever before in my memory. For seven long weeks I have not had one day of rest. The worries and labors of the Conferences have nearly used me up. I must stop a little while and breathe, or else collapse. But if God will, I shall see you sometime in January, probably about the middle of the month.

I have ordered the grapefruit shipped to you by express from Lakeland, Fla., freight prepaid.

Tired and distressed as he had been, he celebrated Christmas in a way characteristic of his faith, courage, and sympathy. To Mary he wrote of it:

I have had a lonely Christmas. Yesterday I couldn't think of anything better to do; so I went out to the penitentiary and preached to 1,000 prisoners on "Come unto me, all ye that labor, and I will give you rest." The poor fellows seemed to enjoy it.

Of the above incident Mrs. Maud Turpin tells:

He once spent Christmas Day by invitation at the state prison in Nashville and spoke to the prisoners in an effort that was said by those who heard it to be probably the greatest speech of his life. Every sentence, it is said, was full of hope, and all through his talk were quaint and humorous stories. When he had completed, the men crowded around him, patting him on the back

and slapping him on the shoulders, their faces wreathed in smiles, mingled with tears. Finally one man, evidently a leader, looked the Bishop straight in the eye and said: "Why, Bishop, I knew all about you. I come from out near Hoss's Creek and my folks is kin to them Seviars." The Bishop's laugh rang out as he held the man in closer, firmer handclasp. It was a point of honor with him to recognize every mother's son that had a drop of his own blood, regardless of his social or moral status.

IV

His episcopal district for 1912-13 was composed of the Denver, Missouri, Southwest Missouri, and St. Louis Conferences. During the absence of Bishop Wilson, he also had charge of South Georgia.

The name of Embree Hoss, Jr., appears frequently in his father's correspondence and was constantly upon his father's heart. That he was a gifted and attractive man is shown by the following statement contained in a letter from Bishop Hoss to Mary from Nashville, January 26, 1912:

A strange thing happened today. A number of representative men, belonging to both political factions, sought an interview with Embree and me, and begged permission to put his name forward for the gubernatorial nomination. Conditions are such that I think it likely he could get the nomination, if he went after it. But we declined to talk for the present. I am not sure that it would be best for Embree to have it, and I would certainly not be willing for him to take it under any conditions that involved a sacrifice of principle.

He was under the weather during February. Mrs. Hoss was "very sick, completely broken down." He wrote Mary February 27: "Embree has been here for about three weeks. You will no doubt be able to understand the case, and I have little heart to write. But I hope all is well now. I shall start on a two months' round of my Conferences within the next day or two, and will be very busy till the meeting of the College of Bishops in May. Don't forget to pray for me. My cares multiply and my strength does not increase."

The latter part of May he hurried from Nashville, where depo-

sitions were being taken in the Vanderbilt case, to Washington to intercede with the Japanese Ambassador for Mr. Yun of Korea. While in Washington he wrote Mary: "For many weeks I have suffered from an incessant weariness and depression of body and mind. But I hope when I stop for a few days I shall be quick to recover my tone. Somehow or other I must manage to live and keep going for at least a little longer. There are so many things that I wish to do before I die."

During the first week in July he traveled three thousand miles and preached six times; when he reached home he was "fagged out." Mary was still unwell and he warned her to take things easy:

Give heed to my advice and take things as easily as you can. There is no economy in the undue waste of strength and energy. Nobody is more competent to speak on such a subject than I am; for I have myself been a great sinner in that respect. Now that I am nearly 64 years old I can look back and see how foolish I have been in trying to make overdrafts on nature.

Returning from Denver, he stopped in St. Louis. After preaching on a summer night he had a chill. The next morning he awoke with what was at first thought to be facial paralysis. His condition was sufficiently serious for Sessler to come to him and remain for several days. Sessler took his father to Tate Springs early in September. His trouble proved deeper seated than he at first supposed. "His voice and throat were sadly out of repair." "The sense of my uselessness is most oppressive."

On September 25 he wrote Bishop Denny: "I am getting better, Sessler says, every day, but slowly. My tongue is still pretty thick and my speaking voice is gone. I am also pretty weak and nervous. At first I did not dream how hard I had been hit. The Lord is good to me. I wander around in this glorious atmosphere with Nestle's Greek Testament in my pocket and an India-paper edition of 'The Virginians' in the other."

The editor of the *New York Christian Advocate* commented on a similar letter which he had received from Bishop Hoss:

From a sanitarium in Tennessee, where he is recuperating, Bishop E. E. Hoss, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South,

sends a characteristic letter, from which we cannot forbear printing some extracts, at the risk of violating the courtesies of a private correspondence. After describing the progress of his case and saying that he cannot expect to be in fighting trim for some months, he proceeds as follows: "In the meantime I have Nestle's Greek Testament (India-paper edition) in one pocket and Thackeray's 'The Virginians' in the other, and the time does not drag. These enforced pauses in one's life have their value."

The first of October Sessler moved his father to Galbraith's Springs in the hope that even so small a change should help him. The next day he wrote: "My dear Dr. Hawkins: I write a brief note to say that I am at last picking up right along. My digestion is much improved and my throat is clearing up wonderfully. The fare is excellent. You ought to see me eating fried chicken and old ham, and hot biscuits and waffles, and all sorts of fruits and vegetables, and drinking endless quantities of chalybeate water and fresh milk. The coffee I have almost cut out. Sessler also is greatly improved. Mary and her boy are here with me. We came over yesterday from Tate's, ten miles away, and will probably stay here about two weeks. The weather is glorious. I am sitting now out on a broad veranda, with the October sun beating in on me."

The Tennessee Conference was celebrating its centennial year in 1912 and he had looked longingly to being able to attend. On October 8 he wrote Bishop Denny, who was holding the Tennessee Conference:

I had hoped till a day or two ago to be present at the Tennessee Conference. But I see now that it would not be wise for me to attempt it. While I am undoubtedly better, I am still too weak and nervous to undertake the long journey and the excitement of the occasion. Please to give my best love to the brethren, all of whom I know and for all of whom I cherish a profound and genuine affection. Their kindness to me during more than a quarter of a century is one of the treasures of my life. Tell them that I am praying for them, and wishing the best blessings of God on their spirits. This centennial year of the Conference is a time for gratitude. The fathers who have gone to glory are doubtless interested in the labors and toils of their sons. It is easy to imagine that McKendree and Gavin, and Douglass and

McFerrin and Paine and Green and West and Barbee and Young and Kelley and Pitts and Hanner and Orman are hovering this week about Old McKendree Church—the Communion of Saints extends beyond the bounds of time and sense.

Mary had joined her father and Sessler at Galbraith's for a few days. At the end of October they went to Jonesboro for a brief visit at the old home. Sessler had been with his father constantly since his breakdown in St. Louis. On their way to Mary's home, at Collingswood, New Jersey, they stopped at Johns Hopkins Hospital for what Bishop Hoss described as "a radical examination"; and adds: "The Doctor thinks my trouble, at bottom, arteriosclerosis." Sessler remained with his father for a week; and, after attending the American Clinical Congress, returned to Collingswood, and they left for Nashville on November 14. Mary was far from well and he warned her again: "But I can't help the fear that you are overworking yourself. Be careful about that. Take my case as a warning. I ought to have twenty years of effective life before me, and probably would have had if I had not literally squandered my strength on a thousand things that do not count. Think of the years to come and let the unessential matters go while you try to save yourself for the supreme tasks that lie before you."

He was "so much fatigued by two weeks of constant attendance on the Vanderbilt case that Sessler insisted on his getting away for a few days"; and with Sessler and Embree he returned to Tate Springs the first of December. "Embree was much run down, but Sessler is stronger than for fifteen years." Sessler has been with his father constantly since the middle of August.

Bishop Hoss reached home at Muskogee for Christmas; and "stood the trip pretty well and is improving a little every day, though weak in my joints and in my voice. One good sign is that I am beginning to want to work. Today I actually wrote an article for the newspapers—the first in four months." He says: "I had hoped to go back to Nashville, to be present at the argument in the Vanderbilt case. But Sessler does not think it would be wise, and I suppose that he is right. So I shall probably stay

here and try to catch up. My last stay in Nashville was very trying on me."

On January 10, 1913, he wrote Bishop Denny about his desire to be present for the argument in the Vanderbilt case and of the state of his health:

If nothing happens I shall be there at that time, though I am not yet quite certain of myself. Some days I am up, and then again very much down. The kind offer of my friends to send me to Battle Creek for a month's rest, and your own offer to go with me, are most refreshing to my spirit; and I see now no reason why I should not accept, though I have always felt some hesitancy about taking favors that I can never hope to repay. I am sure that you are at the bottom of this whole affair, and that takes away a good deal of my reluctance.

Bishop Hoss was in error in supposing that Bishop Denny was "at the bottom of this affair." The money for the trip to Battle Creek was raised by some laymen of Nashville, led by Mr. Walter Keith. Dr. J. S. French, then pastor of McKendree Church, requested Bishop Denny to name someone to accompany Bishop Hoss on the trip. Bishop Denny promptly suggested that Dr. French go; but this was impossible at the time. Bishop Denny then volunteered to go, himself, provided he be allowed to pay his own expenses, an act for which Dr. French has honored Bishop Denny through the years.

Bishop Hoss was under orders from his physician to do no work; but he came to Nashville for the argument in the Vanderbilt case, after which he went to Battle Creek, accompanied by Bishop Denny.

In a letter to Mary, March 6, he said: "The doctors are afraid of another stroke." Francis Headman, his little grandson, was desperately ill, and he wrote the child's mother: "The Vanderbilt case, important as it is, does not interest me half so much as the life and health and welfare of my little boy."

On March 23 he was back at home in Muskogee and wrote in detail of his trip home. "He slept soundly" on the Pullman until six thirty. He is hopeful that his improvement is permanent. Sessler was not so hopeful and wrote Bishop Denny: "While

Father's mental and physical health shows most gratifying improvement as the result of his stay at Battle Creek, still it will be very easy for him to lose all he gained there."

In this same letter Sessler says of Embree: "For some time Embree has been the source of grave concern to me, and his condition culminated seriously week before last in Sedalia. I went there for him, and before Father's return had to place him in a Sanitarium at Guthrie. I am gravely afraid that he will never get on his feet again. I need not tell you what the effect of all this has been on Father. It will be necessary for one of us to go East within the next day or so, in order to try to save Embree with the Department."

This was a sad blow to the father, just as he returned from the Sanitarium. In July he wrote Bishop Denny: "You know something of the special sorrow that has oppressed me for the past five months. Well, I am glad to say that God has heard my prayers, as I verily believe, and has answered them. The world is looking brighter to me now than it has for a long time. I react from low spirits with shameless alacrity."

He had been unable to do any sustained work since he was stricken in Missouri in August, 1912. As the time approached for the annual meeting of the College of Bishops he was anxious to be back at work again. Sessler wrote Bishop Denny the last of March about his father's assignment for the coming year:

Now, as to Father's going to China this summer: I think we may as well dismiss that plan from our calculations. I would not permit him to go under any circumstances. So do not feel any hesitancy in making your plans for the trip. Just leave Father's end of it to me. Really, he ought not to have any work at all assigned to him this year, but I know that he will insist on doing something; so wish you would try to have one or two light Conferences assigned to him—just enough to make him feel that he is still in active relation to his work.

His assignments for 1913-14 were the Denver, Missouri, Southwest Missouri, and St. Louis Conferences. This was the same as last year, but, owing to illness, he had held only the Denver Con-

ference, which met at Aztec, N. M., August 28. A letter to Bishop Denny tells of this trip:

My journey hither was a very trying one. All through Kansas the thermometer was at from 102 to 105, and the dust was something terrible, filling my eyes, ears, nose, and throat. But I stood it pretty well—the three days at Denver were pleasant enough. I preached there last Sunday and dedicated the church.

From Denver to Aztec is about 40 hours, 12 hours of it on a narrow-gauge road. At two points, La Veta and Comb's Pass, the elevation is over 10,000 feet. I found my breathing much disturbed for several hours, and for one whole night I scarcely slept. Aztec is nearly 6,000 feet high, but I do not suffer much from it. My strength is as good as I could expect; but I am aware that I am in the flesh.

This was the close of the third quadrennium of his work as Bishop. He had now been twelve years "on the rounds." He wrote an interesting series on "Making the Twelfth Round," giving an account of the trip referred to above. Seasoned traveler as he was, he was surprised to find the distance from Denver to Aztec, New Mexico, was nearly as great as that from Muskogee to Denver. Of the night trip he tells:

Having had a busy day, I was somewhat worn out and went to bed early, but not to sleep. My nerves seemed to be strung with electric bulbs, with some invisible person perpetually pushing the buttons. Within a few hours I became aware that we were steadily moving up in the world. Before daylight we had reached La Veta, which sits between nine and ten thousand feet above the sea. Except in the matter of nervousness, as it implies a lack of steady nervous energy, a matter of seven or eight thousand feet does not bother me. Above that, however, my breathing apparatus operates with more or less difficulty. Whether I could stand as much as twelve thousand feet I do not know; and if my present intentions hold out, I shall never make the experiment. Too high or too low is not good. About seventeen hundred and sixty feet is the level on which I was reared and on which I should be content to dwell.

It is amazing to follow Bishop Hoss, who but a few months ago was being carefully watched at Battle Creek, "lest we have another stroke," making these difficult journeys over mountain and plain,

in heat and dust; to meet his Conferences and care for the churches. Of his night ride from Aztec to Durango, on his way to St. Charles, Mo., he says:

When the Committee on Episcopal Assignments made out my list of Conferences, it had evidently given no recent study to geography, else it would have allowed me more than a day and a half in which to get from the northwestern corner of New Mexico to St. Charles, Mo. As there was to be no train out of Aztec for twenty-four hours after the adjournment of the Conference, my only course was to take an automobile to Durango, Colo., forty miles away, and thus save a full day in the matter of connections. Dr. Lamar, of the Publishing House, whose presence had added so much to the profit and pleasure of the Conference, and Rev. R. E. Dickenson were good enough to accompany me. We left Aztec between 4 and 5 P.M., expecting to make the trip in three or four hours, although we were aware of the fact that our road lay across steep mountain ranges and at places very rough. For the first seven miles everything went well. The air was pleasant; the river swept by us, making music over its rocky bed; the mountains looked down on us with serene faces; and the people that we passed were extremely polite. We were beginning to congratulate ourselves on having so dependable a machine and so competent a driver when, all at once, there was an explosion and a dead halt. An inner tire sheath had burst, and there we were. No provision had been made for such a contingency, and no telephone office was accessible. "What are we going to do?" we asked of our driver. "I am going to walk back to Aztec for another machine," said he. That was cheering news. It meant at least four hours for us on the roadside. But as fretting would do no good, we concluded to be cheerful.

In the course of an hour or so it began to break upon us that supper would be a good thing, and so Brother Dickenson and I determined to walk ahead about two miles, and see whether we could find a hospitable opening. Dr. Lamar, being unwilling to leave all our belongings unprotected, declined to accompany us. I have an opinion, however, that he got nearly enough walking with Robert E. Lee in 1863-65 to last him for a long lifetime. As good fortune would have it, we had not gone far till we fell in with friends. Two gentlemen and their wives came up behind us in a spring wagon. They were originally Iowa Methodists, though long resident in New Mexico, and had been to the Conference. One of the couples soon got out at their home and took it upon

themselves to prepare a hot meal and carry it back to Dr. Lamar, while the other couple would have us go on with them. From all we could gather later, the Doctor fared sumptuously (he personally confesses to having drunk a pint of strong coffee), and we certainly found a full board and gracious treatment. A thousand blessings on the good people who thus gave us their best because we were the servants of their Master. May they never lack for any good thing!

It was after ten o'clock when the driver returned with another machine. It proved to be a Ford of rather small size, and gave us scant room for ourselves and our baggage. But wrapping up snugly against the night winds in the abundant coverings which our generous hosts lent us, we started once more, a little subdued in spirit and not quite so talkative as we had been at an earlier hour. Three times in the course of the night the machine went dead on us and gave us an additional delay of many hours. I desire to set it down to the credit of the driver and of my fellow passengers that through it all they showed no unchristian temper nor spoke unadvisedly with their lips. At 3 A.M., we ran into Durango, found our hotel, and went to bed for three or four hours without standing on the order of our going. But it was somewhat trying at the time.

From Durango to Denver is fully twenty-four hours; from Denver to Kansas City, about eighteen; and from Kansas City to St. Charles, about eight or ten. Including two or three breaks in the schedule, I was, therefore, seventy-two hours on the way from Aztec, and did not reach St. Charles, the seat of the Missouri Conference, till late Wednesday afternoon. It was in no sense a pleasure jaunt.

At the close of the Conference at St. Charles, he had a thought of sadness, which must, many a time, have lingered in his heart at the close of Conference:

The only sad thought that I brought away grew out of the fact that I was not able in every case to make an appointment wholly acceptable to all concerned. If I left some sore spots, it does not surprise me; for, though trying to do the right thing, I am sure that not my wisdom nor any man's is sufficient to guarantee the avoidance of all mistakes and blunders.

I am glad to report that thus far on my round I am alive, but am very weary. My trip to Aztec and back taxed my energies seriously; but the hot weather, the long journey, and the perplexities attending the appointments gave me all that I was able to do.

To Mary he wrote intimately of the round:

I closed up the last of my Conferences on yesterday at Jackson, Mo., and got here last night. The round was heavy on me in many ways. To begin with, the distances to be travelled were great; and a good part of the time the weather was distressingly hot. Then there were difficulties in the Conferences themselves, feuds and factions. But, in spite of all these things, I have gotten through better than I expected. Everybody has been kind and courteous, and the appointments, as far as I can see, have given very general satisfaction. Of course I am tired, but my health appears to be about the same it was when I started in six weeks ago. I shall go to Muskogee today, and then to the Tennessee Conference at Cookeville next week. After that I hope to settle down for the winter. About the first of November, however, I am to be in New York, and will stop to see you coming or going.

Early in December he was with Embree who was in Washington seeking employment. He poured out his heart to Mary: "Surely he does not know the agony of soul through which I have gone on his account. But if he will only keep straight for the time to come I shall not mind what has already passed. What are parents for anyway except to love their children?"

Again on January 27: "No news from Embree for weeks, and my heart aches, aches, aches over him."

A month later: "Embree is still in California and does not tell me a word about what he is doing. I often wake at night and think about him."

V

The General Conference of 1914 was an epochal time in the life of Bishop Hoss. He had given his time and strength to maintain Church control of Vanderbilt University. When control of that institution was denied to the Church by a court decree, he counseled his Church to accept the decree of the court, only because it was a decree of the civil court. He was the most conspicuous figure in the movement to establish two universities to serve the Church where Vanderbilt had shamelessly failed.

He was also the leader of his Church in the formulation of a plan of union for the Methodist Churches. The plan had been approved by the Joint Commissions of the Churches in 1911.

Under his leadership the General Conference of 1914 approved this plan, and proposed union upon that basis.

There was still another sense in which this Conference was epochal: The Committee on Episcopacy recommended that, owing to his impaired health, he be granted a vacation for the coming year; and that he be granted perfect freedom to use the time for rest and recuperation. With great heartiness this recommendation was approved and he was granted complete freedom from official labor for a year.

This was to be his last quadrennium. He was too exhausted, by the heavy labors of forty-five years as a Methodist preacher, teacher, editor, bishop, and leader to labor during the first year of that quadrennium. But neither an official vacation, granted by the General Conference, nor the infirmities of his erstwhile mighty frame could estop him from "finishing his course." We shall follow him around the world as he puts forth the mighty power of his great spirit to force his failing body to do his will. As he said to his daughter: "He is not a dead one yet."

But it was impossible for him to refuse to answer at least some of the many calls which came to him. In September, 1914, he wrote Bishop Denny:

For the past week I have been much under the weather. As far as I can make out, I must have caught a touch of malaria in Mississippi. It makes me feel very bad, but I am somewhat better today. You can hardly imagine how many calls there are on me of one sort and another. As I have no Conferences, the brethren seem to think that I ought to be open to all sorts of irregular engagements. Perhaps it would have been better for me to have gone on as usual.

My limitations in the direction of health and strength become increasingly manifest to me. I wasn't far wrong when I told you that I must do my Episcopal work in about ten years. It would not surprise me to wake up any morning and find myself disabled. But I am not talking this out loud, and shall not do so. It may be that I shall be able to go on through another quadrennium. And this reminds me to warn you, Don't try to overdo your strength. If you do, you will pay the penalty. Nature is the most inexorable of creditors.

Nevertheless, in a newsy letter written from Junaluska the first of August, he writes:

Since I saw you I have been very busy, having preached at Chattanooga twice, and elsewhere eight or ten times. For the past weeks I have been at Junaluska. Tomorrow I am to be at Asheville. My health is pretty good. I sleep well, and have a good appetite. On Monday I go back to Junaluska to speak on the call to the ministry and then I shall run up to New York to meet the Continuing Committee of the Ecumenical Conference and return to Junaluska on the 8th for my final service there. In some of these days I hope to see you. My heart gets hungry for you.

Nothing could keep him from working so long as he could be on his feet. He wrote to Mary: "There are so many things I want to do before I die." His heart was always hungering for his family and for his friends.

CHAPTER XXVII

UNIFICATION

It is my rooted conviction that the very first step toward securing a brotherly adjustment among the different bodies of American Methodists is to be found in a frank and full exhibition of the real difficulties that lie in the way of such a result.

I

WHILE sitting in the Uniting Conference at Kansas City, in May of 1939, I was musing on the time, ninety-five years before, when the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, sitting in New York, adopted the Resolutions which resulted in the separation of the Methodists of the North and the South.

While thus musing, the question arose in my mind: "What was this place like in 1844?" We were meeting in one of the most commodious auditoriums in America. In 1844 there was no such auditorium; there was no Kansas City. There had been a trading post named Westport Landing, changed to Town of Kansas in 1838, chartered as Kansas City in 1853.

In 1844 Saint Joseph, Mo., (so named in 1843), was the most important place in all that region. It was the frontier town of America. It was the head of the trail for Santa Fe and the Southwest. From that point Marcus Whitman had, in 1843, led the first train of wagons, bearing a thousand emigrants, along what was soon to become known as the Oregon Trail. The very year of the separation of the Methodists, two thousand took to the trail for Oregon. Later the gold rush poured out of "Saint Joe" for California. There was not a mile of railroad west of the Mississippi. Indeed, at that time there were only three thousand miles of railroad in the United States. Even the "Pony Express" did not begin to operate between Saint Joseph and San Francisco until 1860.

The application of Missouri for admission as a State had pre-

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cipitated heated debate over the question of slavery, which had resulted in the Missouri Compromise.

The Missouri Compromise dealt with some of the economic and political aspects of slavery, rather than with the moral bearings of the institution. Those who devised the Missouri Compromise believed that they had solved the political problem. But the problem of human slavery could not be solved by compromise involving balance of representation in the Senate of the United States. Twoscore years after the adoption of the Missouri Compromise the country was to be plunged into war, which should bring slavery to a perpetual end in the United States.

It was near the middle of these twoscore years that the General Conference met in 1844. The question of slavery had been often before the General Conference. There is not time here to recite that history. The best men of that age were unable to devise a cure for the evil of slavery.

As the General Conference assembled in New York on the first day of May, 1844, there was probably no man among them who foresaw the storm which was to break upon them; or the fateful separation which was to take place. No man of them had come up to that Conference with a more tranquil mind than Bishop James O. Andrew. Riding horseback from his home in Georgia, like the true Circuit Rider that he was, no forebodings of the storm which was to rage about him had crossed his mind. He had been elected Bishop in 1832 and had served in that office for twelve years when the General Conference met in 1844. No word of reproach had been spoken against him. He had administered the office of a Bishop with faithfulness, wisdom, devotion, and ability.

II

Bishop Andrew soon found himself the involuntary center of a fierce conflict, which sprang up over his connection with slavery. The time was past when men could look on slavery with cool or placid minds. The fires of abolition were spreading, and rising higher as they spread. The response to abolition was contempt and hatred for abolitionists. The most conservative and conciliatory spirits saw that there was threat and danger of a general conflagra-

tion. It was inevitable that the flames should kindle in the Church.

Bishop Andrew was a shining mark for this storm. He was legally connected with slavery; but a more guileless, kindly, unselfish master could not have been found. An old lady had bequeathed to him a mulatto girl, in trust until she was nineteen; she was then to be sent to Liberia, with her consent. The girl did not consent. She continued to live in her own house on his lot, although he derived no profit from her labors. State law forbade emancipation. She refused to leave the State. His mother-in-law left her daughter (his wife) a negro boy. His wife died without making a will and the boy became legally his property. As with the girl, the law forbade emancipation. In January (1844) he had married a woman possessed of slaves, inherited from her former husband's estate. Unwilling to become their owner, he secured them to her by a deed of trust. He was legally connected with slavery; but was as far from the abolitionist's conception of a slaveholder as was possible to one who held the statutory right to slaves.

Dr. Stephen Olin, speaking to the General Conference, said of Bishop Andrew:

I know him well. He was the friend of my youth; and although by his experience and his position fitted to be a father, yet he made me a brother, and no man has more fully shared my sympathies, or more intimately known my heart, for these twenty years. His house has been my home, on his bed have I lain in sickness, and he, with his sainted wife now in heaven, has been my comforter and nurse. I know no man who has been so bold an advocate for the interest of the slaves; and when I have been constrained to refrain from saying what perhaps I should have said, I have heard him at camp-meetings, and on other public occasions, call fearlessly on masters to see to the spiritual and temporal interests of their slaves as a high Christian duty.

Bishop McTyeire says of him:

It was his invidious and peculiar lot to be the center of a historic strife, in the midst of which his self-poise never failed, and the gentleness and strength of his character were strikingly displayed.

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After the lapse of a century it is easy to see that it was fortunate that, when the issue came, there were no entanglements with other ethical questions; or even questions of efficiency. No other fault was found with Bishop Andrew except that he was connected with slavery.

The question which confronted the General Conference was not a question of dealing with Bishop Andrew, or of dealing with the episcopacy. The real question before them was that of providing for the continuance of the ministry of Methodism both in the North and in the South. There was such a state of mind in the North that a Church with a Bishop having legal relations with slavery could find no hearing. On the other hand, there was such a state of mind in the South that a Church which declared that a man was unworthy to fill the office of a Bishop, for the sole reason that he was legally connected with slavery, could have no access to either slave or master: in short, could not minister in the South.

Dr. Olin, who had been converted in the South, had become President of Randolph-Macon College, and was, in 1844, President of Wesleyan University, said:

I feel it in my heart, and never felt on any subject as I do on this; and I will take it on me to say freely that I do not see how Northern men can yield their ground, or Southern men give up theirs. I do indeed believe that if our affairs remain in their present position, and this General Conference do not speak out clearly and distinctly on the subject, however unpalatable it may be, we cannot go home under this distracting question without a certainty of breaking up our Conferences. With regard to our Southern brethren—and I hold that on this question at least I may speak with some confidence—if they concede what the Northern brethren wish, if they concede that holding slaves is incompatible with holding their ministry, they may as well go to the Rocky Mountains as to their own sunny plains. The people would not bear it.

Few great questions of Church or State have been discussed upon so high a plane or voted upon in a spirit so earnest and generous. The Plan of Separation was adopted by a vote of 139 to 17. Happy would it have been if that spirit had continued. But the rising

tide of sectionalism was to interfere with fraternal relations between the two great branches of American Methodism.

Bishop McTyeire says:

The Plan of Separation, as conceived and agreed on, was honorable to both parties; it was a healing measure, a fitting farewell to the fifteenth General Conference of united Episcopal Methodism, and the last.

III

The delegates from the Southern Conferences held a meeting, before leaving New York, and arranged for a Convention to be held in Louisville, Ky., in May, 1845, to determine what course should be pursued in maintaining Methodism in the South.

Dr. Olin had seen with prophetic vision that the South would maintain solid ranks, while in the North this should be impossible. He said:

I know the difficulties of the South. I know the excitement that is likely to prevail among the people there. Yet, allowing our worst fears all to be realized, the South will have this advantage over us—the Southern Conferences are likely, in any event, to harmonize among themselves; they will form a compact body. In our Northern Conferences this will be impossible in the present state of things. They cannot bring their whole people to act together on one common ground.

The Convention provided for, met in Louisville, in 1845, and agreed upon "a separate Ecclesiastical Connection"; and arranged for a General Conference to be held at Petersburg, Va., in May, 1846. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was launched upon her historic course. One of the most significant acts of the first General Conference of the Southern Church was the election, by a rising and unanimous vote, of Dr. Lovick Pierce as a fraternal messenger to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was to meet in Pittsburgh in 1848.

Dr. Olin was a true prophet as to the course of affairs in the North. The General Conference of 1848 was made up largely of new men. The men who had composed the General Conference of

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1844 had been left at home. The General Conference of 1848 pronounced the "Plan of Separation" unconstitutional, and formally declared it null and void. This unfortunate and ill-advised action led to great confusion. It became necessary for the Southern Church to appeal to the civil courts to secure their rights under the Plan of Separation. These rights were vindicated by a decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, which issued a decree awarding to the Southern Church its share in the connec-tional property of the Church.

IV

The fraternal messenger, Dr. Lovick Pierce, who had been elected by the General Conference of the Southern Church which had met at Petersburg in 1846, attended the Conference at Pittsburg and sent a note to that body, stating his mission. After two days the General Conference replied:

Whereas there are serious questions and difficulties existing between the two bodies, therefore resolved that while we tender to Rev. Dr. Pierce all personal courtesies, and invite him to attend our sessions, this General Conference does not consider it proper at present to enter into fraternal relations with the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.

To this Dr. Pierce made answer:

Within the bar I can only be known in my official character. You will therefore regard this communication as final on the part of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. She can never renew the offer of fraternal relations between the two great bodies of Wesleyan Methodists in the United States. But the proposition can be renewed at any time, either now or hereafter, by the Methodist Episcopal Church. And if ever made upon the basis of the Plan of Separation, as adopted by the General Conference of 1844, the Church, South, will cordially entertain the proposition.

With this unhappy incident all fraternal correspondence ceased; and twenty-one years passed with no word of communication between the two branches of the Methodist Church. Those were the years when the controversy between the North and South

grew in bitterness until it broke into the fiercest civil war of modern times; during its four years of hatred and slaughter, both North and South lost of their best sons. One of its principal results was the emancipation of the slaves and the complete destruction of slavery. The preservation of the union was even more important than the curing of the social disease of slavery. Wise leaders might have accomplished both of these results without the holocaust of war. But calmness, tolerance, and patience were not the stock-in-trade of the statesmen or churchmen of that period.

In 1869 Bishops Janes and Simpson waited upon the College of Bishops of the Southern Church to "confer . . . as to the propriety and practicability and methods of reunion." Courteous reply was made to their statement. It was a rather awkward situation. Both sides were embarrassed; but at any rate the ice was broken. The gesture of friendliness had been made. Maybe something should come of it. Bishop Janes was not willing to give it up and was at the Southern General Conference the next year, 1870.

This sketch is in no sense a history of the division of the Methodist Church and of the long period of estrangement which followed the fateful separation of 1844. It is here set down merely as an introduction to the recital of the story of the life of Bishop Hoss as it is related to the questions of fraternity, federation, and unification of American Methodism.

V

The separation of the Methodists, North and South, had occurred six years before the birth of Embree Hoss. At eleven he had joined the Southern Methodist Church at Jonesboro, under the pastorate of Grinsfield Taylor. He was licensed to preach in 1866, at seventeen.

In a former chapter has been given Embree Hoss's own account of the seizing and holding, by the Methodist Episcopal Church, of churches belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in East Tennessee. Conspicuous among these was Jonesboro, where he had been brought up and where he served his first pastorate; and Church Street, Knoxville, his second pastorate. Both were

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seized, and held for several years, the latter until it was released by a court decree. The years following the close of the war were filled with bitterness. Intolerance and vindictiveness on the part of victors produced in the hearts of the vanquished anger and resentment; no less bitter because it was suppressed. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that partisan feelings ran high and moved the deeps of men's hearts.

Embree Hoss came to intellectual maturity at an early age. He was preaching at sixteen and a pastor at twenty. At twenty-three he was trying to orient himself on the far western frontier. He had felt deeply the shame of unbrotherly strife between Methodists, North and South, in his native Tennessee. In California he found this strife somewhat diluted by the indifference of frontier life, but none the less detrimental to the development of Christian life and evangelical usefulness. It was no more tolerable to be faced with unholy rivalry between Methodists in California than in Tennessee. He soon came to feel that something should be done to remedy such conditions.

Bishop Janes and Dr. W. L. Harris brought a proposal, in 1870, for a commission to treat on the subject of union. The Southern Conference replied, in effect, that the first step necessary was the "removal of all obstacles to formal fraternity," and proposed the appointment of commissions for that purpose. The Cape May Commission was the result of these discussions. Meetings were held at Cape May in midsummer 1876; and while the Cape May Agreement did not solve the problems of rival and overlapping churches, it was the beginning of the long journey toward the reunion of American Methodism. It at least declared that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church "have constituted one Methodist family." The Cape May ideal was lovely and desirable, but it was not easy of realization. It was one thing for well-chosen Fraternal Commissioners to meet and agree on relations of comity and righting of wrongs; it was another thing to change the feelings of hundreds of thousands of people in churches lying in overlapping territories.

Young Embree Hoss was in California during this nascent rapprochement of divided Methodism. He was not too young to

watch the movement with eager interest. Perhaps his ardent optimism and youthful confidence led him to expect too much of the agreement which was reached. His experiences as a young pastor in Tennessee had not tended to qualify him for a completely objective consideration of the controversial questions which lay in the path of fraternity, federation, and union. As he grew to maturity he became deeply aware of the "questions in dispute between the Methodist Episcopal Church and ourselves." In later years he was sometimes charged with being an obstructionist. That this charge was without foundation should be made plain by a recital of the record of his activities in the cultivation of fraternal relations; and in the unification of the two principal branches of Methodism in America.

In a previous chapter we have read from his own hand the experiences which Embree Hoss passed through in the first years of his ministry in East Tennessee where the churches of Southern Methodism were seized, under carpetbag rule, by preachers of the Northern Church. This condition soon passed away, but the feelings which such things engendered did not pass away with the restoration of churches by court orders.

In 1877 the following resolution was offered in Holston Conference by E. E. Hoss:

Resolved, That our delegates to the next General Conference be and are hereby instructed to devise some plan by which the policy of setting up altar against altar in the foreign mission fields can be obviated and a judicious co-operation of various Methodist Churches in this great work be secured.

The resolution was adopted without opposition. The policy therein proposed was later adopted by the two great Methodist Churches.

That rivalry and competition continued in Holston Conference is shown by an article written by E. E. Hoss and published in the *Christian Advocate* in October, 1879.

There is one fact which greatly hinders the success of Methodism in the Tennessee part of our work, and that is the division

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of its forces into two separate and opposing columns. The sagacious senior editor of the *Holston Methodist* has been giving this subject wise consideration in his paper. The time has surely come when a high sense of Christian duty, and a fervent love for Methodism, ought to prevail to overcome the difficulties which require the existence of two rival Methodisms on the same soil. It is not my purpose to even suggest that either branch ought to be absorbed by the other *nolens volens*. I have too much respect for the rights of individual conscience to think of promulgating, or even of entertaining, any such thought. Any adjustment of the case should be made in the spirit of the largest Christian Charity. With respect to unessential points, concession, compromise, surrender will be necessary. All merely political or sectional questions must be pushed out of view. It is a crying evil that a man's Church-membership should be almost an infallible badge of his party politics. Our Churches ought to be so broad in temper that men of either political party could feel perfectly at home in them. I am personally acquainted with many of the members of the M. E. Church in East Tennessee. They are good people—as good as can be found in any Communion—and I shall continue to cherish for them the warmest Christian love, in spite of all the foolishness and venomousness of such men as Bishop Haven and Dr. Fowler. Those of them who know me will not think me capable of originating or advocating any scheme of mere ecclesiastical aggrandizement. My solitary object in penning these lines is to aid in opening the way to such a cordial and complete understanding between two classes of closely connected, yet widely alienated, Christian men, as shall issue in the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and the enhancement of his glory.

This article speaks for itself, but especial attention is called to its reference to the political complexion of the two Churches. Embree Hoss was too wise, even as a young man, to suppose that either of these Churches could be absorbed by the other. He could not remain silent in the presence of such strife and conflict.

VI

Seven years later, during his first year at Vanderbilt, he wrote Bishop R. S. Foster on the condition which continued in Tennessee, as well as in many other sections. His letter is worthy of preservation and wide reading. It is given in full:



VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Nashville, Tenn., June. 12, 1886.

Rev. Bishop R. L. Foster, D. D.,

Boston, Massachusetts,

My Dear Sir & Brother:—

You will hardly remember that I was once introduced to you on the cars between San Francisco and San Jose, Cal. I am now a member of the Holston Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Vanderbilt University. In what I am about to write, I trust that I am animated by a sincere desire to glorify God and advance the interests of our common Methodism.

Fellowship has been instituted between our Church and ours. Unquestionably, there is a better state of feeling than has existed before for many years. But much yet remains to be done. In many communities we are still antagonizing each other, building up new congregations, maneuvering for position. I can name a dozen little towns in this State alone where these despicable schisms are robbing Methodism of

to nominal power, and causing it to forfeit the respect of the public.

Is this thing to go on forever? Has the Spirit of Christianity become so powerless among us that it can not correct these errors? Ask us to keep on wasting our Lord's money in this unseemly strife, making ourselves meantime the scorn of the world and the laughing-stock of the Devil?

I am confident that I represent the sentiment of the great majority of the younger and more progressive men in our Church, when I say that they are anxious for a perfect adjustment, and that, to secure such a result, they will ask no more concessions than they are willing to give.

I write to you because of your known conservatism, and because I believe that if you would lead the movement thousands in both Churches would follow. If you see fit to respond to this note in any way, I promise that your communication shall be perfectly confidential.

With sincere respect,

and in perfect brotherliness,
E. C. Ross.

Bishop Foster replied:

Boston, Feb. 11, '86.

Rev. E. E. Hoss,

Dear Brother: I am frank to confess to you that I sympathize with all the contents of your letter and am seeking in every prudent way to promote the ends you propose, my impression and hope that we are on the eve of better things.

I hope to be present at your General Conference at Richmond and to have some personal consultations with the authorities of your Church.

Meantime and always count on me for the support of any and all measures that will promote peace and harmony between our Churches—and, what is better still, some form of union by which we shall come to feel we have one common interest and only one.

Very sincerely,

R. S. FOSTER.

Dr. Hoss declared his faith in the ultimate adjustment of difficulties between the two Churches in discussing some rather unpleasant incidents which took place in the Ecumenical Conference of 1891. What he said upon that occasion was in perfect accord with what he had written to Bishop Foster five years before; and he held, consistently, to those views through the years which followed, until the day of his death. An account of those views has been given in a former chapter.

Shortly after the correspondence between Dr. Hoss and Bishop Foster, referred to above, Bishop Foster made an address before the Missionary Committee of his Church concerning the un-wisdom of the use of missionary money of the Methodist Episcopal Church in fields which were being served by the Southern Church.

In 1892 Cranston and Stowe published a book by Bishop S. M. Merrill on "The Organic Union of Methodism." Dr. Hoss discussed this book in the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville) of which he was then editor:

The importance of the subject with which it deals, and the name of its able author, will both contribute to secure it a wide reading. There is no mistaking Bishop Merrill's object. He avows that it is his desire to promote the consolidation of the various

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branches of American Methodism into one compact and powerful organization. It is our duty to tell him with the utmost plainness of speech that his book will help to delay the consummation of such a result. Though he sets out with the manifest purpose to be fair and just, he does not go far till he shows that he is largely under the dominion of sectional and ecclesiastical prejudices. His method of approach to our Church is much as if he should say: "Come, come, my good brethren, in all the disputes between us you have been wholly in the wrong. I now call upon you in the most fraternal spirit to abandon your own convictions, and to accept mine in their place." Whether this is the proper temper in which the healing of an old quarrel should be undertaken, we shall not pause to consider.

That our readers may judge for themselves whether we have correctly stated the Bishop's position, we quote a few of his utterances:

1. Among other sweeping declarations he says: "The General Conference of 1844 neither divided the Church, nor authorized its division. We have not space in which once more, and for the thousandth time, to thrash this old wheat straw."

2. Still speaking of the General Conference of 1844, Bishop Merrill further remarks: "There was, therefore, a general expectation that the Southern delegates would return to their homes and Conferences with the loyalty they professed and use their influence to allay the excitement that was supposed to exist, and do all they could to induce the Conferences to continue their allegiance to the Church. This was understood to be pledged in connection with the adoption of the Plan, which has figured so largely as a Plan of Separation; and there is scarcely the shadow of a probability that it could have been adopted without such pledge expressed or implied."

Here is a grave impeachment of the whole body of Southern Delegates—a charge that they violated a pledge expressed or implied. We deny every word of it, and challenge the proof. Bishop Merrill thinks that our people do not understand these weighty matters. Without stopping to discuss this proposition, we offer him space in the *Advocate* for a full discussion of his views, on one condition—namely, that his article and our reply shall both be reprinted in the *New York Christian Advocate*.

Dr. John J. Tigert was fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which met in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1892. Of the incident which occurred at the delivery

of Dr. Tigert's address Dr. Hoss spoke with utmost frankness, as shown by his comments upon that occasion, referred to in a previous chapter.

The "fraternal delegate business" did not cease. Eight years later Dr. Hoss was fraternal delegate from the Southern Church to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which met in Chicago in 1900. Reference has been made to that address elsewhere. Dr. H. M. Du Bose says of this occasion in his *History of Methodism*: "The fraternal exchanges of this occasion were happy and in keeping with the spirit of the new century. Rev. E. E. Hoss, LL.D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*, represented the Church, South, in these fraternal exchanges. His address was an epoch-marking utterance."

The subject of Methodist Union was much discussed in 1892. Beside Bishop Merrill's book, referred to above, Bishop R. S. Foster published a book on "The Union of Episcopal Methodism," which received high commendation from Dr. Hoss. The publication of these books, quite naturally, called forth discussion of the subject in the church press. In a thoroughly characteristic paragraph, full of sound reason, patient sorrow, and flashing wit, Dr. Hoss answers an equally characteristic article by Dr. Arthur Edwards, which had appeared in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*:

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* of August 17, in an article on Methodist Reunion, says: "The Church, South, which went out from us in 1844, according to historical facts which its carpenters cannot now mend, does not now want union on terms which include a confession of sin against humanity." Dear Arthur Edwards, what makes you talk such nonsense when you know so well how to say good and wise things? We went out from you in no sense in which you did not also go out from us. You are just right, however, in saying that we are not ready to make a confession of sin against humanity. But, then, you have "confessed" so often for us that possibly there is no great need of our taking the attitude of penitents. On the other hand, we are quite willing to "confess" to manifold faults and failings on your part. Our conscience is thoroughly sensitive to the exceeding sinfulness of your sins.

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How widespread were such misconceptions and misunderstandings as those of Bishop Merrill and Dr. Edwards it is impossible to say. Dr. Harry E. Woolever has recently made a statement, concerning his own lack of information as to the separation of the Churches, which may indicate that there were others who had not taken the pains to acquaint themselves with the history of that event. He says:

If we had only known the facts about the acts of the General Conference of 1844, how different would America have been! We would have been one Church and one people organically at least a score of years ago. I never knew that story until three months ago. Did you know it? I had been a student of our Methodist divisions and activities for more than thirty years. I wrote my major thesis at the University upon our separation, but the head of the Department of History evidently did not know the real story, and he a nationally known history writer!

Could you believe that for fifteen years while acting as secretary of the Commission on Methodist Union I never heard a hint of the true story of the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South? I wonder if any of those commissioners knew it? I have here in my study all the records of the meetings with the shorthand reports of all the speeches delivered by Bishops Candler, Denny, and others, and not one of them gave me a hint of that wonderful Conference of 1844 when the delegates from the Conferences which remained in The Methodist Episcopal Church cast their votes as the delegates in Conferences which organized The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, desired. It was done in prayers, fasting, tears, and brotherhood. My, what a difference the truth makes in our feelings!

The union of Methodism could not be accomplished until there was understanding of what had caused the division. If there had been a breach of faith, or a sin against humanity, there could be reunion only upon repentance and confession. If separation had been agreed upon by action of the General Conference, by a vote almost unanimous, then the guilt or the glory of that separation should be shared by both of those bodies, which had derived from the division of the Church, into two Churches. With misunderstanding at this point, the discussion of reunion could produce nothing but friction and irritation. There was,

therefore, great need for a leader who knew the facts, and possessed the courage and the power of expression to secure recognition for those facts.

Bishop Hoss was pre-eminently qualified for this service to his own Church and to the Churches of Christendom. Endowed with a mind of great range and grasp, he had been, from early life, a most diligent student of things, of men and of books. He had a memory which, in its tenacity and readiness, matched the capacity and range of his mind, so that he was never at a loss for a fact or a word. The magnanimity of his spirit, inherited, trained, and acquired, marked him for leadership. His flashing wit and genial humor gave him entree to any but the most implacable minds. His candor and simplicity won the admiration of friend or foe. His gifts amounted to genius, although he was the last man in the world to think of himself as a genius. The humblest and the least were at home in his presence. He was well fitted for leadership and his Church accorded him that place in large and generous measure. He was recognized abroad as the leader of the Southern Church. Especially did the leaders of the Methodist Episcopal Church so recognize him.

Speaking to the Wesleyan Methodist Conference in 1903, as related elsewhere, he said:

Let me state in the most definite possible terms that from my heart's core out to my finger tips and in every fiber of my being I am an American, loving with a passionate affection every foot of soil in the great republic, and reverencing more than any poor words of mine can possibly express the starry flag which is the outward and visible symbol of its authority. At the same time, seeing that I am from the South and that I belong to a Church which unhesitatingly publishes in its very name the geographical sphere of its operations, I shall offer no apology for confining myself chiefly to the discussion of affairs in that particular part of the United States.

Bred as I was among a people who hold to the creed that sincerity is the first element in all true manhood, I should be ashamed to go back and face the great constituency that has commissioned me hither if I could so far forget myself as to be otherwise than frank and open in your presence.

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Bishop Hoss was not a blind defender of the South or of the Southern Methodist Church. With perfect frankness he acknowledged the faults of both; and with equal earnestness condemned their wrongdoing. But he could not abide to hear either misrepresented or maligned; especially by holier-than-thou Pharisees. His chief interest lay, not in refuting slanders, but in securing fairness and justice by "manifestation of the truth." Dr. John J. Lafferty said of him: "He employs words for structural purposes alone, not for ornament, but rather for severe engineering needs. So sincere is the man."

VII

Dr. Hoss contributed in many ways to the restoration of good will, fraternity, and reunion of Methodism through all the years of his active life. His correspondence with Bishop Foster and his voluminous editorials and other articles in the religious periodicals, contributed to the development of his own convictions, as well as to the stimulation of others to thought and action.

The General Conference of the Southern Church, meeting at Memphis in 1894, provided for the appointment of a Commission of Federation, and requested that similar Commissions be appointed by the Methodist Episcopal and other Methodist bodies, "with a view of abating hurtful competitions and the waste of men and money in home and foreign fields." Dr. Hoss wrote these resolutions and they were adopted, without the change of a word, by the General Conference; and he was made a member of the Commission. A like Commission was named by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The first meeting of the Joint Commission was held February 7, 1898. A paper, which was written by Dr. Hoss, was presented by the Southern Commissioners, proposing the consideration of several things which lay beyond the specific scope of the original resolution. Briefly stated, they were: 1. That the two Churches adjust their foreign missionary work in such a manner as to secure greater economy in episcopal oversight and unity of effort. 2. The establishment of a Joint Board of Arbitration or Joint Federal Council to act as Advisory Council in misunderstandings arising

between the two Churches. 3. To prepare a Common Catechism. 4. To prepare and publish a Joint Hymnal. 5. To prepare a form of worship. 6. To legalize the International Epworth League Conference. 7. To celebrate the close of the century with an effort in behalf of Christian Education.

Some of these suggestions were adopted and bore ripe fruits in the life of both Churches. This was especially true of the order of worship and the joint hymnal, which, published together and used by both Churches, soon became a strong bond of fellowship between them.

Dr. Hoss continued to serve with the Joint Commission through many years, during which association and friendship produced an atmosphere favorable for the consideration of the closer bonds of union. The discussion of the abatement of hurtful competition did not yield great results; nevertheless they were on the way to the cultivation of a spirit of unity which should create a unified body—"one body and one spirit."

VIII

The delivery of the Fraternal Address from the Methodist Protestant Church, by Dr. T. H. Lewis, to the General Conference of the Southern Church, at Asheville, N. C., in 1910, was an epochal event. His address was a frank and straightforward plea for the union of American Methodism. He spoke as a prophet, transcending all the glory and charm of oratory. Rarely has it been given to man to stir and move the hearts of men as they were moved by Dr. Lewis on that May Day, twenty-nine years ago. At the close of his address the Conference arose and cheered as one man. It has always seemed, to one man who heard him, that there could be no doubt of the coming day when Methodists should be one body, as they were that day, one spirit.

No man in that Conference responded to the appeal of Dr. Lewis with more heartiness or enthusiasm than Bishop Hoss. He it was who, with waving handkerchief, led the Conference in the rapturous applause with which it responded to the eloquent address of Dr. Lewis.

The time was ripe for the open and official discussion of Meth-

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odist Reunion. The Joint Commission on Federation was the providential medium for such consideration. If they had no authority to act, they could, at least, confer about the matter. Accordingly the Commission on Federation of the Methodist Episcopal Church invited the Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to meet with them in Baltimore. Of this meeting Bishop Hoss, writing in 1914, said:

The very first direct movement in regard to union took place in the late fall of 1910, when the commissioners on federation from the Methodist Episcopal Church invited the commissioners from the Methodist Protestant Church and from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to meet them in the city of Baltimore for the express purpose of considering the whole matter. Some of the Southerners were a little in doubt whether the scope of their instructions warranted them in going that far, but finally concluded that a liberal interpretation of the action of the General Conference would allow them to do so. This was the opinion of Bishop A. W. Wilson, whom the most of his brethren are inclined to follow.

The meeting accordingly took place November 30 to December 2, 1910. After various preliminary exercises, "Bishop Cranston presented a communication from the commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church inviting the commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church to consider with them at this time the desirability and practicability of organic union." This communication, which was very elaborate, was subsequently published in the *New York Christian Advocate*. In response to it I made a very definite statement, which was afterwards reduced to writing and published in the *Nashville Christian Advocate*. Both of these documents show conclusively that we had come together for a single purpose—namely, to weigh most carefully and prayerfully "the desirability and practicability of organic union." There was no other business before us.

The meeting opened with the observance of Holy Communion. Bishop Earl Cranston made a devotional address from which the following brief words are given:

It is well that we are to spend these first hours in waiting upon God, and in the observance of the Holy Communion, to remind

ourselves of our own needs as men and of the pure fellowship into which we have come through the blood of the atonement. We shall thus be led to contemplate more seriously the sacred, and possibly sacrificial, character of our office as the mediators of a new covenant between members of the same household of faith already too long estranged.

If we are here simply as credentialed expert negotiators between three human institutions to test our wits against each other for the advantage of our respective principals, we want no prayers or sacraments in such an adventure. Diplomacy, wary, shrewd, mistrustful, but carefully veiled—that is our dependence in that case. That our people have sent us upon such an errand, or that the men of this company would undertake such an errand, is unthinkable.

But may there not be place for a sanctified diplomacy in such a formidable task as that before us? There is abundant place for sanctified common sense in all the affairs of the militant church, and we shall need it here; but we dare not even debate with ourselves whether a holy cause may be served by an intrinsically artful line of action.

We come to represent the mind and the heart of our people in their earnest desire for peace, harmony, good-will, and Christian affection between all who bear the name of Methodists, and to plan and pray for one common altar and one communion, as we already have one Lord, one country, one spiritual ancestry, one faith, one hope, one baptism, one experience. May God keep us in love with all these, and guide us into the full enjoyment and blessedness of our common heritage!

When the Joint Commission was formally assembled, Bishop Cranston read a "statement" from the Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The "statement" referred to the action of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church held in 1908, when "a cordial invitation" had been given to the Methodist Protestant and other designated Methodist bodies to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Proceeding, the "statement" declared:

Our Commission is persuaded that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, would have been included by name in this invitation as to organic union had the General Conference been satisfied that such action would not in any way have embarrassed our brethren of that Church.

We are unanimous also in the opinion that the phrase "other

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branches of Methodism believed to be sympathetic" was intended in the most delicate way possible to include that body should it see fit to respond.

While this seems to be the status as developed by the several actions and facts recited, we have no desire whatever to press upon the attention of the Joint Commission any unwelcome issue and, least of all, to force a discussion of organic union that might appear to either of our sister Churches ill-timed or likely to produce greater confusion where we are seeking harmony. Nevertheless, in view of the sentiment existing in our own Church growing out of our protracted and only partially successful efforts in federated co-operation with our brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, we feel that it will be for the general welfare of our Churches and of the kingdom of our Lord, first, to have it distinctly understood that we are ready to take up with our brethren of the other Churches the question of organic union, which for the reasons stated above we have been led to regard as the paramount object of this meeting.

It is our conviction that the time has come when it is due to our people as well as to an interested public that the desirability and practicability of organic union shall be discussed between us; and if the preponderance of judgment be found against either the desirability or practicability of organic union, that the reasons be clearly set before our Churches in order that, being informed as to the same, they may the more intelligently judge the work of their Commissions and conform their own utterances and actions to the conditions thus developed. We believe they have a right to this knowledge and that we owe it to them to give them this opportunity to measure the difficulties and, as far as possible, to remove them or adjust themselves to actual conditions.

With this explanation of the reasons by which we are moved, we hereby tender a brotherly invitation to the Commissions of the respective Churches to consider with us at this time the desirability and practicability of organic union.

The response of Bishop Hoss to the statement of Bishop Cranston discloses the fact that the Southern Commission had not prepared a formal response, but that, as usual, they were willing to entrust that function to him. His remarks were straightforward and simple. Although he spoke without manuscript or notes, he afterwards wrote what he said on that occasion. His remarks were published in the Church Press and later in his addresses on Methodist Federation and Fraternity. It became one of the important

“state papers” on the question of Unification. It fills eleven pages in his book. The main lines of thought may be followed in these paragraphs:

Mr. President: I am very sorry that the Commissioners from the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, are not in position at the present time to make a written statement of their views in regard to the matters that are brought up for consideration in the paper just read by Bishop Cranston for the Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church. But neither Bishop Wilson nor Bishop Denny could be with us at our meeting last night, and we were unwilling to take formal and definite action without their presence and help. Nevertheless, speaking for myself and representing what I believe to be the spirit of my Church, I am prepared to utter my mind with all freedom and, as I hope, without any trace of unchristian prejudice. It is my rooted conviction that the very first step toward securing a brotherly adjustment among the different bodies of American Methodists is to be found in a frank and full exhibition of the real difficulties that lie in the way of such a result. It ought to be possible for us to open our minds to one another.

Let me say, then, with all the courtesy that I can command, and yet with the utmost possible explicitness, that we are not in the least embarrassed or confused by your proposition for union. There was never a time in our history when we were unwilling to give due and proper consideration to any advances from our sister Churches. In the very beginning of our separate history, and without waiting for the settlement of all outstanding differences, we sought honorable fraternity. Our offer, rejected in 1848, was never withdrawn, but remained open till 1874, when, to our very great joy, it was frankly accepted on the very terms that were originally attached to it.

There is still another fact of history not so well known that also ought to be mentioned here. The convention of 1845, which completed the organization of our branch of the Church, passed a resolution to the effect—I regret not having the exact words at my command—that the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, would always be ready under proper conditions to treat with the Methodist Episcopal Church on the subject of reunion. It was not in the minds of the great men who composed that assembly to shut themselves up blindly against the developments of the future. They did not know what the future might bring forth, and they

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solemnly put themselves on record as being prepared to meet any fresh emergency in a rational and Christian way.

While I am on this point, and to keep the history straight, I may as well add that the assertion so often printed and lately repeated by one of the leading journals and also by one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that in the past we have time and again declined overtures for union, is absolutely without foundation in fact. No such overture has ever at any time been presented to us by anybody that had the slightest authority to do it. I am not at all unmindful that in the run of the years several fraternal messengers have rather gratuitously advised us to "come back to our mother"; but that is quite another story, and nowise contradicts the truth of what I have just said.

My own heart is most profoundly concerned for the real unity of American Methodism. Confronted as we are by a thousand open or secret foes of the faith, it is a thing of supreme concern that we should array ourselves in solid columns and with unbroken front. If we are Christians, we must come to a perfect understanding and a harmonious co-operation. Less than this is less than our Lord has a right to expect of us. Individually, I do not shy even at "organic union." The phrase, like most other forms of speech, is an elastic one, and may mean one thing or may mean another. Of course I shall claim the right to put my own interpretation on it. What that interpretation is will come out later. You need have no fear that I shall palter with words in a double sense.

But if there is to be any closer union than now obtains, several things are necessary.

1. All the existing compacts, including those that were framed by the Cape May Commission and those that have since been framed by the Joint Commission on Federation, must first be honored, not in the breach, but in the observance of them. It is not worth while to enter into any new covenants till we are ready both in the letter and in the spirit to observe the old ones. The Church that is faithless in one engagement will, if interest or convenience require it, be faithless to another, and does not deserve to be trusted. If it be said in answer to this dictum that General Conferences cannot always control the actions of their agents or enforce the terms of their own voluntary contracts, then it only remains to further affirm that General Conferences which are so impotent are practicing a fraud when they make such compacts. This language is perfectly general in its scope, and hits only those, but all those, who are in the way of it. Here I stand stubbornly, and from this position I will not budge an inch.

2. Negotiations must not proceed upon the supposition, express

or implied, that denominationalism as such is schismatic or sinful. Schism, in the New Testament meaning of the word, is not separation from a Church, but a chronic and malignant quarrel inside of it.

3. We shall make no real progress toward the goal in view as long as we insist that the past separations among the Methodists have been wicked or evil. As I look at it, the providence of God has been in them all. The separation of the Methodist Protestants in 1824-28 was accompanied, it is true, by a great deal of unchristian acerbity on both sides. That, of course, was wrong. But good came out of it. We are all indebted, largely indebted, to our Protestant brethren; and we have all paid them the homage of imitation. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in 1866 followed their example by giving laymen an equal representation in the Annual Conferences, and the Methodist Episcopal Church moved later on the same tracks. Still more earnestly do I hold to the opinion that the separation of 1844—"which was by consent and mutual"—was an epochal incident in the history of American Methodism and a real contribution to the growth of the kingdom of God in these United States. The General Conference which met in that year was not, as is commonly believed, made up of angry disputants. Having read the records again and again and with the greatest care, I declare that, in my judgment, a more serious, conscientious, and devout company of men never met together on this continent. They moved slowly and acted reluctantly with heartaches and hot tears on their cheeks. The anger, the irritations, the unchristian conflicts came later and might have been avoided. But the separation was designed to promote peace and brotherhood. Not even Charles Eliot, the author of "The Great Secession," was ever able to answer his own able speech in favor of it. It simply could not be avoided. Conditions had arisen which would have wrecked the Methodism of the North if it had remained in alliance with the South, and, as Stephen Olin pointed out in burning words, would have wrecked the Methodism of the South if it had remained in alliance with the North. As things turned out, the two Churches were set in right alignments with their own sections. God was surely in it, in spite of the human follies that accompanied it.

4. I go a step farther still and make bold to say that any attempt at the present time to bring about a union by pressure would be foolish and futile. The advocates of union must understand that they have no legitimate instrument but persuasion, and that even this they must use in a spirit of love. The sad experience of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church ought surely to teach us a les-

son here. The result of a premature effort to force an unwilling element in that communion—whether a majority or simply a large minority—into an alliance that it did not relish has ended in a long series of scandals. The same thing on a much more exaggerated scale would occur if a similar attempt were made to rush the consolidation of our Methodisms. The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, when it moves, and whichever way it moves, will move of its own unforced accord, and not in broken detachments, but in a solid body, 2,000,000 strong. The suggestion that it may become necessary to reach the laymen by going over the heads of the ministers is, if serious, sinister; and if not serious, silly. Our ministers and laymen have marched together too long to split up into opposing camps now.

5. If a real, vital, and permanent union is to be effected, each separate Church must be ready to make some concessions, and this too not on trifling points but on matters of real importance. There must be no blinking this fact and no policy of shiftiness or maneuvering for advantage. Those who are most eager for union ought to be the first to say how far they are willing to go to obtain it. The mere intimation that either one of the Churches should absorb the other, retaining meanwhile all its own prized peculiarities, would be an impertinence. If organic union ever becomes a reality, it will consist not in the mere enlargement of any existing Church, but in the creation of a new Church. The Southern Methodists do not wish to absorb anybody, and they are not going to be absorbed. Many of us, at any rate, before submitting to that will camp out under God's kindly stars.

6. As a matter of course, the largest Church going into the new organization would have the greatest weight and influence. That would be natural and proper. But it would also be natural and proper for the minority bodies, simply because they are minorities, to insist in advance on the safeguarding of their reserved rights by stipulations of organic law. Majorities can take care of themselves; it is minorities that must have protection. Nor would it be sufficient simply to formulate a constitution. The question as to who shall interpret the constitution is one of equal importance. From our standpoint, an omnipotent General Conference that may sit one day as a legislature to enact laws and the next day as a supreme court to pass upon their constitutionality is simply a despotism tempered by religion. The fact that it is made up of good men does not alter the situation. Good men are sometimes rash and foolish. The liberties of a Church, as truly as those of a nation, are too valuable to be trusted to the precarious guardianship of any unrestricted synod or conference.

Somewhere on the outside there must be lodged a power of arrest. Whether it should lie in a suspensive veto by the executive with ultimate appeal to the whole body of the ministry and chosen representatives of the laity, or should take on some other form, is an open question. But that it must exist in some form is not an open question. On this ground somebody will be compelled to do a considerable amount of yielding. Either one Church or the other must modify its theory and practice.

7. Let me conclude by adding that the vast alteration which the Methodist Episcopal Church has made in the original conditions of membership are a stumblingblock to some of us. As we read the Discipline of that Church, it requires belief in the Twenty-Five Articles of Religion from all candidates. This is a departure from original Methodism.

8. That some of you will be found demanding surrender from our Church in some important respects, I do not doubt. Be it so. Speak out your minds, brethren. It will not offend us in the least. We desire you, in fact, to tell us what in your judgment we ought to give up. We shall listen to you respectfully, and either comply with your wishes or else seek to show you why we cannot conscientiously do so.

Those who would study the history of Union by Reorganization would do well to study this address. Its influence was felt far beyond the span of the life of Bishop Hoss.

The Committee on Procedure presented a recommendation which was adopted:

That a joint committee of nine, three from each Commission here represented, be appointed to consider the causes which produce friction and waste and injury rather than promote the common cause—namely, the spreading of Scriptural holiness through these and other lands—and, if found practicable, to bring to this Joint Commission a plan for submission to the General Conferences and people of the respective Churches, said plan to provide for such unification through reorganization of the Methodist Churches concerned as shall insure unity of purpose, administration, evangelistic effort, and all other functions for which our Methodism has stood from the beginning.

The six months following the Baltimore meeting were crowded with interesting events. Rapid progress was made in laying the foundation for the unification of the Methodist Churches. Bishop

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Hoss was the most potent figure in the negotiations which led to the "suggestion of Unification through Reorganization" of the Methodist Churches concerned.

The account of the work of the Committee of Nine, and the adoption of their recommendation, is best told by Bishop Hoss:

The Committee of Nine thus provided for met at Cincinnati, Ohio, in January, 1911, and after most arduous sessions lasting for three days unanimously adopted the following report:

"To the Joint Commission on Federation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Protestant Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South: We, the undersigned, your Committee of Nine, appointed by you at your session in the city of Baltimore in December, 1910, with the following instructions, 'to consider the causes which produce friction and waste and injury rather than promote the common cause—namely, the spreading of Scriptural holiness through these and other lands—and, if found practicable, to bring to this Joint Commission a plan for submission to the General Conferences and people of the respective Churches, said plan to provide for such unification through reorganization of the Methodist Churches concerned as shall insure unity of purpose, administration, evangelistic effort, and all other functions for which our Methodism has stood from the beginning,' met in the city of Cincinnati, Ohio, on January 18, 1911, and spent three days in careful, prayerful discussion of the task assigned to us.

"After considering at some length the causes which produce friction and waste and injury, we were enabled to agree unanimously upon the following suggestions. The magnitude of our task and the time at our disposal prevented the consideration of other elements involved in a complete plan of unification through reorganization:

I

"We suggest, as a plan of reorganization, the merging of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Protestant Church, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, into one Church, to be known as the Methodist Episcopal Church in America or the Methodist Church in America.

II

"We suggest that this Church shall have throughout common articles of faith, common conditions of membership, a common hymnal, a common catechism, and a common ritual.

III

"We suggest that the governing power of the reorganized Church shall be vested in one General Conference and three or four Quadrennial Conferences, both General and Quadrennial Conferences to exercise their powers under constitutional provisions and restrictions, the General Conference to have full legislative power over all matters distinctively connectional, and the Quadrennial Conferences to have full power over distinctively local affairs.

IV

"We suggest that the General Conference shall consist of two houses, each house to be composed of equal numbers of ministerial and lay delegates. The delegates in the first house shall be apportioned equally among the Quadrennial Conferences elected under equitable rules to be provided therefor. The ministerial delegates in the second house shall be elected by the ministerial members in the Annual Conferences and the lay delegates by the laity within the Annual Conferences under equitable rules to be provided therefor. Each Annual Conference shall have at least one ministerial and one lay delegate. The larger Conferences shall have one additional ministerial and one additional lay delegate for every — ministerial members of the Conference, also an additional ministerial and lay delegate where there is an excess of two-thirds of the fixed rate of representation. All legislation of the General Conference shall require the concurrent action of the two houses.

V

"We suggest that the Quadrennial Conferences shall name the bishops from their several jurisdictions, the same to be confirmed by the first house of the General Conference.

"We suggest that the Quadrennial Conferences shall be composed of an equal number of ministerial and lay delegates, to be chosen by the Annual Conferences within their several jurisdictions according to an equitable plan to be provided for.

VI

"We suggest that the Annual Conferences, whose boundaries shall be fixed by the Quadrennial Conference, be composed of all traveling, supernumerary, and superannuated preachers within their prescribed boundaries, and that the principle of lay representation in the Annual Conferences be recognized.

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VII

"We suggest that neither the General Conference nor any of the Quadrennial Conferences be invested with final authority to interpret the constitutionality of its own actions.

E. E. HOSS,
EARL CRANSTON,
R. T. MILLER,
W. G. M. THOMAS,
JOHN M. WALDEN,
FRANK THOMAS,
T. H. LEWIS,
M. L. JENNINGS,
S. R. HARRIS."

The Joint Commission met again at Chattanooga, Tenn., May 10-12, 1911, to receive and consider this report. When the report was presented, in order to make matters explicit, I "inquired as to the authority of the Commissions to act upon it, and statements were made by the Chairmen of the Commissions asserting their right under the action creating them to proceed." So run the minutes. These statements having been made, the Commission proceeded to discuss the report item by item and adopted it with only slight modifications. As a matter of fact, the only substantial alteration consisted in adding a brief amendment offered by Bishop Cranston and which read as follows: "We suggest that the colored membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Protestant Church, and such organizations of colored Methodists as may enter into agreement with them may be constituted and recognized as one of the Quadrennial or Jurisdictional Conferences of the proposed reorganization."

When the Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met in Cincinnati, Bishop Hoss, who was the recognized leader of the group, proposed that they formulate a plan of unification for the consideration of the Joint Commission of the three Churches. The result was the Plan set forth in the statement quoted above. This Plan was written by Bishop Hoss. The only change made by the Joint Commission was that suggested by Bishop Earl Cranston concerning the organization of the colored Methodists into "one of the Quadrennial or Jurisdictional Conferences."

The influence of this Plan of Unification upon the developments which led to the Union of Methodism in 1939 may be easily traced:

The first article suggests "one Church to be known as the Methodist Episcopal Church in America or the Methodist Church in America."

The third article suggests "one General Conference and three or four Quadrennial Conferences."

The fifth article suggests "that the Quadrennial Conferences shall name the bishops for their several jurisdictions."

The seventh article suggests "that neither the General Conference nor any of the Quadrennial Conferences, be invested with final authority to interpret the constitutionality of its own actions."

All of these suggestions are embodied in the Plan of Union which consummated "the reorganization of the three Churches into one Church."

The principle embodied in article seven of the above-named plan is embodied also in Division Four, Article Two, of the Plan of Union. One of the most important duties of the Judicial Council is to determine the constitutionality of the actions of the General Conference.

In the General Conference of 1844, when the matter of Bishop Andrew's connection with slavery was under consideration, there developed sharply divided views of the authority and supremacy of the General Conference. Dr. Leonidas Hamline, of Ohio, led in propounding the view that the General Conference, "beyond certain restrictions, few and simple, has supreme legislative, judicial, and executive power." They could not do away episcopacy; but they could do as they pleased with a bishop. To this view the Southern leaders were utterly opposed. The view of Dr. Hamline prevailed. The famous Protest centered about this issue; and because of this fact "the constitutional issue" arose in the General Conference in 1844. Reference to this issue is contained in the "Historical Statement" which was approved by the Uniting Conference in 1939.

After agreement had been reached on the suggestions to be

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made to the respective General Conferences by the Joint Commission, the Southern commissioners offered the following resolutions:

In view of the gravity of the whole situation and of the possibility of arousing unbrotherly discussion and of consequent loss and damage to Methodism through the presentation of plans not fully matured:

“Resolved: 1. That we issue an address stating that, while we have been able to reach conclusions on some very important points, there are other matters too serious to be adjudicated without long and careful consideration.

“2. That we report the same fact to our General Conferences and ask for more specific instructions.”

These resolutions were probably written by Bishop Hoss, as was the address for which they provided. One paragraph is given:

We wish it to be distinctly understood that what we have done is not, and does not pretend to be, of the nature of a definite plan of union, but is cast in the form of a series of suggestions to the General Conferences such as may be helpful to them in reaching final conclusions.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met the year following the final meeting of the Joint Commission at Chattanooga. Bishop Hoss said of what then took place:

The final outcome is known to all men. The General Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church, having received in 1912 the report of its commissioners, gave it cordial approval. But the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the same year gave the matter a complete go-by. Personally, I do not believe that such failure on its part to say “Yea” or “Nay” was courteous or brotherly. The negotiations had been instituted by its agents and under its authority. That it should simply, after a large beginning had been made, become utterly silent and leave the other parties to the proposed compact in doubt as to its mind, was not what might have been expected from so great a body of Christian men.

The General Conference of the Southern Church which met in

Oklahoma City, in 1914, declared "itself in favor of the unification of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in accordance with this general plan of reorganization; and in favor of the unification of all or any Methodist bodies who accept this proposed plan after it has been accepted by the Methodist Episcopal Church."

Bishop Hoss was in the chair when this action was taken. The report of the Committee on Church Relations is too extensive for inclusion here. It recited the history of negotiations for Union from the Baltimore meeting in 1910 until May, 1914; and recommended that the General Conference declare its approval of the "basic principles of the Plan which had been adopted by the Joint Commission in 1911."

Before the vote was taken, Dr. William N. Ainsworth made a motion that the Chair be invited to make remarks on this subject, adding "that no living man had invested more in this plan than Bishop Hoss."

Bishop Hoss said:

In 1894, at Memphis, I was chairman of the subcommittee that brought in the report on Federation, which was unanimously adopted by your committee, and was then unanimously adopted by the Conference. At a later date that report was adopted by the Methodist Episcopal Church. During the past twenty years I have been on the Federation Commission. We have moved slowly, very slowly, so slowly, and at times I have been almost in despair of any practical results. But, brethren, I do not desire to despair while Jesus Christ, with all power in heaven and in earth in his hands, is sitting at the right hand of the Majesty on high. I think you are moving on the right lines. This is not final; nobody dreams it is final; no one man is wise enough to frame a final plan of union of all Methodism. We should go on, and after a time Almighty God will put his hand in, and this thing comes to pass. We cannot cure all the ills of the past by rehearsing them. Some things are buried; let them stay buried until the angel of the resurrection comes. I pray God that the day may come somehow and at some time, in which all the forces of Methodism may be organized into such a form as to constitute an organized, disciplined army for the spread of the kingdom of God. If you will adopt this report, please rise and stand until you are counted.

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The entire body arose. Bishop Hoss said:

Now I do not wish to have any mistake about this. If there is anybody here that is opposed to it, I want him to arise and stand until he is counted. . . . It gives me very great pleasure to say to our brethren that there is no dissenting vote.

The remarks made by Bishop Hoss, on this conspicuous public occasion, tell, in concise words, his relations to the negotiations up to that time; and express his ardent desire and hope that all the forces of Methodism shall be organized into such form as to constitute an organized and disciplined army. His expression of belief that "Almighty God will put his hand in and this thing come to pass," was a prophecy which was to be fulfilled twenty years after he had joined the Church triumphant.

With the action of the General Conference of 1914, constructive work on unification came to a standstill. Bishop Hoss had made large contribution to that constructive work. No other man had contributed as much to the plan under consideration. So vital, forceful, and fundamental were his suggestions that they were to bear fruit in the principles finally agreed upon in the Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church into The Methodist Church.

CHAPTER XXVIII

UNIFICATION CONTINUED

I pray God that the day may come somehow and at some time, in which all the forces of Methodism may be organized into such a form as to constitute an organized and disciplined army for the spread of the Kingdom of God.

I

THE Unification of Methodism had not yet been accomplished. There were still stormy days ahead. Many years were to pass before the Methodist Churches should become one Church; but the potent influence of Bishop Hoss was to be felt, as he moved, with increasing infirmities, toward the closing years of his life; and, for a full score of years after his voice was no more heard, in the councils of the Joint Commissions.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, meeting at Saratoga, in 1916, adopted the report of its Committee of Sixty on Unification, which was presented by the venerable Dr. John F. Goucher. The reading of the report called forth great enthusiasm. It was adopted without discussion and without opposition.

After expressing general approval of the "Plan outlined in the suggestions adopted by the Joint Commissions," the report adopted by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church made the following recommendations:

(1) That the General Conference be made the supreme legislative, executive, and judicial body of the Church under constitutional provisions and restrictions.

(2) That the number of Quadrennial Conferences as stated in the proposed plan be so increased as to provide more adequately for the needs of the reorganized Church both at home and abroad.

(3) That the General Conference consist of a single house, made up of delegates elected by the Quadrennial or Annual Conferences, or both.

UNIFICATION CONTINUED

We also favor the unification of all or any Methodist bodies who accept this proposed plan after it has been accepted and perfected by both the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Episcopal Church.

(4) That, conforming to the suggestion of the Joint Commission, the colored membership of the reorganized Church be constituted into one or more Quadrennial or Jurisdictional Conferences.

A wave of exultation swept through the Methodist Churches following the action of the General Conference at Saratoga. Many felt that this action virtually effected union.

A careful examination of the first recommendation indicates at least one of the reasons for the postponement of union for more than twenty years. The plan which had been adopted by the Joint Commission provided:

We suggest that neither the General Conference nor any of the Quadrennial Conferences be invested with final authority to interpret the constitutionality of its own actions.

The recommendation of the General Conference of 1916 was: "That the General Conference be made the supreme legislative, executive, and judicial body of the Church under constitutional provisions and restrictions." The divergence could not well have been wider at this vital point.

On June 1, 1916, Bishop Hoss wrote to Bishop Denny:

As a matter of course you have noticed all that was done by the Northern General Conference on the subject of union. Though on the face of it, it seems to be kind and brotherly, it nevertheless leaves matters just where they were when our negotiations began. While professing to accept the work of the Joint Commission as a starting point for further negotiations, it nevertheless recommends a supreme General Conference with no real restrictions on its legislative, judicial, or executive functions. As a matter of course, we can never agree to that. I find that John Moore and one or two other members of our Commission are rather anxious to proceed with the business. As far as I am personally concerned, however, I do not believe in being rushed. Our Northern brethren waited many years before taking any action and we should not be too precipitate.

On August 1, he left his home in Muskogee to go to Tate Springs, where he was to meet a committee of nine to name commissioners, to meet similar commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church for consideration of the question of union. He wrote Mary that their meeting was not very satisfactory.

The *Christian Advocate* published a brief article from Bishop Hoss on September 8. He said:

To avoid confusion about the matter of Methodist unification, it is important to bear in mind a few facts that have been overlooked by some of our editors and flatly denied by others.

1. The "recommendations" of the Saratoga General Conference contradict the "suggestions" of the Joint Commission and of the Oklahoma General Conference on many essential points. This contradiction lies on the very surface. It is a bold man or a dull one who says that it isn't there. I do not blame my Northern brethren for expressing their mind. They were fully within their rights in doing so. But I am also within my rights in expressing mine.

2. In reply to the protest issued from the Laymen's Convention at Junaluska against "digging up old issues," it should be said that the very first "recommendation" of the Saratoga Conference was exhumed from the controversy of 1844. It was, in fact, the central feature of that controversy. It is nothing less than a proposition to make Hamlinism the chief corner stone of the reunited Church. If our Northern brethren wish that, no one can properly object to their saying so. But when they thus seek to revive an old issue, with all its accompaniments, why should those of us who know the history and have some sense of the value of history be criticized for refusing to accept the very thing which helped so materially to split the Church seventy years ago? Not those who face an issue, but those who bring it forward are responsible for it.

3. In answer to the statement, so frequently repeated, that the commissioners from the Methodist Episcopal Church will consent to withdraw or to materially modify all or any important part of the "recommendations" made by their General Conference, I have only to say that nobody has been authorized to make such a statement for them. Until they make it for themselves, I am fully warranted in declining to believe it. They are masters of their own tongues and fully competent to speak for themselves. My past experiences with them lead me to suppose anything else than that they are a set of weaklings who take a position only to abandon it. When the Commission has actually met and acted, we

shall know how this is. Until then, those who are essaying to prophesy are running the grave risk of having all their prophecies fail of fulfillment.

Bishop Hoss and Bishop Candler were attacked quite fiercely because of the warnings which they gave of danger in unadvised action. Bishop Hoss was not the man to submit tamely to such attacks. To one such assailant he said:

The assertion or intimation that I have shown any slightest lack of "consideration and respect for constituted authority" has not the slightest foundation in fact. Having written with my own hand the larger part of the tentative plan of union adopted by our General Conference at Oklahoma, and having made a speech from the chair of the Conference in advocacy of it, I was of course ready to defend it to the best of my ability, and I am ready to do it now whenever it shall become necessary. But the thing which I feel called upon to defend is just this action of "constituted authority" and not some other action that crosses and contradicts it at every essential point.

I am very well aware of the fact that the General Conference at Saratoga began by accepting the "suggestions" of the General Conference at Oklahoma as containing "the basic elements" of a true union; but I also know that in the same paper which contained this "acceptance" it proposed a series of "recommendations" which, if adopted, would virtually nullify and destroy nearly every one of the suggestions in question. Any attempt to persuade me that this is not the case is a presumption upon my intelligence. I have not said, and I shall not say, that our Northern brethren were aware of the fact that they were virtually saying yea and nay in the same document. But that they were doing so is as certain as it is that two and two make four. Brother Childs may assert to the contrary till he is black in the face, but that will not alter the fact in the slightest degree.

I do no blame our brethren from beyond the Ohio and the Potomac for wishing to incorporate their own notions into the plan of union. They have a perfect right to do so, but the things which I am instructed by my General Conference to insist upon are the very things that I shall not thoughtlessly reject and cast aside. It is rather a strange mental process which leads Brother Childs to the conclusion that I am indifferent to "constituted authority" because I am not willing to treat as of no

significance the very language by which I am constituted one of the commissioners on unification.

II

The issue of "supreme legislative, executive, and judicial" authority of the General Conference, recommended in the report on Unification, and adopted by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at Saratoga, was not a new issue in American Methodism. The significance of its introduction at this time lay in the fact that it was a historic issue; but chiefly in the fact that the Plan which had been agreed upon by the Joint Commission, in 1911, suggested "that neither the General Conference nor any of the Quadrennial Conferences be invested with final authority to interpret the constitutionality of its own actions." This provision had been included in every one of the plans considered by the Joint Commission. It was a part of the Plan written by Bishop Hoss, which was the first plan presented to the Joint Commission. The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Oklahoma, in 1914, gave its unanimous approval to this plan. It is perfectly obvious that, on the issue under discussion, the two declarations are as wide apart as the poles. The original Plan provides that the General Conference shall "not have authority to interpret its own actions"; the Plan recommended at Saratoga provides "That the General Conference be made the supreme legislative, executive, and judicial body of the Church."

As before stated, this issue had arisen in the General Conference of 1844. Many of the writers of the Southern Church have declared that this was the issue which led to Separation. Whatever may be said in support of that position, this may be said: As the General Conference wrestled with the problem of adjusting its position on slavery so as to continue its work, North and South, among slaveholders and abolitionists, it presently ran into the question of what to do with, or about, a Bishop who owned slaves, but who was, otherwise, blameless "in life and official administration." They were soon face to face with the fact that the framers of the organic law of the Church had neglected to provide

any means of passing upon the constitutionality of the action of the General Conference.

About the authority of the General Conference to depose, or otherwise disqualify, a Bishop without trial and conviction of misconduct, the battle raged. It is no wonder that some thought this the only question involved. When the Conference voted, and the question of what to do with Bishop Andrew was settled, by the sheer weight of numbers, it soon became evident that the question of what to do with the Church was still to be faced. They settled that question by separating, so that they might go to their people, North and South. The task of creating an authority, co-ordinate with the executive (Episcopacy) and the legislative (General Conference) authorities, was left to the skill of later days.

And so, it came to pass, after five years of apparent progress in the path of Unification, the leaders found themselves facing again the necessity of supplying what the fathers had omitted in 1808.

Bishop Hoss, without hesitation, called attention to the fact that the Saratoga action brought the whole matter back to the starting point. A storm arose in both branches of Methodism. He and those who stood with him became the object of strong opposition and somewhat bitter denunciation. Those who did not understand the importance of the issue which had arisen, could see no reason for the position taken by him, except opposition to the union of the Churches. They saw no real reason for delay. Now that the Churches have been united, it is perfectly clear that there were many reasons for waiting until there should be better understanding. The climate had not yet changed enough for such union of the Churches, North, South, and Protestant.

But, to go back to the issue of the authority of the General Conference: The experience through which the Southern leaders passed in the General Conference of 1844 burned deep into their minds the need of effective restrictions on the authority of the legislative body. One of the foremost of those leaders was Dr. W. A. Smith, of Virginia. In 1854 he secured legislation intended to provide for the interposition of a "Bishop's Veto." In 1870 a law was passed which became known as a "veto law." This

law provided "that when any rule or regulation is adopted by the General Conference which, in the opinion of the Bishops, is unconstitutional, the Bishops may present to the Conference which passed such rule or regulation their objections thereto, with their reasons, in writing." To overrule these "objections" required the constitutional process.

Appeals of traveling preachers in the Southern Church were to the General Conference until 1910, when the General Conference provided for "A Committee of Appeals," which constituted a quadrennial committee, sitting once a year to hear appeals. The duties of this committee were afterwards enlarged and it was authorized to sit as a "Board of Conflict" (between boards); and, later, as a "Judiciary Committee" (within boards). In 1934 a Judicial Council was established, to which was passed the authority formerly exercised by the Bishops, affecting constitutionality of General Conference legislation; and likewise all authority formerly exercised by the Committee of Appeals. By these processes the Southern Church came to the establishment of a co-ordinate Judicial Authority. The interest of the Southern Church in the "issue" was practical, however much its sentiment had sprung from the experiences of the time of Separation.

One of the contributions which the Southern Church made to United Methodism was the idea and framework of the Judicial Council. It had justified its creation by five years of successful operation before union was accomplished. Its pragmatic value was manifest in the prompt decision on the question of the constitutionality of the action of the General Conference of the Southern Church, at Birmingham, Ala., in 1938, when that Conference voted to unite with the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Protestant Church to form The Methodist Church.

Had the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, been without such a Court, authorized to make prompt decision, there would have been great confusion. The Plan of Union had just been passed, according to the constitutional process, by the Annual Conferences and by the General Conference. Without the Judicial Council there would have been prolonged conflict and paralyzing delay.

UNIFICATION CONTINUED

To Bishop Hoss, at least as much as to any other man, The Methodist Church owes the fact that, in the reorganized and reunited Church, the General Conference is freed from the responsibility of passing upon the constitutionality of its own actions; and that the Judicial Council is charged with that responsibility as well as with other supreme and appellate Judicial authority. Under the wise leadership of its ablest men, among whom stands Bishop Hoss, twenty years in his grave when union came, Methodism has remedied one of its gravest constitutional defects. In repairing the breaches of the past she has created a bond of union for the future.

III

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, acting on the Plan of Union which had been agreed upon, in 1911, anticipated further consideration of union; and, therefore, authorized its Commissioners on the Federal Council of Methodism to respond to such action as might be taken by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in creating a Joint Commission on Unification. The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church meeting at Saratoga, in 1916, authorized the appointment of a committee of twenty-five to confer with Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and the Methodist Protestant Church, in elaborating and perfecting the tentative plan.

The respective Commissioners were appointed. They met in Baltimore on December 28, 1916. Six years before the Federal Council of Methodism had met to discuss organic union. The movement had so far advanced that each of the three Churches had created Commissions on Unification; and they now met at Baltimore as a Joint Commission. Many of the same men who had met in 1910 were in the meeting of 1916. Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson, who had been conspicuous in the earlier meeting, had died, almost on the eve of the latter meeting. Bishop Hoss and Bishop Cranston had been active leaders in the earlier conference and were still potent figures in their respective Churches and in the Commissions on Unification.

Bishop Hoss was no longer the vigorous man of other years. At

this very time Mrs. Hoss was in the Hospital at Battle Creek, Mich. He found it necessary to hurry to her bedside as soon as the Commission adjourned. His own illness and the illness of Mrs. Hoss, together with almost incessant demands upon his time and strength, left him "confused." He sometimes spoke of "the folly of his incessant labors." But he did not know how to say no; he did not know how to lighten his labors.

He was present at the first session of the Joint Commission. "The devotional services were led by Bishop Hoss. He expounded in a tender and forcible way a part of the fourth chapter of Ephesians." On the second day "Bishop Earl Cranston read, on behalf of the Commissioners of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a feeling tribute to Bishop Wilson." "Bishop Hoss made one of his characteristic talks which brought tears to nearly every eye." The occasion was notable for generous fellowship. Baltimore was a favorable place for such a meeting. One hundred and thirty-two years before this time the "Christmas Conference" met in Baltimore and organized "The Methodist Episcopal Church." Near by lay the dust of Asbury, Strawbridge, and a host of others. The Commissioners made a pilgrimage to Mount Olive Cemetery and held a service around the grave of Asbury. More progress was made in acquaintance and fellowship than in "perfecting the tentative plan."

The Joint Commission did, however, make real progress; they faced the issues. In a public statement they said:

It was agreed that the fundamental and vital issues between us were as follows:

1. The General Conference and its powers.
2. The Jurisdictional Conferences, their number, and their powers.
3. The status of the colored membership of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the reorganized Church.

Bishop Hoss had not erred in saying, "The 'recommendations' of the Saratoga General Conference contradict the 'suggestions' of the Joint Commission and of the Oklahoma General Conference." To recognize "the fundamental issues" was to make substantial progress in unification. The man who contributed to the per-

ception and definition of "the vital issues between us" rendered a real service to American Methodism. Bishop Hoss was severely criticized and was accused of "digging up buried issues." He was the last man to be silenced by criticism. He had learned to stand alone. He was, however, still the leader of his Church. So clear was his thinking on the three issues that it prevailed, not only in his own Church, but in the United Church. The powers of the General Conference of The Methodist Church are defined; and they do not include "supreme judicial authority." Perhaps no other far-reaching constitutional change was more cordially accepted by the United Church than The Judicial Council.

The other issues which emerged at Baltimore in 1916 have practical importance, but do not affect the foundations of Methodism as does the Judiciary system, which provides a constitutional check upon the powers of the General Conference; and, at the same time, provides an orderly system for all juridical procedure.

When the Joint Commission met at Savannah, on January 23, 1918, Bishop Hoss was unable to attend. He was then nearing the end of his active career. It was his privilege to write the Episcopal Address to the General Conference which met in Atlanta, in May, 1918. Referring to the inability of the Commission to reach agreement, he said:

That there is widespread regret over the inability of the Commission to come to an agreement, there can be no doubt. There cannot be two opinions as to the folly of waste and competition between two great Churches preaching the same gospel and having so much glorious history in common. For many years our own Church has endeavored to co-operate; but we do say once more, as we have often said, that there cannot be two opinions as to the unwisdom of conflict and competition between two great Churches preaching the same gospel and having so much glorious history in common.

From his early manhood he had been interested in the improvement of relations between the two great branches of American Methodism. For a third of a century he had been a leader in all movements in the interest of Federation and, later, of Uni-

fication. His last contribution to such discussions was contained in the Episcopal Address to the General Conference of 1918. But the influence of his convictions was to be felt through the years which were to elapse before Unification should become an accomplished fact.

CHAPTER XXIX

AMERICA'S REPRESENTATIVE TO AUSTRALIA

It was not easy for me to leave my loved ones on such an errand. Descended from a race of home-loving and home-staying men, I have never willingly wandered from my own hearthstone except at some call of duty. Providence early sent me hither and thither in my native land; but until I was well past fifty I had never crossed the sea nor felt any special desire to do so. America filled the field of my vision so completely that I should have been perfectly content to die without seeing any foreign shore.

Since then, however, I have crossed the ocean only a little less than twenty times and have come to believe that there is nothing which has a greater tendency to broaden and liberalize the mind; and to be thankful that it has been my great privilege to move about under alien skies and to study under favorable circumstances and by direct inspection the mind and life of many peoples besides my own.

I

AFTER forty-four years of incessant labor it was not easy for Bishop Hoss to rest. When his physicians prescribed complete rest, following a "stroke" which he suffered in 1912, he did "nothing very vigorously" (as he wrote Mary) for a few months. His intimate friends knew that, if his only safety lay in complete rest, he was likely to go quickly. The physician said: "With complete rest you may live six or seven years. Without such rest, there can be but a few months." They were doubtless correct in diagnosis; in prognosis they failed to reckon with the powerful physical stability of his body and the more powerful might of his spirit. He rested but little during the seven years following 1912. The labors which he performed in those years would have taxed the strength and endurance of a man of middle age, with health unimpaired.

As might have been expected, he found plenty to do while resting; and did it. Just after reaching home, following adjournment of the General Conference in 1914, he wrote Mary:

The year of complete rest, which has been granted me, will be a great blessing to me if I can only avail myself of it, but it will be rather a difficult thing for me to quit work even temporarily after forty-five years of incessant toil.

The weather is getting very hot, and I dread the long stretch of summer time. Two weeks from today I go to Texas to preach a baccalaureate sermon, and deliver a course of lectures. After that I have no engagement till July 7, at which time I am to meet the Federal Council of Methodism for a few days at Put-in Bay. When that is over I shall determine what course to pursue for the rest of the summer.

Two weeks later:

I am rushed to death nearly trying to get off tonight for Texas, where I have engagements for eight or ten lectures and sermons in the next ten days, so please excuse this hasty note which I am sending you.

I am mighty sorry indeed to hear that the Little Boy is not well, and I do hope that the trip to Galbraith's will have its usual effect of restoring him to his health. Tell him that inside of the next week or ten days I am going to send him a little present for being so good under his operation, and say to him also that I am mighty proud to have so brave a little boy. If nothing happens, I will be along to Galbraith's about the middle of July to spend some time with you there. Up to that time I shall be very busy with engagements that I suspect that I ought not to have made.

But before he could start for Galbraith's he was preaching in St. Louis and attending the meetings of the Board of Education in Nashville; from there he must needs go to Atlanta, "to consult with Bishop Candler on important matters." At the middle of August he is at Galbraith's with Mary and her two children. Francis (Little Boy) had been ill:

He and I have had a big time wandering through the woods together. I never saw a little fellow so observant of birds and flowers and other such things in all my life. He ought to be a naturalist, though he has sense enough to be anything. The baby is a darling, quite the prettiest and best-tempered child that I ever saw in all my life. She has quite captured the whole place here. Everybody is her willing prisoner. I hope that she will not lose her heavenly disposition as she grows older.

The last week in September he "traveled 2,500 miles, preached the opening sermon of the new Theological School at Atlanta, met the Board of Education in that city and the Board of Missions in Nashville, and did divers and sundry other things." It is not surprising that he adds: "Today I am not feeling very well." Calls were "coming to him from everywhere."

Mrs. Hoss was very ill; and this was always a crushing burden to him. Her malady was such that she was never to be well again; never free from intense suffering.

The tragic death of his sister on December 29 was one of the most distressing bereavements of his life. He had spent Christmas at Collingswood, with his daughter and her children, and was on his way to Muskogee when the news reached him. A letter to Mary tells the sad story:

With a heavy heart and a shaking hand, I am trying to write you a brief note. On Monday afternoon at 6 o'clock I got to Memphis, bought my sleeper ticket for Oklahoma, and then stepped into the station restaurant to get a lunch. While sitting at the table I picked up the afternoon paper, and there on the front page, staring me full in the face, was the telegraphic account of Aunt Dora's tragical death. It was as if someone had struck me with a club. Then there came a sort of numbness or paralysis of feeling, for which I thank God. If I could have taken in the full force of it all at once, it would have almost killed me. Rushing over to the Southern Station, with less than 10 minutes to spare, I caught a train for Jonesboro. Poor Hugh, perfectly heart-broken, was on board, and we had a sad journey of 500 miles together, reaching Jonesboro at 11 the next morning. The funeral was at 2:30 P.M.

In a letter, written after reaching home, he tells intimately of his sorrow:

The circumstances of your Aunt Dora's death are almost too horrible to relate. She was sitting up late at night, and after eleven o'clock went to the door to admit the servant who had been out in town. It is likely that she was chilled in doing so, and on returning to her room stood before the fire to warm herself. Somehow or other—we cannot tell just how—her skirts caught on fire and she was soon wrapped in flames. At first she tried to

smother the flames by wrapping herself in the bed clothing, but did not accomplish her purpose. Then she ran into the adjacent room, where little Mildred was sleeping. The child, though greatly horrified, showed much presence of mind—called the servant and herself tried to help. But all her efforts were in vain. The best they could do was to wrap your poor Aunt and lay her on the bed. Sam came in a very few minutes, not knowing exactly what the matter was until he walked into the room. The doctors were soon on hand and did their best, but that was not much. Aunt Dora lingered in extreme agony until about three o'clock.

He wrote for the *Christian Advocate* "In Memoriam," which is altogether worthy of being given in full. The following paragraphs cannot be omitted, because of their biographical value:

Reckoned by worldly standards, my sister's life was an uneventful one. All her days she spent in the same community in which she was born. Only very rarely did she make visits outside of her native State, and then to show her affection for her brothers and sisters. When less than ten years of age, she joined the village church and remained in unbroken connection with it for nearly six decades. Her education was wholly acquired at the local academy and chiefly under the direct tuition of that rare old Presbyterian scholar, the late Rev. Dr. James D. Tadlock. Before reaching nineteen she was married to Mr. S. J. Kirkpatrick, then a struggling young attorney, but who afterwards became a notably able lawyer and a worthy judge. To her were born ten children, all of whom except one lived to mature years, but five of whom preceded her to the other world. Thus ran the current of her days. She never wanted publicity nor dreamed of securing it. It was enough to her to meet all her obligations in that sphere of life to which the providence of God had called her.

And yet I venture to say that she was a great woman—great in intellect and in character. In her school days, which terminated before she was seventeen, she was a brilliant and successful student. Nor did she ever afterwards experience any arrest of mental development. Even as a young mother with her hands and heart full she maintained a living and continuous interest in intellectual pursuits. Almost self-taught, she learned, for example, to read German with ease and laid up a good store of German literature in her brain. Her familiarity with all the world's current movements was wonderful. Whatever of any worth men and women were planning and accomplishing, she knew it. She was not only

a wide and careful reader, but also had an exquisite touch with her pen. If she had given herself to that sort of thing, she would undoubtedly have achieved a great reputation. Her gift for conversation was most remarkable. She simply could not be dull. In any circle and on almost any subject she was easily the match of the brightest.

From a child she was the most dutiful of daughters. It fell to her as the oldest to be the chief bearer of our family griefs and sorrows, and never for a day did she fail in love and loyalty to her parents nor in a high and true sisterly affection to her brothers and sisters. To her husband she brought a devotion that was without limit and that did not flag through all their wedded years. While she was profoundly concerned about everything that affected his achievements, she yet of set purpose declined to thrust herself directly into his work, because she believed that she could help him most in other ways. To her children she was a faithful and most affectionate mother. Starting out with great dreams and ambitions for them, she became content later to see them grow up as useful citizens, taking an honorable place in the world and facing its everyday duties without flinching or cowardice. Down to the very end she kept a warm place in her heart for each, and they in return gave her an unmixed confidence and affection. No mother was ever better loved.

I have spoken above of the fact that she was for nearly sixty years a member of the same church that she joined as a child. It seemed natural to her in her youth to take up a devout attitude toward God. I should not be telling the whole truth, however, if I did not say that with the growth and expansion of her mind there came later a time of serious questioning about all the great concerns of life and death and the hereafter. Once or twice, while she was passing through this period of inquiry and restlessness, she opened her heart to me. She wanted to know the meaning of things. She longed to get down to the very primitive roots of the world. I feared that in her venturesomeness she might perchance lose her way. But God was very good to her. By the processes of experience and life, and especially by the sufferings and sorrows that he sent, he brought her back to her old and simple trust in his love. Her closing days were full of quiet peace and trust. She rested in God and was not afraid.

If I have made the impression on anyone that she was altogether without fault or flaw, that is not what I have intended to do. Nor is it what she would allow me to do. Utterly human in everything, she recognized her own limitations with perfect clear-

ness and would be almost angry even in heaven if I should attempt to deny them or to cover them up. But surely it may be allowed her brother, who loved her back to the uttermost verge of his recollections and who has had ten thousand tokens of sisterly regard from her, to say that she was truly a good and Christian woman, who walked humbly before God and looked for salvation through his abounding mercy.

With the shadows of this great sorrow still about him, he wrote Bishop Denny, who was Secretary of the College of Bishops and a member of the Committee on Assignments, about going to China in 1915. He had been in charge of the work in the Orient in 1910; "and was not returned for the reason that: I was supposed to be needed at home in connection with the Vanderbilt case. If, therefore, you now think it proper, I should like for various reasons to take another turn at it." A year before this he had expressed to Mary a desire to go again to China. He had reached the conviction, while serving in Brazil, that continuous episcopal supervision for several years was greatly needed.

II

Early in February he went to San Antonio and wrote to Bishop Denny:

I am going off this morning to San Antonio, Tex., where I have promised to preach once a day for the next ten days. The Presiding Elder, Brother Groseclose, is trying to get his preachers together in a movement for a better spiritual life among the people, and has asked me to help. Whether I can do much good or not, I do not know; but I am going to try. My sons think that I ought not to take on any such engagement. It may be that they are right. About that I cannot tell till I have actually made the experiment.

Later he said: "My jaunt in Texas and Louisiana was very pleasant. In the matter of preaching, however, I rather overdid things, and I am now feeling a little bit under the weather."

During these months he wrote several articles for publication; among them "What Is a Christian?" and "Conditions of Disciple-

ship," and some vigorous articles on "Unification," to which reference has been made elsewhere.

The "year of rest" granted by the General Conference was coming to its close. He refers to this in a letter to Mary of March 3:

It will not be long now till the Annual Meetings of the Connectional Boards. I feel as if my year's so-called rest was nearly at an end. Hereafter I shall always decline any similar favor. Though given with the best intentions, it does not amount to much. As to my movements during the summer it is impossible for me to speak definitely. Until I know what my assignments will be for another year I cannot speak with certainty. It is just possible that I may be sent to the Orient and to Australia. For some reasons I should really like to go, but there are other considerations that make me pause and hesitate. Though my health is better than I ever expected it to be, I am still uncertain of myself.

His "Studies in the Life of McKendree" was published early in 1915, and his "Life of Dr. Morton" was ready for publication. Writing Bishop Denny, in April, he says:

For many weeks I have been longing for the coming of spring, but now that it has actually come, I am feeling considerably under the weather. It is my earnest hope that I may have strength to go through with my program, which covers all the time to June 15. Has it occurred to you that there are about half a dozen of our Bishops, myself among the number, who have at least an equal chance of going over the river during this quadrennium?

Bishop Hoss was assigned to the care of the work of his Church in the Orient for the year 1915-16. There is a note of solicitude in a letter to Bishop Denny, written before sailing for Australia:

At my time of life it is always uncertain whether a man who goes on so long and difficult a journey will ever get back. I am not anticipating that I shall die while I am away, yet I must recognize that it is within the range of contingencies. In case anything of that sort should come to me, I want you to be kind enough to look after the matter of my settlement with the Treasurer of the Episcopal Fund.

And now, my dear Brother, I bid you an affectionate good-by.

Be sure to pray for me while I am away. If we should never meet each other in the flesh, I want you to know how much I love you. With an increasing sense of my own weakness, I yet have a deepening faith in Christ, and a hope that gets clearer and stronger as the months pass away.

III

In addition to the superintendence of the missionary work in China, Japan, Korea, and Cuba, Bishop Hoss was appointed Fraternal Messenger to the Methodist Church of Australia, which was celebrating its Centennial in 1915. No more fitting appointment could have been made for the representation of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to the Australian Methodist Church. He was also named as the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church, thus becoming the Messenger from American Methodism to the Methodist Church of Australia. He had looked forward, with something of joy and something of dread, to the prospect of this commission. Long before this time he had become one of the best known of the leaders of Methodism throughout the world. He was ever eager to widen the circle of acquaintance and fellowship with religious people and institutions throughout the world. On the other hand, he was far from being well, and, although but sixty-six years old, had been compelled to recognize the approach of old age. The journeyings to which his appointment called him were such as to call for the strength of a sound and unimpaired body. But he was not the man to turn back or shrink from the mission to which he was sent. He was fully aware of his physical condition and of the dangers of such a voyage and such labors. In addition to the ordinary dangers of such travel, there was the danger from unrestricted submarine warfare which had been loosed by Germany. The "Lusitania" was sunk just before he embarked for Australia. To his daughter he said: "I rather dread the thought of the trip, but I will not refuse to take it if it is offered to me."

As soon as the assignment was made he wrote Mary:

I write to say that I am to go to Australia as Fraternal Messenger and am also to hold the Conferences in China, Korea, and Japan.

In February I am also to go to Cuba. It is a tremendous program. I am to sail about July 1. My good friend Governor Stephens of St. Louis, of his own motion and without a word from me, has offered to give me \$500 to take Embree along as a traveling companion, and I think that I shall accept his offer, as I am scarcely able to go by myself.

Just before sailing he adds:

The time for my starting on my long trip to the East is drawing very nigh. If God will, Embree and I expect to leave here on Monday night, June 28, and to sail from San Francisco by the S. S. "Ventura" on the morning of July 6. I am hoping to have a safe and prosperous journey, and am deriving much comfort from the fact that Embree is to accompany me.

The trip across the continent was trying on him and he reached San Francisco pretty well tired out. During three days there he preached twice and spent a day and a half at the Exposition. He was "fagged out" when he sailed from San Francisco on July 6; on board the ship "Ventura," he "just turned loose." For two days out the weather was quite chilly; but "I wrapped myself up in my overcoat and stayed much of the time on deck."

The articles which he wrote on "A Journey to the South Sea" are almost equal to a log of the voyage. There were eight of these articles; and these were followed by others on the journey to the Philippines, to Korea, China, and Japan. Together with his other stories of travel they should be published in a book of his travels. He regarded this as the most interesting period of his life. We shall follow him with such detail as will enable us to see him on this fascinating tour.

He was setting forth on a tour which required sea-travel of nearly twenty-five thousand miles, and crossing the equator on the way to and from Australia. The program of his fraternal service in Australia carried him over several thousand miles of railroad travel, and the making of a large number of addresses, in addition to his formal fraternal address. His duties in the Orient called for very exacting administrative labors in China, Korea, and Japan. It will be recalled that the year preceding this tour he had been released from labor on account of impaired health. Three

years before this time he had suffered a "stroke" which left him with impaired use of his limbs, besides other physical infirmities. Yet, notwithstanding these handicaps, he set out upon this tour with avid interest, which was maintained in every stage of the tour.

The things which he wrote of this tour are highly interesting as a study of the seas and the lands in which he traveled. He was a highly competent observer of the scenes which passed before him and of the people whom he met. Our present interest is with the observer rather than the people and things which he observed. In the accounts which he wrote we see him, at this period of his life, when he was so infirm that his friends feared for him to leave home without an attendant, but so mentally alive that nothing escaped his notice, and so emotionally responsive that he found delight in every land, and upon every sea and in every company in which he found himself. We follow him, in the salient paragraphs which he wrote, because they enable us to see him as he travels; as he enters strange lands and revisits familiar places; as he meets strange peoples and renews old acquaintances; as he takes up the responsibilities of his duties in episcopal supervision of the missionary work and workers in the Orient; and as he turns wearily toward his home in this last sea-voyage. He tells the story in his own incomparable way. He always found pleasure in going to California.

He writes of a Sunday in San Francisco:

On Sunday, July 4, the brethren gave me an opportunity to preach at Berkeley in the morning, where Rev. J. T. McClure is the efficient pastor, and in the evening in San Francisco, where Dr. Fry holds the fort. The congregations were good at both places, comfortably filling the auditoriums and giving respectful attention to the word. It was most refreshing to see a few kindly faces that were members of my flock in the days of my youth. I sorely regretted my failure to meet one venerable lady, now well past her fourscore years, a fine flower of the best Virginia Methodism, whose presence in any audience was always enough to hearten even the most despondent young preacher and who has kept the faith without wavering through all the vicissitudes of her long and beautiful life. May the sunset days be full of blessedness for her!

Of the beginning of the journey and the ship's company:

At 2 P.M. on July 6 our good ship, the "Ventura," steamed out of the Golden Gate, bound for Sydney, New South Wales, more than six thousand miles away. For a day or two the weather was quite chilly and the sea a little rough. As is usually the case, a good many of our passengers, of whom there were about one hundred and fifty, succumbed to the inevitable and did not appear in the dining room. Having myself an established reputation to maintain as an able seaman, I did not miss a meal. But I must admit that between times I was mostly wrapped up in an overcoat and rug stretched in a comfortable chair on the upper deck. First and last, I have read several good books; but I have had little disposition to write. Twelve years of editorial work, to say nothing of nearly fifty years of miscellaneous scribbling, have somewhat disabled my writing arm; and, besides, a man at six and sixty is not, as our English cousins would say, as keen to write as at forty.

During the whole of the week just passing everything has gone as well as could be expected. The air has been full of soft southern balms, with just breezes enough to keep everybody comfortable. Not even in the cabins has it been difficult to enjoy sweet, refreshing sleep, and on the decks nothing better could have been desired. The only trouble about it is that it is an encouragement of laziness.

Our ship's company is made up of all sorts of people, but I have not found a disagreeable man or woman among them. There are Americans, English, Australians, with a bare sprinkle of Germans. The Daily Radio gives us news by wireless every morning, though its reports are by no means full. Nearly everybody talks a good deal about the terrible war, but without harshness or bitterness. I cannot personally avoid the feeling of deep uneasiness about the state of affairs confronting our own country, and I am praying that God may give President Wilson wisdom and strength to direct him in all things.

On the first Sunday out, July 11, we had a delightful religious service in the ship's social room. Ministers of the Baptist, Congregational, Episcopal, and Methodist Churches took part in conducting it, and nearly everybody on board was present. A better exhibition of Christian unity it would be hard to see. No note of narrowness or bitterness marred the perfect brotherliness of the occasion. It was indeed good to be there. On the sea, as on the land, God may be approached and worshiped. He is never

far from his children. No wall of separation, no thick curtains like those of the temple, no thinnest veil parts them from him. "Closer is he than breathing and nearer than hands and feet."

Our captain, Mr. J. W. Dawson, is a Scotchman by birth, but long naturalized in the United States. He was bred in the Established Presbyterian Church and still knows the Shorter Catechism.

Six days out he reached Honolulu:

We steamed into that harbor on the morning of July 12, a little after daylight. I had been up and on deck at least two hours, narrowly watching the outline of the island as we drew near to it, and a little bit restless to get ashore. The prospect from the deck does not prepare one for all the beauty that one is to see when once on the land. Indeed, the mountains and the hills have a rather dull and forbidding appearance. But I had visited the place once before, in 1910, and so was well aware that in and about Honolulu there are really as many things to charm the eye as can be found within similar limits on the face of the earth. The city itself, now grown to a population of nearly 60,000, is fair to look upon. Along the business streets of it are rows of solid and imposing buildings; and elsewhere are public edifices, schools, and churches that would be wholly creditable anywhere. Many of the private residences are exceedingly beautiful, built with reference to a tropical climate and surrounded by most wonderful lawns and hedges.

It would have been easy to spend a whole day profitably in simply strolling here and there without a guide and almost without an aim. I was aware, however, of the chief attractions in the suburbs and environments and so hired an automobile for the forenoon. How much ground it covered in four hours I shall not venture to guess. The driver was a Kanaka, perfectly acquainted with everything in and about the city that is worth a visit and most accommodating in his manners. After we had paid him and parted with him, I felt perfectly sure that he had given us our money's worth.

At Pago-Pago:

After leaving Honolulu we were eight days in reaching Pago-Pago, on the island of Tutuila, in American Samoa. The sky and the sea for a larger part of the way were both kind, and our life aboard ship was monotonously pleasant. But on the last day the waves began to rise in great fashion, and nearly everybody became

seriously distressed. Getting into the little port was a rather difficult task and would have been impossible had not our captain been a skilled seaman. The entrance is a narrow one between two ridges or mountains. Once in, it is hard to tell by what way you got there or how you are going to get out. The little village runs up and down a narrow strip of land between the base of the mountain and the edge of the water and is as pretty a bit of place as one could well imagine. There are perhaps 1,500 people inhabiting it, in the whole island and adjacent Samoan Islands about 7,000.

The islands are under the command of Governor Poyer, a retired Navy officer. His authority is absolute. Without let or hindrance from any source, he makes laws, interprets them, executes them, relaxes them, or abolishes them. But a more benevolent despot never lived. And all abstract theories to the contrary notwithstanding, no other kind of government would be suited to the place and the people. He is supported by a few American officials, a detachment of marines on the gunboat "Princeton," and a company of well-trained native constabulary. It was pleasant, indeed, to note with what perfect justice and kindness he fills his post. Like nearly all of the graduates of our great military and naval schools, he is a perfect gentleman, a credit to his country and his calling. Though very busy at the time of our arrival, he showed me great courtesy. The hour spent in his beautiful home above the bay is one of the things never to be forgotten.

We were fortunate in meeting Dr. Richardson, of Boston, who also belongs to the navy and is in charge of the native hospital for the islands, and he was good enough to show us through it. The work which he is doing, both medical and surgical, is wonderful. Any native may have the benefit of it without cost. As the appropriations do not quite support it, the Doctor has set up a little drug store and soda fountain, the first one ever known in these parts. It is doing a rushing business and paid for itself in about three months.

For the three days after leaving Pago-Pago the sea was very rough. Walking the decks became both difficult and dangerous, at times utterly impossible. One day a huge wave tore away the iron railing and broke three feet deep into the upper cabins. A good many of the passengers were terribly frightened. If I had opened the doors of the Church, I think there would have been several "joiners." When a calm fell upon us once more, it was surely a great relief. The rest of the voyage to Sydney was so agreeable as to make atonement for all our earlier ills.

Of all these things he wrote Mary, adding: "I am trying to be cheerful, but can't help a touch of homesickness. As a matter of fact, I am too old for these long journeys. Give my love to Jack and hug the dear children for me. I would give a good deal to get them into my arms this morning."

The same sentiment appears in his first article written after reaching Australia:

My heart has often been hungry and lonely since I left San Francisco. Never again, except in the discharge of an imperative duty, do I expect to put half the world between me and my native land and my loved ones. Two things, however, have helped to relieve me through the days of absence—the assurance that God has me and mine in his hand and the certainty that, if anything were going wrong, the cable would bring me news.

My last letter closed just as our good ship, the "Ventura," was reaching the port of Sydney. Entering a strange land is always accompanied by some misgivings. One can never be just certain how it is going to turn out. But in this case I had some ground for confidence. At two or three Ecumenical Conferences I had met with Australian Methodists and had found them to be fine, attractive men, who would be likely to deal with me in a brotherly fashion; and, besides that, as soon as my colleagues appointed me to discharge the duties of a fraternal messenger, I had written a letter to 'the President or Secretary of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Australia' announcing that I was coming to them. Though the interval of time was too brief to allow me to get an answer, I yet felt reasonably sure that my letter would reach its proper destination and that I should not be utterly unlooked-for on my arrival. Better still, when I was yet ten full days out from port, I had received one night, just as I was going to bed, a wireless from Rev. Mr. Ditterich, Secretary of the Victorian Annual Conference, giving me welcome and telling me my dates for Melbourne. No message ever reached me in my life that was fuller of comfort. It was like a clear and friendly voice out of the sky bidding me be of good courage.

But, after all, I was not fully prepared for what followed. When the "Ventura" pushed her way through the lovely harbor—one of the loveliest in the world—and came to a standstill at her customary berth, I saw a large company of gentlemen standing on the dock who looked to me like Methodists and were evidently waiting for someone to get off. Pretty soon they picked me out and waved a hearty salutation as I leaned over the deck rails.

Just as soon as possible they came on board and took me in hand. Nor did they turn me loose till I had finished my stay in their country and taken ship for China. It will be fifty years come next February since I became a Methodist preacher. During all that long half century I have had nothing but kindness wherever I have gone. The memory of it all sometimes comes over me like a flood. Who am I that I should have been the subject of so much Christian good will? In many lands hearts and homes have been generously opened to me for Christ's sake. I can never repay the thousandth part of my debt, but must go into eternity at last still bearing a great weight of undischarged obligation. Be it so. I shall never fail to recognize the legitimate claims which many people have won upon my gratitude, even though I shall never be able to acquit myself of them.

Thus much said in all sincerity, I wish to add that no single month of my life has brought me so many tokens of kindness as this month spent among new acquaintances in far-off Australia. From the first to the last they literally overwhelmed me with attentions. Neither in the form of their courtesy nor in the substance of it was one thing lacking. As a matter of course, I am too old a man to suppose for one moment that this was a personal tribute to myself. Not one in a thousand of these antipodean brethren had ever heard of me or even dreamed that there was such a man in existence. But they did know that I had come to them as the representative of some millions of Methodists in my own land and that I bore to them a message of fraternal love from another branch of the great Wesley household. That seemed to be enough in their eyes to entitle me to special consideration. If ever, as I trust will be the case, they shall send us one of their own members on a similar errand, I hope that, whether I am then alive or dead, my brethren and friends in America will be swift to show that they know how to estimate and how to return the unmeasured generosity which has come to me here in this 1915 as their delegate and representative.

But how shall I even begin to tell the whole story? Among the gentlemen who met me on the dock were Rev. George Brown, President of the General Conference, now beyond eighty years of age, one of the greatest missionaries of modern times and a real man, every inch of him; Dr. J. E. Carruthers, the Secretary of the General Conference, capable in management of affairs, almost indispensable as a Church official, and one who forgets nothing that needs to be done for a stranger in a strange land. Besides these were the President and Secretary of the New South Wales Annual Conference, Mr. Woodhouse and Mr. Rutledge, with many other

ministers and such prominent laymen as Mr. Robson and Mr. Wynn. These all accompanied me to the home of Rev. Charles J. Prescott, M.A., President and Headmaster of Newington College, and tarried for an hour in pleasant conversation. Before separating we had the inevitable cup of tea. In Australia it always appears when two or three friends are gathered together. Americans speedily drop into the habit. I was no exception to the general rule. How much tea I drank in the brief period of four weeks I cannot tell; and even had I kept the count of cups, I should be almost afraid to make it public lest my physicians in America might think I had fallen into excesses while away from their direction and control.

Of my first home in Australia I cannot speak in terms strong enough to express my deepest feelings. Welcomed before I had crossed the threshold and made to feel perfectly at ease from the first moment, I found everything exactly to my taste. I could not even think of anything that would have made my surroundings more wholly agreeable. Mr. Prescott is an accomplished scholar, an Englishman born and a Master of Arts from Oxford, and for more than thirty years a minister and teacher in his adopted country. Thoroughly Christian in his whole temper and spirit, he is yet a real human being, with all sorts of interests in life. He and I fell to talking at once and kept it up at a pretty lively rate as long as I was in the house. Our topics of conversation ranged over a pretty wide area. As I think about it now, I can scarcely avoid the feeling that I must have used up more of my host's valuable time than it was fair or kind to do. Not infrequently the middle of the night was near at hand and the coals were burning low in the grate before we turned in to rest. O the memory of those long evenings! I shall hold it in perpetual possession among the other treasures of the soul. Such a man as Mr. Prescott, re-enforced by a wife of keen good sense, of thorough cultivation, and of sincere piety, knows how to make a real home. The angels of peace and love abide in it. May they never depart from it! He has wrought himself, moreover, into the lives of hundreds of young men and women to whom he has communicated both the love of good letters and the still nobler love of true religion.

I had landed not knowing exactly what kind of work should be asked of me as a visitor from afar, but supposing that I should probably be expected to deliver an address and preach one or two sermons. That is the usual demand in the case of fraternal messengers. But it was not long till I discovered that no such limited thoughts were in the minds of the Australian Methodists. They

meant to give me a fair chance to show my mettle, and the more so as the expected delegates from England, Canada, and South Africa had been kept away by the war. To celebrate the one hundredth year of their existence as a Church, they had planned for some sort of service in every congregation in the country; and in spite of the adverse conditions brought on by the great conflict in Europe, they were trying to put their plan into execution. When they handed me, as they did very promptly, the list of appointments which they had made for me, I almost lost my breath. It was long enough and heavy enough to have called for all my strength even at forty or fifty. How could I meet it at sixty-six? My first impulse was to insist on cutting it down by at least seventy-five per cent. But as I had never yet run away from any duty imposed on me by the Church, I concluded to go ahead and do the best I could in the premises as long as I could hold up.

On the next day, accordingly, I began by delivering an address to the ministers in and about Sydney in one of the recitation halls of the college buildings. This address, as in fact every other one of the twenty or more for which I was called on later, was purely extempore. If I had been dependent on manuscripts, my state would have been pitiable. Many years ago, when Bishop Candler and I were much younger than we are now, he was kind enough to speak of me as "a versatile man." His intentions were wholly good, but he got hold of the wrong word. "Miscellaneous" is the adjective that I myself would use to describe my chief mental characteristics. In this particular emergency I was somewhat disposed to congratulate myself on being able to turn with some ease from one thing to another. If it had not been so, I should surely have been caught in an awkward predicament. But the Australians are good listeners—for a while—and they certainly showed their gentle side to me on every occasion. As to what I said to them in my numerous speeches, I have not now the slightest recollection, though I am certain of one thing: that I was careful not to give away my Church at any point. When I got back to Sydney, ten days later, there was a cable from Bishop Cranston asking me to speak for the Methodist Episcopal Church also, which I was glad to do frankly and most ungrudgingly, saying in many places that I regarded that Sister Church as "one of the most potent and aggressive religious organizations in the modern world." I am not in the habit of measuring generous words as if I were afraid that I should overdo matters and did not do it on this occasion. It is better not to speak at all than to speak stingily.

To get back to the typewritten schedule of dates and places

which Dr. Carruthers was good enough to hand me, I found that it called for over 4,000 miles of travel, about a dozen sermons, and not less than a score of talks of varying degrees of dignity and length. Having made up my mind to face the music, I got ready to start the next night to Adelaide, the capital of the State of South Australia, more than 1,000 miles distant. Dr. Carruthers and Mr. Prescott kindly helped me to the train and saw me safe in my sleeper, and my son accompanied me. The sleeping compartments are double-deckers, like our own, but they run crosswise the cars. On the whole, I prefer them to the Pullmans, as they furnish a good measure of privacy and some measure of space in which to move about. But there is no heat except the small amount furnished by a rather awkward foot warmer and no hot water except a little which the porter, who is also the conductor, will bring on request in a little pot. In the course of the night our train reached an elevation of over 2,000 feet; and I should have got pretty chilly but for a Canadian traveling rug, which proved a useful supplement to the cover.

At 6 A.M. we reached at Albury the dividing line between the two States of New South Wales and Victoria. As the gauge of the railroad changes, we found it necessary to get up and change cars. The Victorian train carried a diner, and the good breakfast which is supplied for three shillings was a perfect offset to the uncomfortable rising in the biting atmosphere. As soon as that was disposed of I began to pay attention to the country through which we were passing. Some people on the ship had assured me that it was rather dreary. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A rolling land covered with as fine a setting of grass as ever grew in Central Kentucky or Middle Tennessee, shadowed here and there with many species of eucalyptus trees and made beautiful by the heavy yellow blossoms of the wattle, caught my eye and held it for hours. The recent rains, coming after months of drought, had brought new life to the whole country. Hundreds of thousands of sheep, no longer starving and dying, but growing fat on the luscious meadows, were everywhere visible; and the wheat fields gave abundant promise of a bumper crop. The little towns along the road all had a clean and thrifty look about them, a great many of the houses being built of the fine native stone.

At 1 P.M. we reached the great city of Melbourne and were met at the station by a group of ministers and laymen, who whirled us off to the best hotel in the city for a luncheon and then to Wesley Church for a speech to a large company of our Methodist folk. As I shall be writing of Melbourne later, I pass it by here, save to say that I met Mr. A. E. Wall, the generous host, who

made me free of his home for a whole week in such style and manner as nobody could surpass. At 5 P.M. we were again on our way to Adelaide and again fortunate enough to get a good sleeper. Breakfast came at Murray Bridge Station the next morning after daylight. Then we had a ride for two or three hours along the flanks of Mt. Lofty, a country strangely similar in outward appearances to Western North Carolina. Passing the summit and dropping down a very steep grade, we pulled into Adelaide about 9:30 A.M. on the last day of July. There, as at other places, we received a noble greeting. I shall tell about it in my next letter.

Of his experiences in Adelaide:

Besides the three sermons, I was also on the program for an address on "World-Wide Methodism." This was set for Monday night. As a sort of addendum, I was asked to speak at another hour to the ministers of all the Churches in the city about religious conditions in America. Though having some fear that I should cheapen myself by coming so often before the public, I could not easily decline the invitations that came to me with so many signs of cordial sincerity. Between the numerous religious services, all sorts of social courtesies were showered upon me. Among other things was the luncheon served in the church, at which the President of the South Australian Conference, Rev. Octavius Lake, and his daughter were the hosts. Not less than one hundred guests sat down at the table. From Mr. Lake and the Secretary of the Conference, Rev. T. Geddes White, I received so many and such brotherly attentions as almost to embarrass me. Nor were they singular in their hospitality. Everybody seemed anxious to show that my visit as the official messenger of my Church was sincerely appreciated. On the day of my departure Mr. Gartrell, of whom I have already spoken, invited about seventy-five gentlemen of the city to meet me at a formal dinner at the Grand Central Hotel. There was an appetizing menu, followed by many toasts.

One of the most enjoyable features of my stay in Adelaide was a call upon Sir Samuel Way, whose health had hindered him from being present at any of the public functions. He has, of course, aged considerably since I saw him last at the Ecumenical Conference in Washington in 1891, but does not show the slightest abatement of his intellectual force. The hour spent at his home will always be a bright place in my memory. In all my traveling up and down the world I have met few men who seemed to me to

be fuller of accurate information about everything of importance that is going on among men or whose devotion to the high interests of the kingdom of God was more profound. His position in Australia is unchallengeably one of primacy. He stands at the very front. The universal judgment sets him in the front of great lawyers, great citizens, and great Christians. The son of Rev. James Way, a worthy pioneer minister of the Bible Christian Church, one of the minor Methodist bodies, he has always remained true and steady to the faith of his father, for whose memory he cherishes a most beautiful regard. The honors that have come to him in the run of the years have been numerous. He has long held and still holds the post of chief justice of his native State. Besides this, by an arrangement that is a little puzzling to an American, he is also lieutenant governor and exercises executive functions during any interregnum. Still further, he is privy counselor to the king and Chancellor of Adelaide University. The great universities of England and America have bestowed on him a wonderful variety of degrees. Though past eighty, he is still in full and active service. It pleased me not a little to discover that he had followed with the keenest interest the controversy concerning Vanderbilt University and was anxious to secure all the documents bearing on the subject. When I left he was good enough to write me one or two brotherly notes and to send me a large package of books about matters Australian.

When the time came for me to leave Adelaide, I felt as if I were parting, not with mere acquaintances, but with old and well-tried friends.

At Sydney:

After finishing up my stay at Adelaide, I got back to Sydney in time to take my allotted part in the centennial celebration there, August 7-11. It was rather an awkward program that brought me right through Melbourne and sent me back thither the following week, entailing more than 1,000 miles of additional travel. But it had all been arranged for me by brethren on the ground who were better competent to direct my movements than I was to do it myself. At any rate, I took it for granted that such was the case and so followed their suggestions without protest or opposition, particularly as I was glad to return to Sydney and to enjoy once more, though not for the last time, the perfect hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, who really made me feel as if I were in my homeland and mingling with lifelong acquaintances and friends.

The places assigned to me on the program were quite numerous enough and prominent enough to satisfy even the most eager appetite for such honors. How I had the audacity to accept them all and to make an effort to fill them all, especially as, under the circumstances, I had no chance for special preparation, is a little more than I can now understand. But I have learned by much experience that it is always a little bit safer to stand up and meet an obligation than to run away from it. The show of courage, even when one is somewhat lacking in it, sometimes helps to win the day. It must have been so in this case, else I could not have got through with any sort of success.

Speaking of preaching reminds me of an incident that happened as I was traveling one day with Dr. George Brown, for whom I had contracted a great respect and admiration. He had said something or other about my sermons—just what I cannot now remember—and I replied by telling him that I was really sorry I had not used any occasion to preach on “What Think Ye of Christ?” If Bishop Denny should read this letter, he will probably indulge just here in a good-humored laugh. But Dr. Brown said: “That is a little remarkable. When Dr. Gervase Smith was here many years ago as the representative of the British Conference, that was his only text. He used it everywhere!” After such a statement I regretted somewhat less my failure to follow even so illustrious an example.

As incidental features of the occasion there were receptions given to a large number of the leading ministers and laymen, both the Lord Mayor of the city, who, though of Methodist origin, is now a communicant in the Church of England, and by His Excellency, Sir Gerald Strickland, the Governor of New South Wales, a devout but liberal Roman Catholic. As fraternal messenger from America I was invited to participate in these and other functions and did so with great pleasure. By some means or other the careful notes which I jotted down at the time have been mislaid, and so I am compelled to write this letter entirely from memory.

There were many social occasions and he mentions some which took place at Melbourne:

On later occasions I was the guest of the Lord Mayor at a special luncheon in the City Hall and dined by invitation of the Governor General with several Methodist friends at Government House. Both gentlemen showed me respect beyond all my ex-

pectations and made it impossible that I should ever forget them. The Governor General in his own home is the prince of hosts—simple, democratic, and keenly intelligent. He knows America very well and is the intimate friend of ex-President Roosevelt, Senator Lodge, and many more of our public men. I doubt whether any other man has ever held the high position that he occupies who was more fully equipped for its duties. Through the kindness of friends I had also the opportunity to call on the Hon. Andrew Fisher, leader of the Labor Party and Premier of the Commonwealth. Though a very busy man, he paused long enough to talk with me for nearly half an hour and to introduce me to the other ministers of the government. At the same hour, thanks to the Hon. Josiah Thomas, I got a glimpse of the two houses of the Australian Parliament in session.

My host at Melbourne was Mr. A. E. Wall, an Englishman, eight years resident in the country as General Manager of the London and Lancashire Insurance Company. Besides being a foremost business man, he is also a local preacher. In his elegant home he made me and my son free guests, first and last, for at least a week, and did so many things, he and his charming family, for my pleasure and comfort that I feel perfectly incapable of ever discharging my obligations to him. It was my happiness also to break bread with others under the roof of Dr. William Moreley, whom I first met at the Ecumenical Conference of 1891 in Washington City and whose inspiring sermon and address before the Tennessee Conference of that year are still pleasantly remembered by many people in Nashville. He is growing a little older, but is still very active as manager for the fund for retired ministers and their families and in other ways.

On the day of my departure I also met a company of brethren and spoke to them for half an hour out of my heart on the Laymen's Missionary Movement. After it was all over, more than a score of them went with me to the station and sang "God be with you till we meet again" as my train was moving off. It is needless to say that I was deeply moved by all these demonstrations of brotherly love. I am very weary, but very thankful to God for the great opportunities of this visit. Your readers, I am sure, will forgive me for writing so much about myself. I do it simply to show how our Methodist kinsfolk under the Southern Cross dealt with me.

He was loath to leave Melbourne:

It was with no little reluctance that I took my final leave of

Melbourne. The new friendships that I had formed there were so altogether agreeable that I should have been perfectly content to tarry longer, and all the more so as the opportunity was offered me of going out into the open country and getting a close-at-hand view, which I much desired, of interior Australia. However old I may grow to be, I shall never cease to show the effects of my rural upbringing. The most of my life has been spent in cities. But those of earlier years that I passed among the hills and mountains of East Tennessee scored so deep an impression on my character that nothing can ever efface it. To the end of my days I shall still be, in all essential particulars, a man of the open air and of the mountains.

On August 20 I found myself once more in Sydney, a little the worse for too much wear, but very thankful to God for the health and strength that he had granted me on my long journeys and for the Christian kindness that had softened and sweetened all my experiences in that outpost land of the English-speaking race. How much it meant to me that I had been able in any measure to meet the duties laid on me by my Church in this last foreign deputation that I shall probably ever receive, no words can tell. I had assumed them with misgivings not a few as to my physical strength and other capacities for so strenuous a task, and all along the way I had found occasion to make special appeal for divine help. From my boyhood up that appeal had never been in vain, and now I renewed it in my advancing years with humble confidence that it would still be effective. To my great joy my faith met with no disappointment. God was better to me not merely than all my fears, but even than all my hopes. Those last two or three days in Sydney were comparatively days of rest and refreshment. There were many things that I wanted to see and to do, but I did not feel like exerting myself to any great extent. So I stayed quietly for the greater part of the time in the home of my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott, whose cordial and gracious kindness was simply without limit and who showed that they knew how to cheer and brighten the hours of even a somewhat homesick old man in a foreign land. Blessings on them forever!

I have rarely gone anywhere in the world without finding some kinsfolk; and soon after I arrived in Sydney I was fortunate enough to meet Mr. Henry B. Sevier, whose parents I first knew when I was a callow young preacher at Greeneville, Tenn., forty-six years ago. When he heard that I was in the city, he at once called on me and offered me his service for any purpose that might be necessary. But his courtesy did not stop with that.

With a genuine East Tennessee earnestness, he insisted that I must break bread under his roof. Of course I could not decline such an offer. It was a real delight to meet a man of my own blood in that far-off land and to sit at his table and to become acquainted with his family. In the run of two or three hours we did a world of talking about many things, not forgetting to say a few words about our kinspeople and old times in the hills of our native State. When it was all over, I reproached myself for taking up most of the time, but I could not easily be still or silent under such circumstances.

Another incident serves to illustrate the wide range of his services to God and mankind. While preaching to a great congregation at Adelaide, Australia, a gentleman, well dressed and intelligent, waited after the services and, approaching the Bishop, said: "I feel that I must shake your hand; I heard you preach in Rio, Brazil, and your sermon converted me. From that day to this I've been a better man."

He tells frankly of an experience which came at the close of his visit to Australia. He was aware that he did not always reach high levels:

My last Sunday in Sydney was, like all the others that had gone before it, full of satisfaction. Though much wearied from incessant traveling, irregular eating and sleeping, and overmuch talking, I was glad to have one more opportunity to preach the gospel; and the opportunity accorded me was of a most desirable kind. It was arranged that I should occupy the pulpit at Burwood, one of the best suburbs of the city. When I got to the church, I found it to be a most beautiful building, of moderate size and perfect proportions. The congregation, too, was large, orderly, and reverent. I ought to have given a good sermon; but, to my great regret, though the conditions for successful utterance were as favorable as could be desired, I could reach no high levels and simply got through without entirely failing. After it was all over, I tried to comfort myself by supposing that my physical energies had been drained out by what had gone before and that I was not to blame for my inability to set forth the truth more effectively. Anyhow, the fact was that nobody was startled by anything that I said. After a tempting luncheon in the pastor's home and an hour of unmixed delight with him and his family, I returned to Mr. Prescott's to spend my last afternoon and evening. The

hours went by all too rapidly, and I was greatly surprised when I suddenly realized that the middle of the night was near at hand. Is there any comfort greater than to sit down quietly with a congenial friend at the close of a busy day and lift the floodgates of conversation and suffer the stream of talk to flow whithersoever it will?

The Centennial Celebration was still going on when he reached Brisbane:

At two o'clock I was scheduled to preach in the Albert Street Church, one of the handsomest in all Australia. To my surprise a large audience was gathered even at that time of day, and a responsive one. Following the advice once given me by Bishop Keener, I took plenty of text and followed the beaten track of Methodist doctrine, affirming and setting forth as of permanent and abiding value the things that were central in the teachings of our Church. The only difficulty was that I did not have quite time enough in which to say all the things that were in my heart. But it pleased me beyond words to note that the congregation listened just as attentively as if I had been proclaiming the very last novelties in theology, guaranteed to have been "made in Germany," and not more than one year old. The sermon over, there was a large social gathering in an adjoining hall and more speaking. It was almost a case of talking and running. For I had to get through by a fixed hour and be off to catch my ship. So I missed the chance which I had coveted to hear Dr. Dawson, of New Zealand; Mr. Woodhouse, of Sydney; and Mr. McCallum, of Melbourne—all of whom had come a long distance to take part in the jubilation.

By five o'clock I was once more on board, Mr. and Mrs. Badger having gone all the way with me and having seen me in my own quarters. Thus closed my official engagements in Australia. As I look back at it all now, I can scarcely avoid the belief that in those twenty-eight days I traveled farther and talked more than was wholly good either for me or for the Church. But I simply followed the track that was laid down for me and cannot blame myself severely for doing so. Whether my days upon the earth are many or few, I shall never cease to look back with fond recollections to this journey and the incidents of it. That somehow or other I managed to get through with it without breaking down or utterly discrediting my Church is an occasion for gratitude. From my heart of hearts I thank God for his sustaining grace and providential care through it all.

He wrote Mary of his experiences in Australia:

My month in Australia was a regular ovation. I have never had anything just like it in all my life. First and last I traveled 4,000 miles in the country and visited nearly all the chief cities: Sydney, Melbourne, Goulbourn, Adelaide, and Brisbane, and everywhere, met with the warmest reception. I preached and spoke not less than 30 times, attended all sorts of receptions, dined with the Governor-General and the Governors of several of the States and the Lord Mayors of Sydney and Melbourne, and made many new friends. In my day, I have been fraternal messenger to every Methodist Church in the world or nearly so. This visit—in the warmth and earnestness of my greeting, far surpasses them all. I will tell you all about it when I get home.

Ten thousand kisses and hugs for my dear little grandchildren. It would cheer my heart beyond measure to see them.

IV

In all of the cities of Australia which he visited, the newspapers gave very generous space to his sermons, addresses, and talks. Besides reporting his discourse, they made discriminating comments: "Unlike the usual speaker at such gatherings, who generally delivers an address on some popular topic of everyday interest, Dr. Hoss elected to preach a sermon, selecting as the subject of his discourse the Divine commandments, 'Love God,' 'Love your neighbour as yourself.' "

Another said: "Bishop Hoss treated the subject of his discourse with the raciness, robust common sense, and the epigrammatic skill that his hearers have learnt to expect from him."

One other comment: "The chief attraction of the evening was a lecture by the Rev. Dr. Hoss on the subject of 'World-Wide Methodism.' Bishop Hoss dealt with his theme with the breezy fashion, quaint style, and characteristic sallies of wit and humour that has made all his public appearances at the centenary gatherings so much appreciated."

Mr. C. J. Prescott, Headmaster of Newington College, Sydney, in whose home Bishop Hoss was a guest while in Sydney, wrote of him to the *Nashville Banner*, giving in a very striking way the impression made by Bishop Hoss in Australia. The Bishop made

frequent mention of the delightful hospitality of that home; and Hoss as a guest, a scholar, and a courtly, Southern, Christian gentleman. Mr. Prescott gives an equally delightful description of Bishop Hoss. This is his article:

I am very sorry that an account that I wrote of Bishop Hoss's visit to Australia in 1915 never reached its American destination, having been lost, I can only assume, in transmission. At this distance I cannot recall in sharpness of outline all the details that were fresh at the time. But the general impression that he made upon the Australian Church was so deeply cut that it was impossible to forget it.

He came to Australia as the representative of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North and South) to the Centenary celebrations of the Methodist Church of Australia. It was the first occasion on which a bishop of the M. E. Church had visited this continent, at any rate in a representative capacity. Many years ago Rev. William Taylor, of California, came here and left behind traces of his work that are not forgotten yet. But "California Taylor" then had not yet become Bishop Taylor. From time to time eminent representatives of British Methodism had been welcomed and deeply appreciated. But Bishop Hoss was a new type and there was some keen curiosity to see what a Methodist Bishop was like. Attention was centered the more upon him because, owing to the war, the British Conference found it impossible to send a representative. The result was that he became the central or conspicuous figure of the centenary celebrations.

As a preacher Bishop Hoss everywhere attracted large congregations. It was interesting to notice when he preached how many people came from distant parts to listen to his words. The mere appearance of the congregations to those who knew the churches was an inspiring sight, and his sermons appealed to them. There was a total absence of glitter and tinsel, no parade of learning; no flimsy rhetoric, no sounding brass or tinkling cymbal. On the contrary, there was the clearly marked intention to expound the word of God with fidelity, freshness, and power. The scholar was revealed in the carefulness of the work and in happy little touches as natural as they were scholarly. The possession of a rich personal experience touched his exposition with fine sympathy. All that he said was sane, solid, and strong. All tended toward instruction and edification. His manifest aim was to win and build up. And the hearer must have been a very poor Christian if he did not find himself touched and impressed by the preacher's

evident purpose to speak to the best that was in his soul. Clear, transparent sincerity, as it was the distinguishing mark of his character, he also revealed in his sermons.

There are several types of American preaching with which the English and Australian readers are familiar, of varying quality and appeal. It was evident that some of these had little attraction for Bishop Hoss. What evidently did appeal and what he illustrated in his own discourses, was the solid, substantial, expository type which he believed in the long run to be the most truly effective.

But his sermons constituted but part of his public utterances. He attended all sorts of gatherings, public meetings, social gatherings, dinners, lunches, tea meetings, and the like. In some he was expected to make important speeches, on other occasions to say a few words of congratulation or appreciation. The welcome accorded to him in all such gatherings was given to him first, as the official representative of a great Church, which would have been given to any representative that Church chose to send. That aspect of the case was never forgotten, but very soon it was blended with the individual welcome his charming personality won. Antioch welcomed the M. E. Bishop, but it also welcomed Dr. Hoss. He never let his Church down; his important speeches were worthy of the occasion and commanded respectful attention, but his wisdom and his fertility, his abounding geniality, his sunny good nature, and his unaffected sympathy, all tainted by a delightful American salt, won for him golden opinions wherever he went.

He found his own way to the heart and affection of the Australian people. He was never taken unawares; on important or on comparatively trifling occasions, he had a happy word in season. As he traveled from State to State, completing long journeys, he left the same impression everywhere. He certainly was worked very hard—perhaps too hard; but the wish to see him and to hear him was widespread and grew so much stronger as his reputation spread, that the managers of the movement found it hard to reduce his engagements. His attractiveness and popularity, as they often do, brought their Nemesis, and imposed upon the good man a burden which even his stout frame could with difficulty carry.

It is surprising how many speeches he made. I have before me a short sketch of the address he gave to my boys. It was full of good, wholesome, sympathetic talk. He spoke of his experiences of teaching boys and girls, of the perennial character of the child, of the call for straight brave conduct, of reverence for women, of

the wonder of the English language and the need for guarding it against unbecoming slang, of the war and the part that England was taking in it. It was a healthy talk, blended with his un-failing humor, inculcating the best ideals, penetrated with a kindly sympathy with young life, that went to the boys' hearts and evoked from them spontaneous applause and ringing cheers.

In a third sphere Bishop Hoss did a service impossible to estimate, and that was in his personal intercourse with Australian ministers and laymen. As a guest in one family and another, and in innumerable conversations, he unconsciously let his light shine in unforgettable fashion. Everyone was anxious to enjoy his company, to hear of American ways and methods in Church and State, and he took a delight in imparting information, while at the same time he was receiving it, and was glad to do so. And we may be sure that his keen insight and his shrewd estimate of men and things enabled him to acquire a store of impressions for future use.

I hope I shall be acquitted of egotism if I record my own experiences. They are so vivid and delightful in the reminiscence that I shall best do him justice by giving them. . . . Many others could do the same. He was my guest while in Sydney and my house was his home, and many happenings bound us together in a tender bond of sympathy.

Without wishing to live in the United States, to be frank, I had for years been deeply interested in the life there, and (may I be pardoned for saying it?) I felt a special interest in the South. Shortly before he came, being anxious to know the story of the Civil War, I had been advised to read Col. Henderson's "Life of Stonewall Jackson," and had been fascinated by the reading. This established a mutual understanding from the first. He was interested in meeting a transplanted Englishman, who has been weary of learning his views on the great struggle and his personal recollection of it. History, he said, had taken the side of victory and had not done justice to the Southern Cause. For he still maintained that there was a stronger case for the South than most people were aware of. Everyone knew, he said, that slavery was doomed, and as the process of national evolution would disappear, and that would have been a happier, as it would have been a more peaceful, solution of a difficult problem. Recognizing this, the wiser and humaner spirits of the South set themselves to ameliorate the lot of the slaves, to educate them, to give them Christian instruction, and so prepare them for liberty, when it came. Moreover, the political aspects of the case were by no

means so clear as they have been represented. The rights of sovereign states were entitled to consideration, and in his view those rights were trampled upon. I am well aware that I am mentioning debatable points, which have never been determined by the general voice of the American people; but to hear this sturdy Southerner maintaining what most people have regarded as an impossible loyalty to a lost cause, was fascinating. But he passed beyond the debatable when he told of that which victors and vanquished alike deplored, the agony of the defeated South, the untold sufferings of its brave but doomed defenders, and the almost hopeless desolation that brooded over it when at last the horrible civil contest died away. Something of all this he had seen; and his patriotic soul had been stirred to its depths.

He told the story simply without exaggeration, with no attempt to decipher the colors, but his hearer was moved as he had rarely been. And then he would strike another note as he told of the personal character of many Southern leaders and most of all of General Lee. Of that noble man he could never say too much, and he cherished for him a respect that bordered on adoration. He gloried in relative instances of his nobility and chivalry and he made one feel that there must have been something in a cause that commanded the allegiance of so elect and noble a spirit.

American politics are something of a puzzle to an outsider; but the bishop, who knew them from the inside, was able to make them very much clearer. He had a firm faith in President Wilson and was quite prepared for the day when America would draw the sword. Of educational affairs he had a strong grip. He knew much of American schools and universities and had a strong sympathy with their work. He received a courteous welcome from the warden of Sydney University and took a delight in seeing its beautiful buildings. His knowledge of the earlier history of the United States and many families that had played a leading part was exclusive and interesting, and he knew the story of important colleges and universities in the States.

His religion was so genuine and sincere that in the most natural way his talk would turn to his memories as a pastor, and a preacher, and the methods and effectiveness of Church work. He would recall instances in which his preaching had been blessed to men and women, a testimony to the power of divine grace to bless and uplift.

The conversation would turn to scholarship; the Greek Testament which he loved, Greek literature, English literature, and the like. And it was evident that this was another sphere in which he moved with appreciation and sympathy.

But the bishop's great charm was not his preaching, not his speeches, not his conversation, but simply himself. It was a striking personality that shone through these that appealed. The basis was the strong, sturdy (was it not?) Tennessee breed. The spirit of the pioneers was in him. He did not come to Australia to fight, but little things showed that he was a fighter at heart, and in any sort of battle he must have been a doughty and even terrible warrior. Side by side with that was a temperament, affectionate, sympathetic, tender. The strength of his character was matched by the strength of affections. He won men everywhere, and carried from Australia literally a host of new friends. But his attitude to women was absolutely lovely. He seemed to be the very embodiment of what some of us had always thought of as the type of the Southern Gentleman. His deference, his courtesy, his appreciation, his truly courtly demeanor baffled description. Had it been only a veneer it would have betrayed itself in time; but time only brought out its intense sincerity. And the combination of his fine manners and genuineness of heart gave him an inexpressible charm. His beautiful attitude to my wife and daughters is something they can never forget.

His ancestral stock and the atmosphere in which he was nurtured account for much, but his deeply rooted piety, his steadfast walk with God, and his simple and sunny faith strengthened everything that was good in him. Without religion he would have been a charming man of the world; with his religion he was a charming man of God. Of such characters we may reverently say: "He looks and leaves his image there."

I suppose he had his faults. Certainly he was so thoroughly human that he could not escape the temptation to them. I can only say that I could not see them. To me, and many like me, it was a new type of character, something that I might have read about, but never seen. And I admired and loved him so much that his defects would have needed to be magnified for me to see them all. His portrait hangs in my study and looks down over me now. I can never forget the blessing he gave my second son, as he took leave of him, knowing that he was going to war. Unlike Isaac, his was not confined to one blessing, and there is a second that shines out from his face for me.

CHAPTER XXX

AGAIN IN THE ORIENT

Another service that I enjoyed to the bottom of my heart was the weekly missionary prayer meeting, in which representatives of all the missions are gathered in brotherly love, and before which I had the precious opportunity of opening and expounding, as well as I could, a great passage from the Sermon on the Mount.

I

LEAVING Sydney on August 23, Bishop Hoss started on the trip to the Orient. The story is best told in his own words:

And so, after refreshing slumber, we arose early on the morning of August 23, put the finishing touches on our packing, ate a hearty breakfast, and at 9:30 started for the docks, five miles off, where our ship, the Japanese "Nikko Maru," lay at anchor. That gave us a good margin of time. By using just a little extra effort we got our things on board and in our cabin and still had an hour or more to spare before sailing. Very soon our friends began to gather to say good-by to us. First of all came Dr. George Brown, of whom I have written you before and whose most uncommon attentions continued to the end. With him also came Mr. Pearson, Mr. Whynn, and many others, whose friendly faces and gentle words of farewell gave us courage to face afresh the dangers of the deep. Our ship was not a large one, only 5,000 or 6,000 tons burden; but it is well built and well appointed in every way. All the officers and crew, from the captain down to the coal heavers, are Japanese. There is nothing too good to be said about their efficiency and courtesy. From the first day to the last the order was perfect. Not once did I see a drunken man on the deck or elsewhere about the ship—except that the deck steward, a sort of general favorite with the passengers, did, just before we reached the Philippines, get more *sake* than he could carry steadily and indulged for an hour or so in some very peculiar antics. But when the captain came in sight, he sobered down with a rapidity that was little less than startling. Of the menu from day to day there was little ground for criticism except that it lacked something of being adapted to American tastes and was not so abundant in quantity as I have seen it on other vessels. On

the occasion of the captain's luncheon, for serving which the quarter-deck was beautifully decorated and to which all the first-class passengers received formal written invitations, the cooks laid themselves out to spread a noble feast. Our passenger list included people from many lands, and once in a while their wires got crossed in talking about the war; but for the most part everybody kept in a perfectly good humor.

Your readers may not know how long a journey this is. Indeed, I myself, when I left home, did not quite realize the measure of it. The thought was latent in my mind that in going by way of Australia I was all the time approaching my ultimate destination. But I discovered on fuller inquiry that I was really going away from it. From Sydney to Yokohama is more than 7,000 miles, and the time necessary for making the voyage on the rather slow steamers that ply between the two points is somewhere more than four weeks. It is not in all respects a pleasant voyage. In passing through so many degrees of latitude one also passes through many kinds of weather. When we left home, at the beginning of July, the mercury was standing at more than one hundred degrees, and it was necessary to wear the thinnest sort of clothes in order to procure reasonable comfort. After crossing the Equator on our way south there was a steady change, and on our arrival in Australia it was so cold that we had to put on our flannels and provide ourselves with heavy rugs in making the long railroad trips which we took through the country. This sudden change was just a little taxing upon our system, but it was less so than the change which followed when we again started north. We had not reached the utmost extremity of the island continent before we were once more exposed to the fierce glare of the tropical sun. For nearly three weeks it was most uncomfortably hot. To make matters worse, our cabins were on the wrong side of the ship, and we missed what little breeze was stirring. To relieve the case as much as possible, we lived on the shady side of the deck during nearly the whole day and shortened our hours of sleep as much as possible during the night. Nearly the entire way the sea was as smooth as glass. Our captain assured us that he had never known anything exactly like it for so long a period of time together.

On the first Sunday out I preached a short sermon to a small audience in the writing room, being assisted by one or two other ministers who came in from the second cabin and added much to the occasion by their presence, their singing, and their earnest prayers. But when the second Sunday came, everybody was so fagged out and the atmosphere on the inside was so stifling that

it was not thought best to attempt common worship. As I look back at it now I cannot help the feeling of regret that I agreed to this arrangement. At least a few persons would have come together if we had posted the proper notices and would no doubt have been profited by even the briefest period of religious fellowship. The habits of a lifetime are so strong in me that I cannot pass the Lord's Day without the thought and the desire of joining with other Christians in recognizing God's kindly care and returning to him devout thanks for it all. Hereafter, no matter what the circumstances may be, I shall never allow another Sabbath to go by unblest by some kind of common worship.

II

On September 6, he reached the Philippine Island of Mindanao. He and Embree, "with a few friends, took a launch and sailed into the substantial dock." Even Zamboango was interesting to the ever-alert old man. No detail escaped him: the streets, kept scrupulously clean, the abundant flow of running water; little streams flowing here and there, giving a sense of freshness and life. Two days later they entered Manila Bay. The torrential rains made it impossible to be much away from their ship. His comments on affairs in the Philippines reflect his interest in national affairs and the international implications of the American occupation of the Islands. His disappointment at seeing so little of Manila was tempered by "the thought that the world was full of things which he had not seen." After thirty-six hours, they steamed away for Hong Kong:

The run to Hong Kong covered about two days. For the most of the way the sea rolled so much that it was necessary to keep all the windows in the cabins closed, and that forced the passengers to occupy the decks. In spite of some disadvantages, I rather enjoyed the experience. There are times when the very restlessness of the sea corresponds to one's mood and becomes interesting. It would be a most disagreeable thing, however, if a whole voyage had to be made under such conditions.

It was Sunday morning, September 12, when we reached Hong Kong. I had slept pretty soundly the night before and was somewhat surprised to awake and find our ship at anchor at some distance from the docks. The British authorities are very suspicious at the present time, and it was necessary for us to wait till an

officer could come aboard and examine our passports. The process was not a very searching one, but it caused a good deal of delay.

Eighty miles up the river is the famous city of Canton. Whether it has one million or two million inhabitants is not certain, for it is a difficult thing to get a proper census. But it is in any event the largest of purely Chinese cities. Formerly the only way of reaching it was by boat, and a visit to it was a matter of many days. But lately it has been connected with Hong Kong by a railroad one hundred and ten miles in length, and one can now make the journey and see the city in a very superficial way—the way in which tourists usually see things—inside of two days. I was disappointed in not being able to use the opportunity, especially as there is a saying abroad in the Orient that no one has seen China until he has seen Canton. But as I was on the King's business, which required all possible haste, I cut out this part of the program and proceeded north.

Leaving Hong Kong, they reached Shanghai on September 16, where he was met by old friends and was soon a delighted guest of Dr. and Mrs. R. A. Parker:

It had been our purpose to proceed from Shanghai to Korea by rail through Peking and Mukden, and we landed with that thought still in our minds. But after consultation with intelligent friends we discovered that the connections overland were somewhat doubtful and the trip hard and difficult. At their suggestion, therefore, and because we had only a limited time in which to reach Korea before the mission meeting, we returned the next morning to our ship and crossed over to Nagasaki, on the Japan coast, about five hundred miles away, reaching it on the afternoon of September 18.

III

A good ways out from Seoul we were met by Mr. Yun, his wife and little daughter. To see him again in the flesh was an unspeakable joy. His kindness to me and my son during our stay in the country overflowed in every way. The Christian fellowship which I enjoyed with him for a few weeks will be a hallowed memory with me as long as life lasts. We literally sat together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. Though not as robust in health as could be wished, he maintains a cheerful Christian spirit and at time shows the abounding and radiant humor that characterized him in his earlier days. Nothing could surpass the

affection in which he is held by the missionaries and the native Christians. Without exception they give him love and honor. I am in position to say without reserve that he means to do nothing that would bring him into collision with the government. He knows, as a Christian man, what his duty is, and he intends to do it honestly and sincerely, yielding obedience to the powers that be. To all his friends in America he sends his greetings and begs me to assure them that he is deeply touched by their many evidences of good will.

Arrived in Seoul, we found the whole missionary force, brethren and sisters, and many native Christians as well, at the station to meet us and give us a welcome. It is worth traveling around the world to meet with such a show of fraternal regard. To tell the plain truth, however, I was not a little embarrassed by the evident intention to do me too much honor as the representative of the Church. The native brethren had hired the finest carriage in the city, with liveried driver and footman, to take me to Dr. Hardy's home. If I could have escaped and walked the whole distance without seeming to be unappreciative and discourteous, I should have done so. But seeing the situation, I put on a brave front and drove away as if I were to the manner born. Nevertheless, I can at least say that I have never yet ridden in a bridal chair carried on the shoulders of four men, as Bishop Candler did on the occasion of his first arrival at Songdo. If there were in existence anywhere a snapshot of my dear friend and brother from Georgia heading a procession of five hundred Korean Christians in that style, I should try to get it and send it for preservation to the museum of Emory University.

My stay of ten days at Seoul was crowded with activities of one sort and another and full of pleasure. Besides preaching to a great audience in our Central Church, with Mr. Yun as interpreter, and delivering a sermon to the American and English residents in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, I visited the Carolina School, well situated and well built in a lovely little glen on a mountain side, and over which Miss Hankins presides so ably, and made the best speech that I knew how to the large body of girl students. I also was fortunate enough to be present, together with Bishop Harris and many other representatives of the two Methodist missions, and to participate in the dedication of the new Gamble Hall at the Union Methodist Theological Seminary. The money for this building was generously contributed by Mrs. Gamble, of Cincinnati, the daughter of the revered and learned Dr. William Nast, the leader of the German Methodists in America. No better investment of mission funds

could have been made. It stands on a commanding elevation, surrounded by the other buildings of the seminary, and affords a fine view of the whole city. By the courtesy of Dr. Underwood, of the Presbyterian Church, one of the first missionaries to Korea and one of the ablest and most successful, I went on another day to the Union Christian College, in which all the missions have agreed to co-operate and which is making a fair beginning of its career in rented rooms at the Y. M. C. A.; and after looking over as well as I could in so short a time, I proceeded in the company of Mr. Noble to take a view of the proposed site of its new buildings, a rarely beautiful tract of a hundred acres, the most of which is covered by one of the few remaining forests, about four miles from the city. To complete the circuit I next spent an afternoon at Severance Hospital, a noble institution, in connection with which has been organized the only Christian school of medicine that has any prospect of success in the whole country. In this school we have agreed to co-operate. The chief surgeon is Dr. Avison, once a Canadian Methodist, who came out many years ago under the Presbyterian Board, a most competent man and a devout Christian.

Conference Sunday was a high day. From morning till night it was filled with some sort of religious exercises. At 11 A.M. I preached, with Mr. Yun as interpreter, to about eleven or twelve hundred hearers. That is, I was told that there were that many in the audience by some who had taken the pains to count. Owing largely, no doubt, to the excellency of Mr. Yun's interpretation, the attention was perfect. After the sermon I ordained four deacons. In the afternoon I preached in English, and with much joy, to the missionaries and their families. When I was younger I had the feeling that a big audience is necessary for a good sermon; but in my old age it has come to pass with me that it is not the size of the audience but the spirit of it that helps most. And the spirit of these self-exiled toilers for Christ's sake is of the highest quality. At 7:30 P.M., the elders assisting, I ordained five elders, two of them under the missionary rule and the others after election by the mission. These were the first natives that had ever been named to this office among us. They were men of good repute.

There had come a "slowing up" of the work in Korea upon which he commented, especially on the effect of certain views which had crept in:

There is another serious matter about which I hesitate to speak,

but must do so on my conscience. Gradually there has filtered into our mission from other missions certain premillenarian views that cannot fail to be, in the long run, of damaging effect. Some of the brethren who have gone after these new doctrines—and they are all good and earnest men—are in danger of becoming thoroughly pessimistic concerning the results of their labors. They do not hesitate to say that they have ceased to expect any large aggressive movements against the powers of darkness until the second coming of Christ. When that event takes place, they look for the quick subjugation of Satan and his allies by a sharp and sudden stroke of divine power. If this means anything, it means that Christianity, having begun in the Spirit, is to be made perfect in the flesh. The saddest thing, in fact, about it is that it utterly discredits the power of the Holy Ghost to make the truth effective.

He went from Songdo to Shanghai by rail for several reasons:

And, finally, as I did not expect ever again to visit the Orient, it seemed wise to use my last opportunity for seeing North China with my own eyes. Having read so much of it, I wanted to confirm and enlarge the knowledge thus gained by the sure process of personal observation.

Our fellow passengers represented many nationalities, including a few Englishmen and Americans; but none of them showed a strong desire to engage me in conversation, and I was myself quite content, after much talking during the summer, to enjoy a spell of silence.

Passing through Manchuria and along the great wall, he "took particular pains to make a note of the country as he passed along." He had immense capacity for seeing things; matched by boundless facility for telling of what he had seen.

He spent a few days in Peking:

One of my long-cherished dreams had been that I should some day be able to visit the ancient capital of China. But when I at last found myself there, I could scarcely realize that my dream had come true. It was difficult for me to tell just where to begin my sight-seeing. Indeed, if I had been left to myself, I should have found it impossible to begin at all with any degree of intelligence. Fortunately for me, however, I was in the hands of friends who could supply my lack of knowledge.

Forty-eight years ago I separated from Henry H. Lowry at the Ohio Wesleyan University. A few weeks later he sailed for China, where he has ever since done efficient work as a missionary. For a long time he has been President of Peking University. Not by uncommon brilliancy of native endowment, but by steadiness of character, by unflagging diligence, and by wholehearted consecration to Christ, he has wrought a great work and achieved a great name. In the Methodist Episcopal Mission he has become a sort of indispensable man. When counsel is needed on any important subject, he is always called in. Among foreigners and natives alike he is held in high esteem. The lowliest Chinamen find him approachable and sympathetic, and the highest officials have learned to trust his judgment. There is a saying abroad among his brethren that "bishops come and go, but Lowry is always on the job." Well, he gave me and my son a cordial welcome, opened his house to us, and put himself at our disposal. How much he added to our comfort and pleasure it is impossible for me to tell.

The Methodist Compound, on which he has a pleasant but not extravagant home, is a magnificent piece of property largely acquired by his courageous foresight. Besides the residences of several missionaries, a large church, capable of seating two thousand people, stands on it, and close at hand is the campus of the Peking University, with its numerous commodious buildings and its large body of students. From the top of the main hall I got a perfectly wonderful view of the city, every part of it; and in the church on Sunday, October 10, I preached to an audience that filled the pews and gave me, or rather the interpreter who accompanied me, the closest attention.

I did not get to see, except at a distance, the famous Chinese Astronomical Observatory, the oldest in the world. It was built by Kublai Khan in 1279, three hundred years before Frederick of Denmark founded one in Europe. When Peking was looted by the foreign troops in 1900, some of the finest instruments from the observatory were taken by the Germans and are now in Potsdam. With a show of conscience, Germany replaced the instruments which were carried away and kept—by others—of half size. The humor of this transaction possibly did not disclose itself to the Teutonic mind.

Arriving in Shanghai in the early morning of October 14, he was delighted to find "Rev. John C. Hawk, a well-beloved brother from Holston, and Dr. J. B. Fearn waiting for him on the platform."

He wrote of the fascinating interest of Shanghai, but his interest was centered in the work for which he came to China:

On two Sunday evenings I worshiped at Union Church, of which Rev. Mr. Darwent, an English Congregationalist, is the pastor, sitting once, to my real edification, in a pew and once occupying the pulpit. This Church, all the services of which are in English, is a sort of blessed retreat for the missionaries, who naturally find great satisfaction in the opportunity to worship God once in a while in their dear mother tongue. Mr. Darwent is a broad-minded and earnest Christian. Not one of our bishops has been to China in many years without being invited to preach for his people and to sit at his table, which lacks nothing but the presence of a wife to perfect it. It delighted me much to hear how deeply my predecessors had impressed the congregation by the force of their utterances--Bishop Galloway, with the sweep of his oratory; Bishop Wilson, with the imperial range of his thought and the impassioned glow of his emotions; and others with their several gifts. It makes me humble to be in such a succession.

Another service that I enjoyed to the bottom of my soul was the weekly missionary prayer meeting, in which representatives of all the missions are gathered in brotherly love and before which I had the precious opportunity of opening and expounding, as well as I could, a great passage from the Sermon on the Mount. Nor less delightful was the privilege of administering the rite of baptism to a very prominent Chinese gentleman, whose name for adequate reasons I cannot mention here, but who gave every token that could be asked from him of his sincere faith in Christ. I never witnessed a more solemn ceremony. His wife, a comely and consecrated Christian, and his mother-in-law, who has been a believer from childhood, were both present, as were several American friends.

He spent ten days in Soochow, where he gave careful attention to the missionaries and their work. Here again, this time among the women, he found one from Holston, Dr. Hattie Love, "worthy of highest commendation." The Annual Conference met in Soochow. He saw and heard serious things, and quaint things as well:

I noticed that each speaker closed his speech by reading several pages of carefully written manuscript, to which the audience listened with grave respect, but gave no response of any sort. On inquiry I was informed that this is nearly a universal custom in

China. The manuscript is expected to be and supposed to be in the high classical style. It is intended, therefore, to be a compliment to the intelligence of the audience; but if anybody understands it, then it is not a success. Can it be that some of our pretentious American preachers, who now and then make a great parade of eloquence and learning, are just trying to play the Chinese game on their hearers?

When I asked the brethren and sisters if they could sing Thomas Oliver's great hymn, "The God of Abraham Praise," they replied quite promptly: "O yes. We have been singing that regularly ever since Bishop Wilson came out here." And this leads me to say that wherever I have gone throughout the East—in Japan, Korea, and China—I have found the name of our venerable bishop to be like ointment poured forth. Other bishops may come and go, but no one will ever be able to give a service so distinguished as to dim the memory of that which Bishop Wilson has rendered in the Orient. Shall we ever have another such preacher? If so, he has not yet come above the horizon; but I humbly trust that the risen Christ, who out of his reserves of grace and power still bestows gifts upon his Church, will not withhold his hands from supplying our wants. The greatest of all his gifts is the gift of a man who is great, not by the standards of the world, but by the standards of the kingdom of heaven.

I could not complain in the least of the brethren for failing to give me opportunities to exercise my gifts as a preacher. First and last, besides presiding over the Conference and the separate meetings of the missionaries, I preached and spoke eight or ten times, visited the schools, and made an address to the university students. The Sunday service was full to the limit. At the morning hour there were not less than a thousand hearers before me. I wished mightily that I could simply turn loose upon them and speak, without restraint, from the bottom of my heart. But as that could not be, I was glad to have so competent an interpreter as Professor Nance, who seems to have the gift of catching and transmitting, not merely the form and substance, but also the spirit of a sermon.

At Sungkiang he had a unique experience with a Chinese wedding:

As we were going away from the chapel, we met a novel spectacle—a bridal cavalcade. The groom's horse was in the lead, richly decked with ribbons and other ornaments, and all the company—a score perhaps of his personal friends—rode up and stopped

in front of his house. They were going to accompany him to the home of the bride for the purpose of escorting her back, in a gorgeous chair, to her new abode. Seeing us pause to watch the strange scene, a servant promptly came out of the house and invited us to enter and make ourselves at home. As Mr. Patterson informed me that it would not be amiss to accept the invitation, we went in. Such preparations for a wedding I never saw before. In the vestibule a Chinese band was discoursing—that's the right word—rather lugubrious Chinese music. Tables were set in many places, with a tempting array of eatables. We were politely pressed to take at least a cup of tea; but we had already had more than our share of tea for that day, and so begged to be excused. When the matron of the house learned that two American strangers were within her doors, she came out in a very stately way and bade us welcome, begging us to wait for a little while till the daughter, who, she said, could speak English, would appear and show us through the house. When the daughter actually put in an appearance, she was richly robed, good looking, and most modest. Under her guidance we went back through a succession of rooms and courts to the bridal chamber, where five or six bridesmaids, clothed in the richest silks and adorned with great strands of the costliest pearls, were conversing with one another. Incidentally the bridal presents, half a dozen chests and trunks of them, were also shown us. Not content with all this, the mother and daughter both insisted that we should come back at four o'clock to the regular wedding feast; but as our engagements forbade us to accept the invitation, we said good-by, with many thanks, to our courteous new friends and went on our way. The whole occurrence struck me as most unusual, but I was told that it might happen in China almost any day.

At Changchow he was guest in the home of Rev. J. C. Hawk, whose boyhood home was in Sullivan County, Tennessee, adjoining Washington County, where Bishop Hoss had been born and brought up. Mrs. Jean Buchanan Hawk's home had been at Keywood, Va., near Emory and Henry College. Of this home he said:

Brother Hawk has already converted the Chinese residence that was on it into a comfortable home. Many of our preachers in America would turn up their noses at this home; but it is so great an improvement on what went before it that the sight of it made me very happy. And the signs of a woman's taste and a woman's

hand were all around it. Inside of the mud wall ten or twelve feet high, which surrounds it and furnishes security against any undue intrusion, there is a little patch of Paradise—a clean and well-trimmed lawn, with not a few shrubs and beds and borders of bright-colored flowers. It reminded me much of an autumn lawn in the hill country of Southwestern Virginia, and I could not help wondering whether there had not been a conscious intention to produce under those alien skies something that would be a daily suggestion of the Old Dominion. And the house itself in its perfect order and neatness answers to the surroundings. To turn into this secluded Christian home from the narrow, ill-kept, and foul-smelling streets of a heathen city is like moving into a new world.

Mrs. Hawk could not be at home to meet me when I arrived, but her good husband has somehow or other learned to play the host in her absence. Whether he picked up this useful knowledge during his boyhood in East Tennessee or has acquired it of necessity since going to China, I cannot say. The important fact is that he has it, as I found out to my perfect satisfaction. When was I ever more hospitably entertained? Upon my life I cannot tell. Somehow or other there is a peculiar flavor about the spirit and talk of the Holston folks. Readers outside of Holston may skip these few lines if they wish, but I may be pardoned for saying how much I enjoyed spending a day and night under the roof of a man who seemed to look on things from my standpoint and the associations and memories of whose life were rooted in the same soil with my own. I shall not forget it till the end of my pilgrimage nor even then.

Since leaving home on July 6, he had traveled more than the distance around the world and had performed such labors as should have taxed the strength of a most robust man of middle age. He seems to have forgotten that there were really narrow limitations upon his strength, his arteries having long since made their adamant protest against his incessant labors. He was suddenly reminded of this fact just as he was ready to leave China:

Up to this time I had managed to stand up pretty well under the strain of my six months' incessant travel and work. At the last, however, I became aware of the fact that I was much the worse for wear and called in a competent physician, who advised me to go home at once, cutting out all my engagements in Japan, on peril of a perfect breakdown. But I could not make up my

mind to comply with this bit of counsel. To leave that piece of work unfinished was not at all according to my mind. And in company with my son I sailed on the "Chyo Maru" on November 12 for Kobe. A great company of dear friends, many of whose faces I shall see no more in the flesh but whom I hope to meet again in the better land, came to the dock to see me off, and Drs. Fearn and Hearn took the launch and rode two hours down the river to my ship. May God pay back a thousandfold their kindnesses!

IV

He reached Kobe on Coronation Day and there was some delay in getting ashore:

For the first few days after my arrival in Japan I was the guest of Brother and Mrs. Hager, a taste of whose generous hospitality I had enjoyed five years before and who now opened their home to me in truly Christian fashion. When I look back and think of the many people who have entertained me for Christ's sake, I can never leave this family out of view. They did all I could expect and far more than I could expect to relieve the depression under which I chanced to be suffering and did it with such unfeigned simplicity and gentleness as to touch my heart at its tenderest spot. A few days also I was an inmate in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Newton at the Kwansei Gakuin, where the surroundings were all so agreeable and the atmosphere so wholesome that I should have been glad had it been possible to tarry indefinitely. While there I sat more than once at the board of my old friends, Dr. and Mrs. Haden, and had much talk about absent friends and distant days.

His observations about affairs in Japan are as interesting as when written, twenty-five years ago:

The government is everything in Japan and virtually controls everything. Few matters are left to individual initiative. That the majority of the people are wholly devoted to their emperor is beyond a doubt; but it is, nevertheless, likely that there is here and there some smothered discontent. The vast crowds in Kyoto looked at first glance like mobs. It often seemed inevitable that there should be collisions and conflicts, but the police were everywhere and kept everything and everybody well in hand. Not even in Germany itself, whence the secret of government by espionage

was so thoroughly learned, are the police more pervasive, more given to quiet scrutiny, and more certain to have their own way. Nothing escapes their notice, and nothing is done without their permission. When a group of them appear in sight, the noisiest crowd grows suddenly quiet and the worst lawbreaker turns good. A few years ago a number of socialistic thinkers ventured for a while to raise their heads and become talkative. It looked, moreover, as if they were going to have a considerable following. But the word went out from the government; and all at once there were no Socialists, visible or audible.

Whether this sort of thing can go on permanently, I do not pretend to say. It would be a rash man who would venture, at a time when all the East and all the world is astir, to make an explicit prophecy about the turn of things in Japan. For the present the great bulk of the population is not only solidly but enthusiastically loyal to the throne and is willing, if need be, to defend it to the last dollar and to the last man. As to the future, let those predict who have or think they have the requisite wisdom. I am not of that class.

How he managed to get through his work in Japan was related in the last of his articles on this remarkable journey:

From the beginning it had been my hope and purpose before leaving Japan to make at least a brief visit to every one of our mission stations in the country, and I had given myself time enough in my schedule to do so. But the weakness from which I suffered during my last days in China now returned in an aggravated form; and I was compelled, whether I would or no, to go under the care of the physicians. Drs. Lanning and Barker, two very competent and kindly gentlemen, took me in hand and, in default of a good hospital, shut me up in the quietest room at the Oriental Hotel, positively forbidding me to indulge in any sort of activity for the next ten days or two weeks and even cautioning me against too much conversation, telling me meantime that they would be nowise responsible for the results if I proved disobedient to their directions. With a view, I suppose, of securing submission, they added that I might possibly be able at the end of that time to meet the Mission and give it a qualified service. As my blood pressure was then ranging considerably above 200, I knew that the doctors were probably right and with great regret yielded myself to their will, staying, if not perfectly quiet, at least as quiet as I could, in my room and my bed. How hard a task that was no man can tell who has not had to try it on his own

account. But it was well for me, as it is for us all, to learn a fresh lesson in patience and trust.

On December 1 the Mission convened in annual session; and, being somewhat improved by my rest, I managed to be present and to take the chair both at that time and on every day thereafter till the last, though I did it with strength and energy much diminished. The members of the Mission were exceedingly thoughtful and tried to spare me in every way, laying no extra burden of labor or responsibility on me. Even in the matter of preaching they were most considerate, asking for only two sermons, one on Thursday and one on Sunday morning, suggesting, however, that I might inject a third if I felt so inclined. When I was there five years ago I preached six times; and they all came to hear me. But it should be said, by way of explanation, that we then met at Arima, and they had no counter attraction to draw them off. That altogether apart, they are good listeners. Denied in large measure the privilege of hearing the gospel except from their own lips, they are pretty hungry for any message that has the authentic stamp of Christian truth upon it. I certainly found it good to speak to them and to join them in their worship.

On December 7 the whole body of missionaries kindly suspended their final session and came to the dock to see me off. The appointments were already made and left to be read at the very close. The farewell was cheery and cordial. I shall go that way no more, but I shall carry in my heart forever the names and faces of the good folk who had compassion on my infirmity and comforted me with their fellowship.

He wrote from Kobe, December 4, to Bishop Denny:

My round is almost completed. I shall finish my work here day after tomorrow, and take the steamer the next day. The trip has been long and hard. I am very much fatigued, and anxious to get home. During the past two weeks it has been somewhat difficult for me to keep going, and indeed the doctors had me in bed the most of the time. But I am feeling somewhat better today, and I trust that when I get on the ship I shall find myself picking up right along. My blood pressure has been at 207. For several days my heart did not act properly, but is more regular now. Through all the changes and circumstances of the past six months, I have found a constant resource in God. His everlasting arms have been about me, and his wings have been over me. Nothing

but this fact of his conscious presence has enabled me to stand up under my many and exacting duties.

On December 7 he boarded his ship for home. There was a delay of two days at Yokohama, during which he was unable to leave the ship. There was no other stop, except for one day at Honolulu; and his ship reached San Francisco on December 27. Two days out from San Francisco, on Christmas Day, he wrote Mary a brief letter without mentioning the fact that it was Christmas Day:

Our ship will reach San Francisco, God willing, on the 27th, and I am writing you this brief note to mail as soon as we land. Our trip from Japan was very smooth, but I have been at no part of it well and at times gravely apprehensive of the result, but I hope to be better soon. God has been good to me these past six months, and I have been able to discharge all my duties in a satisfactory way. I have not had one word from you or the rest of the folks at home, and am eager to hear from you.

Two days after landing he wrote Mary. The contents of this letter indicate that, in addition to his own bodily infirmities, which occasioned depression of spirits, there were other matters which weighed heavily upon him:

As I wrote you in my note from the ship, Embree stopped at Honolulu to spend a couple of weeks with Captain Jordan. But when I got on the dock here I received a cable telling me that he had been attacked with appendicitis, and operated on December 25. So, instead of going right on home I shall stay here till I know whether he is out of danger. Of course, I am uneasy over the result. For many reasons, chiefly because I am not at all well, I ought to get home as soon as possible. But it is my duty to look after Embree in such an emergency.

I am sending you a few things which I had hoped would get to you for Christmas. You will find express receipt for them enclosed. There is a beautiful Australian rug; a fine Chinese coat, which I am sure you will like; a strand of amber beads, which I am told is very fine; a few pieces of Chinese embroidery; a few pieces of genuine linen lace for you and Embree; a pair of Damascened sleeve buttons for Francis; a couple of embroidered vests for Embree; and a full suit of handsome Korean clothes for

Embree, which was sent her by Mrs. John W. Hitch of our Mission at Seoul, Korea. Also a Japanese cigarette case for Jack.

Alone, ill, and distressed, he did not forget one detail of thoughtful love for daughter and grandchildren.

Exactly six months after leaving for Australia he reached home: "The best thing about going away from home is getting back. I reached my wife and son at Muskogee, Okla., January 5, 1916, and I am not going to leave them again for any length of time till I am compelled to do so."

The editor of the *Christian Advocate*, commenting on his return home, said:

Bishop Hoss answered practically every call upon him—and the demands were many—and undertook more work than a man of vigorous physical strength should have undertaken. He has held up remarkably well; and while he returns feeling the strain of the arduous duties which he would not shirk, we trust that a few weeks of rest at his home will bring to him renewed strength.

If Bishop Hoss had been less experienced in traveling, such a tour would have been impossible in the state of his health at this time. While his body retained the stoutness which had come with middle age, his strength had been sorely impaired by the lesions of weakened arteries. The shock of such lesions had left him with halting step and unsteady hand. Nevertheless he was able, by the dynamic of his heroic spirit, to force his failing body to do his will. He returned from the incessant travels and labors of this world tour with a ready willingness to take up the duties which awaited his arrival at home.

He had earned the title of "Foreign Minister of Methodism." He had represented his Church in all parts of the United States, in Canada, in Brazil, in England and Ireland, in China, Japan, and Korea; and, last of all, in the Commonwealth of Australia.

CHAPTER XXXI

FINISHING HIS WORK

God has been so good to me that it would be base in me not to trust him for the rest of the way.

I

HAVING finished his work in the Orient, he was eager to take up his work in Cuba. The Cuba Mission Conference was due to meet on February 2, 1916. He left home to go to Cuba and went as far as Nashville. From there he wrote Mary:

I am sending you a brief note from this place, where I have been spending two days. It was my purpose when I left home to go on to Cuba, though Sessler had positively forbidden it, on the score of my lack of strength for the additional strain. Since arriving here I have discovered that it is not possible for me to go any further without running some risks that I ought not to take at the present time, and so I shall go back to Muskogee after running over to Chattanooga to see little Embree.

I am glad to say that the last reports from Embree are that he has come out of the hospital in pretty good condition, though still very weak. If nothing happens, he will reach San Francisco today, and I shall probably have some sort of communication from him inside of a day or two. I am deeply solicitous about him; in fact, as I get older, I think I get more foolish about my children, and if any one of them happens to be in special need of me, it is that particular one that draws most deeply on my affection.

Embree was hoping to reach San Francisco on January 24. He had gone with his father to Australia and the Orient, in the hope that both father and son should be benefited by traveling thus together. Fatherly solicitude was not abated by the experiences of this long journey in strange lands and climes. Bishop Hoss wrote Mary on February 8: "Embree did not leave Honolulu as he expected, but is expecting to sail today. I cannot help feeling very

uneasy about him on many scores. My heart has many burdens. Surely God has laid heavy loads on me. But He knows best, and I shall not complain."

At home after the long and strenuous journey to Australia and the Orient, there were ominous symptoms of the heavy overdraft on his physical strength. In February he told Mary that "his strength was nothing to brag about." On April 4 he wrote Mary about little Francis, who had suffered another mishap. He said: "I wish I might have taken from him his suffering and borne it for him." He tells her:

Somehow my memory is playing me all sorts of tricks here lately. I remember that my dear Father had the same experience at about my age. I shall be 67 on the 14th of the month. On the 8th of February, past, I had another anniversary. Just 50 years ago that day, I was licensed to preach. What a long time ago it was! And yet it seems like yesterday.

I had a letter from Embree yesterday. He is in better health and spirit, has got some sort of job at Sacramento, Calif. What it is he does not specify, except that it is something connected with an advertising business. I hope for the best, but am always uneasy about him. God help him.

As the time approached for the meeting of the Bishops he prepared to attend. The last of April he wrote Mary:

Since I wrote you last things have gone on in about the usual way. First and last, I have written a great many letters, and not a few other things. My writing hand is by no means as flexible as it used to be. But somehow or other I manage to do what simply has to be done. I think you will be pleased to learn that I have also been able to preach a good deal in recent weeks, though my voice is by no means as much under control as it used to be.

Embree reached home three or four days ago. He is gradually recovering from his operation, though, of course, he has not yet got back his full strength. He and I will start for Nashville inside the next two or three days. The May meetings are now on hand, and I shall be very busy for the whole of next month. What my assignments for next year will be, I cannot tell. And I am not much concerned on the subject. As far as I can now see, I shall be able to do any work that may be put upon me, though I am well aware of the fact that old fellows frequently imagine

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themselves to be stronger and more capable than they really are. Anyhow I shall accept my lot, whatever it may be, and try to discharge its duties in a satisfactory manner.

II

His assignment for 1916-17 was Japan, China, Korea, Louisiana, and Baltimore. It could hardly have been expected that he should go again to the Orient. His supervision was necessarily at long range. But whatever duty was laid upon him he undertook to discharge to the last limit of his strength. He had never learned to spare himself. His strength had been so abundant and his health so resilient that it was difficult for him to realize that he was, in fact, an infirm old man.

The Board meetings over, he is off to "East Tennessee for service in District Conferences," and for the dedication of a monument at Keywood, where the first Conference was held west of the Alleghenies.

He took an active part in discussion of the matter of the union of Methodist Churches, following the action of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference at Saratoga in May; and he was a potent figure in the discussions of the Joint Commissions through the years which followed.

He preached twice at Hot Springs the middle of July. He wrote Mary of this trip:

On the way home I stopped to see Aunt Mattie. She is very frail and may go off at any time. My visit to her was quite pleasant. Next Sunday I am to dedicate a great new church at Shreveport, La. My own health is so-so. In many ways, I have the signs of old age. But I am thankful to be able to keep going. Your mother also is aging.

Writing to Mary of being in Louisiana the latter part of July, he said: "The weather is awfully hot, furnace hot. Last week I was down in Louisiana for five days, preaching, speaking, and dedicating churches. It was awful. Today I was to start to Tennessee, but I am almost afraid to leave home."

The committee for the "appointing of a Commission to consider the question of union with the Northern Methodists" met at

Tate Spring on August 9. He was deeply concerned about the men to be chosen. Strong men had been named by the Methodist Episcopal Church and he was making diligent effort to secure strong and capable men to represent the Southern Church. Coming to Tate Spring, or to any part of East Tennessee, was a tonic to him; but this time he was depressed. He wrote Mary on August 10:

I have been here for a week, doing next to nothing very vigorously. My eyes hurt me so much that it is difficult to read or write, and am generally indisposed to serious work. Last Sunday I ran over to Morristown and preached, and yesterday I met a Committee of Nine here to appoint a Commission on Methodist Unification. The result was not very satisfactory, but I did my duty as well as I knew how, and the results are in the hands of God.

Back in Muskogee the last of August, he wrote his son-in-law, Mr. Headman:

The summer has been awfully hot and dry in the Southwest. First and last, I have traveled since the first of June not less than 5,000 miles, and have preached and spoken very frequently. At times I have been very tired, and felt much as if I were unable to go forward. But I have managed somehow to go on. When the hot weather is over, I hope to feel much better than I now am, though I can hardly expect to ever get back my old-time health and vigor.

Mrs. Hoss had been ill for several years; and her condition became critical about October 1, so that Bishop Hoss was called home from Washington. On November 3 he wrote Mary:

For the past few weeks, I have been in great trouble and confusion. Your mother's serious illness has kept me in constant confusion and uneasiness, and my work has called for incessant traveling and visiting. Besides, I have not been at all well. You will excuse me, therefore, I am sure for my brief and infrequent letters.

Your mother is somewhat better, but still far from well. Tomorrow she and Sessler will start for Battle Creek, in the hope of the complete and permanent restoration of her health. I shall

be very uneasy about her, however, till I know she has gained relief.

He held the Louisiana Conference at Baton Rouge on November 25, and left there on the 28th for Battle Creek to be at the bedside of his wife. Her illness was always more depressing to him than his own.

It was just at this time that Bishop Wilson died. Writing to Bishop Denny of that event, he said:

The news of Bishop Wilson's death was an overwhelming shock to me. I ought to have been prepared to see him go away; in fact, I should not have been surprised at any time in the last five years to have received tidings of his departure; but when it actually took place, I was dazed and confused by it. We shall never see his like again.

It disturbs me to know that you are traveling and preaching so incessantly. You know what the result of that sort of thing has been in my case, and you should take me as a signal warning of the folly of too incessant activity.

Mrs. Hoss had been in the hospital for several weeks and was slowly improving. He had joined her and Sessler early in December at Battle Creek. Leaving Battle Creek, he went to Baltimore for the meeting, in the very last days of December, of the Joint Commission on Unification. Although infirm in body and distressed in spirit by the dreadful illness of his wife, he could not remain away from this meeting. So long as it was possible for him to travel he must be in his place as the representative of his Church and the servant of his Lord. Of his participation in that meeting account has been given in another chapter.

Following the meeting in Baltimore he visited Mary and her family in Collingswood, N. J., and was back at Muskogee by the middle of January. He wrote of his return:

I got home safely on Friday night, very tired, but glad to be once more under my own roof. At once I tackled the task of cleaning up my delayed correspondence. For three days I have made good progress, but have not yet finished the job. Sunday, yesterday morning, I went to church, and heard a good sermon. The associations of God's house are always a blessing to me, even

though the sermon be commonplace and tame. Much more so if the sermon be thoughtful and full of life.

I hope that while I am here this time I shall manage to wind up my outstanding jobs; but I do not find it is as easy to work steadily as I once did; but it is, nevertheless, easier to keep going than it is to stop and do nothing.

I am only tolerably well myself. Somehow or other I keep stiff in the legs, and my voice is weak and lacks directness. When the warm weather comes, I suppose that I shall begin to pick up, though I hardly suppose that I shall ever be really strong again. Your mother is just about as usual. I had hoped at one time that she would get permanently better, but I hardly look for it now.

Two weeks later he wrote plaintively to Bishop Denny:

I have nothing especial about which to write this morning. But somehow or other I feel that I want to talk to you. Do you ever feel inclined to talk even when your mind is void of contents? That is my fix now. It is perhaps because of my mental vacuity that I am moved to get in touch with somebody—for the express purpose of relieving my barrenness.

Since leaving you at Baltimore, I have been quite busy. When I got back home I found a perfect stack of mail on my table, the most of which required some care and thought in the answering of it. At last it is nearly all answered, though by no means satisfactorily. It will not surprise you if I tell you that I can't work as fast as I once could, nor as well.

He had very ardently hoped that he should be able to hold the Baltimore Conference and had postponed its date to March 28; but he was too unwell to leave home and Bishop Murrah presided over the Conference.

Both he and Mrs. Hoss were ill at home. He wrote to Mary:

During the past six weeks, however, your mother has been closely confined to her bed from a surgical operation, and is not yet able to walk a step. During four weeks of that time I, also, have been flat of my back. It gives me pleasure to say that we are both better at the present time, and I sincerely hope that by the coming of autumn, I shall be able to resume my duties.

At the same time he wrote Bishop Denny:

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Your letters of April 30 and May 5 were both received in due time, and were read with great interest and care.

I have been in so much trouble, however, as to have no time for giving a full answer to them. My own health is very poor, and my dear wife has been—and is still—in such a situation as to make me incapable of any serious work.

Nevertheless he was eager to see Bishop Kilgore before he should go to the Orient—"I can give him much useful information."

The writing of the Episcopal Address to the General Conference, which was to meet in 1918, fell to Bishop H. C. Morrison by seniority. Bishop Morrison requested Bishop Hoss to write the address. Bishop Hoss, replying to a letter from Bishop Denny concerning that matter, said:

In regard to writing the Episcopal Address, I have notified Bishop Morrison that I will be glad to do it as well as I can, and I shall proceed at an early date to the accomplishment of the task. For the valuable hints, which you have given to me, I render my sincere thanks. But I do not see how I can successfully finish the job without a personal interview with you, and communications of some sort with the rest of the Bishops. All this would be easy if I were certain that I could attend the meeting of the Unification Committee at Traverse City on the 27th inst. But the doctors do not encourage me to believe that Mrs. Hoss's condition, or my own, will be such as to allow me to make the trip.

When the Unification Committee met at Traverse City his "own health was very infirm and his good wife needed his presence every day." His lifelong friend, Col. E. C. Reeves, a member of the Commission, wrote of an incident in the meeting at Traverse City:

Bishop John W. Hamilton, of the M. E. Church, at Traverse City, Mich., in 1917, speaking before the Committee on Unification, in regard to a message to be wired Bishop Hoss regretting his absence from the committee on account of personal and family afflictions, after tenderly referring to him as a "great man," said: "Bishop Hoss is an honorable man. He represented the M. E. Church in the Orient as faithfully as he did his own. He knows more Methodists than does any other man. He is known by

more Methodists than is any other living man. He is, in fact, the leader of world-wide Methodism today."

It was just at this time that Bishop H. M. Du Bose said of him: "He is Foreign Minister of our Connection; the eye of World Methodism."

Mrs. Hoss underwent a serious surgical operation early in May. Her condition was so serious as to leave no hope for recovery; and her suffering was very intense. He wrote Mary on October 29:

On Tuesday evening last, under the pressure of the most important business, and accompanied by Sessler, I ran over to Jackson, Tenn., to the semi-annual meeting of the College of Bishops, and got back, none the worse for the trip, last night. It grieved me to leave Mother, from whom I have not been absent for a single day during the past six months. I am glad to say that we found her no worse, though yesterday she had a pretty bad hemorrhage from the incision in her side.

If I could possibly leave your mother, and stand the trip, I would come to see you at once. Just as soon as I am able to venture I will start for Philadelphia. How soon that will be, I cannot tell. Some days I feel much better; but, on the whole, I am still very feeble. It looks as if my active career were ended. The General Conference is to meet in May next, and there is not much doubt that, even if I should live till then, I will be superannuated. But I must see you once more before I go home. . . . I am enclosing you herewith the menu of a very elegant banquet which was given to the Bishops by the stewards of the First Methodist Church at Jackson. With Sessler's help, I managed to attend it, and was treated with great kindness, though I could not make a speech—a most unusual occurrence. (His sense of humor persisted.)

As he was leaving home, on November 10, for the Virginia Conference, he wrote Mary:

Your good letter of Sunday last came duly to hand, and has been eagerly and repeatedly read. I am gladder than I can tell you to know that you have safely pulled through your terrible ordeal, and I do hope that you will now grow well and strong. Be careful not to overdo things. For your own sake, and for the sake of Jack and the children, be careful of your strength. It isn't much

that an old man can do to help; but I can at least pray for you, and that I do every day. Your mother has been profoundly concerned about you. Her nurse told me that she frequently heard her in the night praying that "poor Mary might be spared to her little children." She had a trunk packed yesterday to be sent to you. It is, I think, a sort of omnium-gatherum. There is the quilt for Francis, and a heavy home-made blanket that I got on one of my trips in a German colony down in Brazil. Perhaps you had better give the blanket to Embree. Tell her that Faddie sent it to keep her warm in the winter. There is also a Chinese bell for your dining room, and a frame, which Jack can put together, for hanging it; the stick properly padded for beating the old Indian drum that I gave Francis; a set of the Temple Bible which Mrs. Jackson gave me some years ago; two big bamboo vases, beautifully carved, from China, and I do not know what else. I will forward the trunk today, or take it to Lynchburg and forward it from there.

Today I am to start to the Virginia Conference, with a good many misgivings on my own account and on your mother's. My own health is very feeble, and I walk with difficulty. Mother's case is always critical. I shall have her constantly in my mind while I am gone. But I hope to get back home alive and to find your mother doing well.

The Editor of the *Christian Advocate* attended the meeting of the Virginia Conference at Lynchburg and wrote of the president of the Conference:

Bishop Hoss agreeably surprised the Conference by appearing promptly to the minute as its president. In some way it had become noised abroad that he would not be able to hold the Conference. The Bishop was warmly received by the Conference, as was Bishop Denny, who was present to assist his colleague should it be necessary. I saw Bishop Hoss preside for two days. It was easy to see that physical suffering had marked new lines on his face and robbed his voice of some of its whilom mellow fullness and distinctness and had taken from his stalwart frame some of its vigor. Yet he showed in his presidency the old-time clearness in his mental processes, the old-time urbanity and humor in his treatment of the brethren, and the old-time mastery of the parliamentary rudder. On Thursday he delivered his noted address on "William McKendree," and the Conference evinced its appreciation by a special resolution of thanks.

During the closing days of the Virginia Conference session he was not able to preside, being kept in his room by illness. Dr. W. W. Royall wrote of the occasion:

Despite rumors to the contrary, Bishop Hoss was able to be present and to fill the chair of the Conference with ability and success during the first four days, when an attack of bronchitis disabled him. Bishop Denny took up the work and impressed one as a presiding officer of the greatest ability and highest ideals. The visit of Bishop Waterhouse was all too short, but his presidency of the body was marked by an ease and gentleness that were delightful.

He was too ill to leave Lynchburg for several days. His daughter came to his bedside and remained with him until he was able to leave for home. On reaching Muskogee he wrote her:

It is just one week since I parted with you at Lynchburg. My trip home was a hard one in every respect. My train was late at Cincinnati, and I had to wait there four hours for a connection with the St. Louis train. At St. Louis, the train got in half an hour late, and it was necessary to spend the night to catch the next connection for Muskogee. So we did not reach Muskogee till four o'clock Wednesday morning. You can easily imagine that I was nearly worn out when the journey was done. I had caught, moreover, a severe cold, and have been sick in bed ever since. Today I am somewhat improved. Up to this time, however, I have not been able to do any writing except to scribble a line or two to Bishop Murrah, who had been holding, this week, my Louisiana Conference for me. My own failure to get to the Conference has been a sore trial to me. It will probably be the last Conference assigned to me, and I am greatly grieved at not being able to hold it. Whether I shall get up and have strength for any work is most uncertain. May God help me to be submissive to his will! I found Mother about as I left her. There is nothing certain in her case except that she cannot get well, though she may hold out for many months. Actually I am greatly depressed in body and spirit. But I shall try to keep a brave heart.

A letter of a week later to Bishop Denny is slightly more hopeful:

I write, after so long a time, to say that I got safely home,

though the trip was a hard one. After reaching Muskogee, I had another dip downwards, and did not know how it would turn out. Within the last three days, however, there has been a definite turn of the tide in my favor, and Sessler says that I may now look for the recovery of my health and strength. I hope so, but am not certain of it. It was quite impossible for me to hold the Louisiana Conference, and Bishop Murrah held it for me.

I can never thank you enough for your kindness in taking my load at the Virginia Conference. Set that debt down against me till the Greek Kalends.

His intuition was correct: the Virginia Conference was the last he was to hold; and the Louisiana Conference was the last to be assigned to him.

After returning from Virginia he was confined at home on account of his own illness and the painful and distressing illness of Mrs. Hoss. He was not able to be away from home and he could not be away from his wife.

The last of November Bishop H. C. Morrison made announcement concerning the Episcopal Address to the coming General Conference:

This address will be written by Bishop Hoss at my request, it being my time, in the order of election, to prepare the address. But inasmuch as I shall, if living, ask of the General Conference permission to retire from office, and knowing that Bishop Hoss, with his editorial experience and forceful pen, could give the Conference a far better paper than I could, therefore, I made the request, to which he kindly consented.

Moreover, I desired the Church to have an address from one of the best-equipped and best-qualified of her chief servants. And while we hope that Bishop Hoss may serve in office for coming quadrenniums, yet this we do not know. Hence we thought better to have the address at this time. And while I am under lasting obligations to Bishop Hoss, the General Conference will be indebted to me for securing his services rather than offering my own.

Ill as he was, and distressed by the more serious illness of his wife, he went heroically to work on the preparation of the address. No man in Methodism was more familiar with the origin

and history of the quadrennial addresses of the Bishops. He gave, in his "Life of William McKendree," a careful study of the origin of the custom. Concerning McKendree's address and concerning other such addresses he said: "Compared with the voluminous documents which the bishops now put forth, McKendree's address was very short, and none the worse for that fact. It avoided all irrelevant issues and went straight to the heart of things. Such an example is worthy of imitation. There is no earthly reason why a General Conference should be taxed to listen for several hours to a mere array of facts and figures with the most of which it is already familiar."

Perhaps he overlooked his own canons in this matter. He once said that the urge to write was strong in his life. He had reached an age and a condition in which it is difficult to achieve brevity. At any rate the address which he prepared was not especially open to the charge of conciseness.

He wrote but few letters between the middle of December and the end of April. Nothing could show more strikingly his complete absorption with the struggle for health, the care of his wife, and the accomplishment of his task in the preparation of this document. From youth he had the habit of writing letters. He wrote to the members of his family, to friends, to hosts in all the places where he had been a guest, to learned men, and to children around the world. He never left a letter unanswered. He kept friendship aglow by correspondence. But during those four months he seems to have occupied himself with writing the address to the General Conference; and to the Church to which he had given his life from his earliest youth; and which had accorded to him a place of supreme leadership.

Mary visited in Muskogee in the early spring and, as she was returning home, wrote him from Jonesboro. His reply gives a picture of him, at home, ready to go to Atlanta for the General Conference:

Your letter of 15 inst. from Jonesboro came to hand this morning, and refreshed me greatly. I am glad to hear that you reached Aunt Allie's in safety after a pleasant visit to Nashville and Chattanooga, and I sincerely hope that you will reach home

with the children in safety. We are all about as well as usual here, except that Mother has been suffering more than common for the past week. I hope, however, that she will be better when we have settled weather. If nothing happens to hinder me, I shall start for Nashville on tomorrow, where the Bishops are to meet on Monday and the various Boards there and at Atlanta up to May 1. I do not know how I am going to stand the strain, but I hope to get through somehow or other. God has been so good to me that it would be base in me not to trust him for the rest of the way.

III

Bishop Hoss was present at the opening of the General Conference at Atlanta on May 2. He was too infirm to undertake the reading of the Episcopal Address which he had prepared. The Address was read by Bishop Collins Denny.

The Editor of the *Christian Advocate* said of the Address:

In its vigorous English and its clear statements of the opinions of the writer and of his colleagues in the College of Bishops it takes high rank. And it was written by one who has given himself without reserve to the Church and its work and has spared not himself in service to his Lord. The statements of the Address which brought out heartiest applause were those which dealt with Emory University, the war, and Methodist unification.

The Address presented fully and completely the state of the Church; and made such recommendations as, in the opinion of the Bishops, should be brought to the attention of the General Conference. After Bishop Hoss had written the Address it was presented to the entire College of Bishops, by whom it was fully discussed and, after minor alterations, was approved by the Bishops, who, according to custom, signed their names to it before it was read to the Conference. It was with evident pleasure that he wrote Mary that the Address was applauded.

Nearly one-fifth of the Address was taken up with a glowing tribute to Bishop Alpheus Wilson, who had died during the quadrennium. In 1875, Embree Hoss had become supply pastor at Mount Vernon Place Church in Washington, where Dr. Alpheus W. Wilson was then pastor. The admiration of the young-

er man for his elder knew no bounds; and his admiration and love were fully reciprocated by that great man and preacher.

The next largest place was given to the ministry and to the practical working of the episcopacy, especially the efficiency of its administration by continuous presidency and service. After reciting, briefly, the efforts at union, the Address closes with a plaintive note:

That there is widespread regret over the inability of the Commission to come to an agreement, there can be no doubt. There cannot be two opinions as to the folly of waste and competition between two great Churches preaching the same gospel and having so much glorious history in common. And it is still our earnest hope that a way may be found for some plan of co-operation among the Methodists of America which shall, as far as possible, eliminate wastage of men and women in the territory in which both Churches have established themselves.

The good and great man who wrote those words had almost lost hope of the union of the two great branches of Methodism. It was not to come to pass in his day. Nevertheless, no man of his day, nor before nor after him, has done more to clear away the obstacles to the bringing together, in genuine unity of spirit, the divided hosts of Methodism in the United States of America.

The Episcopal Address referred to "Some Legal Questions" which had arisen during the quadrennium, concerning the authority of the General Board of Missions "to surrender to another denomination any territory or work in the bounds of any established mission or Annual Conference of our Church." The Board of Missions had discussed such transfer of work in Mexico with representatives of other Boards. Certain of the Bishops, who believed that the General Conference alone had authority to determine the boundaries of Annual Conferences, introduced a resolution: "That it is the sense of this Board that, without the express direction of the General Conference, it has no power or authority to surrender to another denomination any territory or work in the bounds of any established mission or Annual Conference of our Church." This was promptly voted down by the Board as were other similar proposals.

The matter was before the College of Bishops at its semi-annual meeting in October, 1914; and they passed resolutions concerning the proposed plan in which they said:

We believe that the plan mentioned in as far as it concerns Conference boundaries and organization is illegal and not within the powers of the Board of Missions.

After stating the facts, of which the above is but an extract, the Address proceeded to state:

Of course, it is within the competency of this General Conference to do what neither the Board of Missions nor anybody else could lawfully do. And as executive officers of the Church we are ready to abide by your action, whether we think it wise or not. This is our answer in brief to all that has been said concerning the autocracy or illegality of our action in the whole case. But we suggest that some easy method be devised for arresting illegal and unconstitutional action upon the part of the boards of the Church. The General Conference may be checked, the Annual Conferences also are under legal and constitutional restraints, and the bishops are liable to be summoned before the Committee on Episcopacy and tried by the General Conference for any violation of law. But the law of the Church has never provided an authority to decide questions of law that may arise in the General Boards, a fact which we think deserves your careful consideration and action.

It is quite difficult, at this distance, to see why this suggestion should have brought forth the sharp retort from the Committee on Missions, which was presented to and adopted by the General Conference. A careful reading of the Address does not justify the assumption that the Board had been accused of having "undertaken to determine any boundary line." It may be possible that the officary of the Board of Missions had developed that sensitiveness to criticism and opposition, which high-minded and worthy people sometimes develop. They seem to have felt that any question as to what they had done was a sort of impious *lese majesty*. Whatever may have been the state of mind of the Committee on Missions when it drafted "Report No. 14," it had no hesitancy in saying, "The statement in the Episcopal Address is

not in accordance with the records"; and "The Episcopal Address overlooked the facts again"; and "The Address is again inaccurate." Their ire arose as they proceeded: "We regret exceedingly that the Episcopal Address criticizes the Board of Missions of our Church, charging the board with 'illegal and unconstitutional action,' especially in view of the fact that the bishops themselves form so large a part of the Board, both in numbers and influence; for when they censure the Board, they censure themselves."

This statement, in view of the fact that the Episcopal Address was signed by all of the Bishops, seems at least to be lacking in calm judgment. The finger prints of an attorney, accustomed to practice in small cases, are plainly visible. The Committee on Missions was so engrossed in matters of prestige that they overlooked the one important thing in this section of the Episcopal Address—viz., that there was "no authority to decide questions of law that may arise in the general boards." In a statement given to the press, several days after adjournment of the General Conference, Bishop Hoss closes with the following paragraph:

Nowhere does it "appear that the bishops have tried to control the actions of the boards of which they are members" except by appealing to their sober judgment. At no time have they undertaken to dictate or domineer. Any intimation to that effect is without foundation in fact. What they asked of the General Conference in their address is this: "The General Conference may be checked, the Annual Conferences also are under legal and constitutional restraints, and the bishops are liable to be summoned before the Committee on Episcopacy, and tried by the General Conference for any violation of law. But the law of the Church has never provided any authority to decide questions of law that may arise in the general boards, a fact which we think deserves your careful consideration and action." If this does not reveal a law-abiding spirit, what could do so? It makes an appeal to the only law-making body in the Church.

There was need for "careful consideration and action." The next General Conference enacted the following law:

On the written request of one-third of a Board, attested by its

Chairman and Secretary, the Committee of Appeals shall sit as a Judiciary Committee to decide questions of law which may arise in the administration of the affairs of our General Boards and Committees, either at home or in the foreign fields.

Bishop Hoss had left the seat of the General Conference before Report No. 14 was presented; and he was greatly surprised and pained when he learned what had been done. It is hardly conceivable that the Committee on Missions was aware of his feebleness; or that they took into account the effect of their bitter denunciation of the Episcopal Address, upon an old man who, after writing that Address, was too feeble to read it; and who was retired, after presiding twice during the session of the Conference. Too feeble for work, he was not too feeble to write lucidly; and to defend, clearly and vigorously, the statements contained in the Episcopal Address. If those who criticized those statements had thought as clearly as he had thought when preparing those statements, they should have found no occasion for such irrelevant criticisms.

IV

On his way home he wrote Mary from Memphis:

Well, I am here on the way from the General Conference. Embree came to meet me at Atlanta and Sessler came after me. My friends were very kind to me. I got Bishop Denny to read my Episcopal Address, which he did very well and which was greatly applauded. I also presided twice in the Conference sessions with ease and success. After this the Conference superannuated me. I said not a word to them, but came away, having no further business there. If anybody saw any signs of weakness or emotion in me, I could not detect it. Dr. Du Bose, Dr. Copeland, and Bishop Kilgo came to the hotel. We had prayers together before I left. I get home tomorrow night, God willing. Tell the children for me that I have had the whooping cough for the last week, but am better now. Give them both my warmest love. I hope that I may have a few years yet to live, but in any event it is all right.

Again the next day, after reaching home, he wrote to his little grandchildren, Francis and Embree Headman:

My Dear Little Grandchildren: I hope you don't think I have forgotten you just because I have failed for a good while to write you. Mother will tell you that I have been very busy for the past month attending the General Conference. Besides this, my writing arm has been quite stiff and almost unfit for the use of a pen. Only yesterday I got back home from Atlanta, feeling very tired. Hereafter I will not be required to travel and preach as I have always done heretofore. I hope, therefore, to have more time for writing to you. I was glad to find Grandmother better than I feared, though not at all well, when I got home. I must try to serve her while I live as well as I can.

The garden is in fine fix. Your potatoes are growing nicely. I shall send you some potatoes in a week or so. They are growing right along.

How did you get home? Has your pony arrived? Can you ride and drive him?

It will amuse you to learn that I have a pretty bad case of the whooping cough. At night I am frequently waked up, coughing and whooping nearly as bad as you did when you were at your worst. That is funny, isn't it? I send you both my best love. Give my sincere affections to Mother and Daddy.

YOUR OLD FADDY.

After Bishop Hoss reached home, following his retirement, he felt lonely and depressed. For fifty years he had been engaged in incessant activities. For more than forty years he had been a leader in all of the great movements of his Church; and he had been recognized as a leader among American Churchmen; and, in addition to this, he had been a potent figure in civic affairs in Tennessee and in the nation. It was not possible for such a man to retire without feeling the loss of the privilege of marching with the advancing hosts, and of sharing with them the councils and administrations of which he had been a vital part. Of course he was lonely. It is no wonder that, when he learned of the action of the General Conference in adopting Report No. 14, he felt that he "had suffered an outrageous injustice." Perhaps, had he been stronger and freer from nervous strain, he should have cared less for what had occurred. The very helplessness of his age and infirmity increased the pain which came to him with the feeling that advantage had been taken of him in his absence. His feelings during the fortnight following the General Confer-

ence were expressed in a letter written on May 27 to Bishop Denny:

For the past two weeks, I have been very lonely. Every day I supposed that I should get a letter from you, but not a word has reached me from you nor from any one of my colleagues. The cup of my bitterness became full when I saw from the *Advocate* that Mouzon had allowed the Committee of Missions, with evident reference to me, to put to record, without trial and without debate, an allegation of inveracity against the Episcopal Address. As far as appears from the *Daily Advocate*, no one of my colleagues raised even a protest against this piece of outrageous injustice and illegality. I do not see how I can secure any redress; but you may depend on it that I will do so if I can. My own health is much improved, but Mrs. Hoss is still very infirm. Day after day I think of what may come. My case is in God's hands. He never fails.

His work as an active Bishop ended with his retirement by the General Conference in 1918. That he had continued to be active for the six years following his serious illness in 1912, and his hardly less serious illness three years earlier, was due to the splendid physical endowments which he had inherited, and the indomitable courage of his spirit. By the sheer force of his brilliant mind and mighty will, he continued to answer the call of his Church, until almost the last atom of physical strength was exhausted.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE EVENTIDE

The fine, beautiful things you say about Father are very dear to me. He has been a wonderful man, and to me, his son, the biggest, cleanest, finest gentleman I have ever known.

I

LEAVING Atlanta before adjournment of the General Conference, Bishop Hoss hurried back to Muskogee to the bedside of Mrs. Hoss. Of this he wrote:

I started, after two days, for my home, to give my much-needed attention to my dear wife, whose desperate illness seemed to me, in default of any imperative duty at the seat of the Conference, to constitute a supreme call upon my affectionate service. So I had been taught from my youth up, and I should have been afraid to face my good parents in glory if I had displayed any hesitancy as to what course I should pursue at such a time.

Upon arrival at home he found "Mrs. Hoss better than he had expected, though not at all well." The last of May he wrote: "My own health has improved; but Mrs. Hoss is still very infirm. Day after day I think of what may come." Waiting by his wife's bedside he wrote, on June 10, to his little grandson, Francis Headman:

My Dear Little Boy: I was almost heartbroken when I got your letter today telling me that your arm was again broken, and that you had found it necessary to submit to another operation. But I was not at all surprised when I learned that you had played the man and the soldier through it all. That was just what I expected you to do. You could not have done anything less. I do hope that your troubles are now over, and that hereafter you will be strong and healthy in every way. God bless you, my dear little man. Faddy is having a pretty bad time of it in every way. So is grandmother.

THE EVENTIDE

Mrs. Hoss had been ill for several years; at the last she suffered very greatly. Her younger son, Dr. Sessler Hoss, was in constant attendance upon his mother, finally moving into the home of his parents so as to give medical care to his mother. It became necessary to keep a nurse with her constantly. The end came on Friday, June 15, and Mrs. Hoss was buried in Muskogee on Sunday afternoon.

Mary was unable to attend her mother's funeral on account of the illness of Francis. As soon as he could bring himself to do so, her father wrote to her of the death of her mother:

For the first time since your mother's death, I have ventured to take up my pen. How hard it is for me to do so even now, you can scarcely tell. I could not write a word to anyone except you. The blow which fell upon me last Friday at 6 P.M., though not unexpected, was none the less terrible when it came. Just a week has passed away since then, but the dull, heavy ache is still on my heart. Lest you should think, however, that I am sullenly unresigned to the will of God, I wish to assure you that there were consolations in my sorrow.

First of all, I want to tell you that, thirty-six hours before the end came, mother called me into her room, pulled my face down close to hers, and gave me a most affectionate kiss, handing me over, at the same time, a number of keepsakes, which she had sacredly treasured for a long time. During our conversation, I told her of the little Francis. She said she was so glad for the little fellow, as she had long thought the arm would be a serious handicap to him in the course of his life. The next day a telegram came from Embree and little Embree; and she was rational enough to understand that Embree was on the way. The thought of his coming pleased her greatly. She understood perfectly that you could not come on account of little Francis.

Nothing was hurried about the funeral, which took place at 7 P.M., on Sunday. There was a great concourse of people, and a wonderful floral display. Before the burial was over, the moon came up in the sky, and the mocking birds began to sing. Your Uncle Dick arranged the flowers on the grave, and we all sat around in the holy silence. I can't write more now, but will tell you all later.

I have been quite weak, but for four nights have had sound and healthy sleep. Sessler thinks that I will with care grow much better. I cannot travel now, but just as soon as it grows cooler, I

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

mean to come to you for a long visit, and, if you are willing, I will get little Embree to accompany me.

I found the beautiful lace cape which I brought to mother years ago from Ireland, and, of course, I couldn't think for a minute of giving it to anybody except you, as an heirloom for little Embree. Your brothers accordingly fixed it up and sent it by registered package. I hope that it will be a pleasant memento.

In great weakness, but much love.

Later he wrote Mary:

It will be four weeks Sunday since we put Mother away, but my sense of loneliness and desolation does not abate. After forty-six years of wedded life, I can't get used to the separation.

Just as quick as I am able to travel, and can get my affairs all arranged here, I am coming to see the babies and you. Please don't get restless. I will be there as soon as possible.

The boys have been very kind to me, and so has Irene. But I, of course, long to see my own daughter, and her little children. Three or four times a week I have been to Mother's grave. It is a pretty place, and late in the afternoon of every day the mocking birds come and sing over it.

It would help me mightily if I could see you and have your sympathy.

II

Bishop Du Bose visited him early in July and found him bearing up with steadfast faith. The two friends had a day of affectionate fellowship and were comforted by being together.

Bishop Hoss left home for Galbraith's Springs and, on his way, stopped in Nashville, where he was diligently studying the records of the Board of Missions. He traveled alone from Muskogee to Galbraith's, so eager was he to see Mary and her children and be with them in the mountains. From there he wrote Bishop Denny:

I left Muskogee three weeks ago, and came here to spend a few weeks in the mountains. Mary and her children are here with me, and Embree's son Embree. We are having a very pleasant stay together. The weather has been exceedingly pleasant, except that one or two days and nights have been a little too cool for perfect comfort. The fare is not so abundant as in the old days, but the table has been well supplied with all sorts of fresh vege-

tables and fruits—corn, potatoes, snapbeans, young chickens, broiled ham, milk, and butter. The coffee is not as good as I have been used to; but that is a small matter. When I passed through Nashville, I examined afresh the minute book of the Board of Missions.

He planned to "run down to Birmingham to see Embree before going to Jonesboro," but was probably unable to do so. He spent several "very pleasant days" with his sister, Mrs. George D. French, at Morristown; leaving there toward the end of September, he went to Jonesboro and Johnson City. He was cheered by his visit to the home where he had spent his boyhood days. He wrote Mary interestingly of his experiences:

I have been at Jonesboro and here for nearly two weeks, and have had a great time with my kinfolks and old friends. Aunt Allie and Sam Kirkpatrick have been very kind to me. The old farm looks very fine. It made me a little sad to see it go out of the family. Sam drove me out to Cousin Fanny's on Cherokee, and I went with her through the old graveyard at the Cherokee Baptist Church. At least five hundred of my ancestors, and other relatives, belonging to at least seven generations, from my three times grandparents down, are buried there. After visiting with Cousin Fanny, I went down to my cousin Jake Brown's on Noli-chucky. He and his family received me most gladly. They show every sign of being prosperous. His daughters are fine women, real ladies. His sister, cousin Lou Deaderick, came six miles to see me. She is seventy-seven years old, but as spry as a cricket. She looks much like my mother and had a great deal to say about her. Here at Johnson City, Judge Williams has laid himself out to be gracious to me. And the kinfolk and other friends have dined me without limit. Yesterday I baptized the granddaughter of my cousin Mrs. Annie Sevier Sabin and also the daughter of my friend Mr. Embree Munsey Slack. Her name is Embree. I also went to dine with Mrs. Oakes, the granddaughter of my Aunt Elizabeth Nelson and the daughter of my cousin, Mrs. John Campbell. While on Cherokee my cousin, the son of Henry Hoss, came to see me. I found there a grandson of my uncle Calvin, Embree Hoss. Everybody has overflowed with kindness to me. This afternoon I start for Muskogee. The Conference is postponed on account of the influenza, and Sessler is down with it. I found the other day a beautiful oak split basket for you,

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

and will bring it when I come. Give my love to the children and Mr. Headman and look for me about the middle of November. My health is growing better all the time, but my feet are still suffering very much.

Holston Conference was to have met at Johnson City on October 9; but, owing to a violent epidemic of influenza, its meeting was delayed until October 30. Bishop Denny, the dear, devoted, and trusted friend of Bishop Hoss, was to preside, and he had come to Johnson City with the expectation of seeing Bishop Denny. The fact that the Memoir of Mrs. Hoss was to be read was also a compelling reason for his attendance at Holston Conference. For more than forty-five years he had given to her the adoring love of his great heart. Her beauty and charm had won the heart of his young manhood; and that charm continued through the blaze of life's noonday and attained new luster as the twilight fell. To the shrine of Holston Conference he brought the offering of his loyalty to her in life and in death:

Nothing too good could be said of her. She was truly great. For forty-six years, without flinching or faltering, she walked by my side. My sense of loss grows constantly deeper. Only God can tell how much I miss her.

On account of the illness of Sessler and the postponement of Holston Conference he returned to Muskogee. After reaching home he wrote Bishop Denny:

It is impossible for me to tell you how sincerely I regret the failure to see you while I was in East Tennessee. My heart was greatly set on the meeting, and when I found that we had probably passed each other on the train I had a sort of ache and sickness of soul over the fact that we came so near, and yet did not get to grasp hands.

As the Conference seemed to be indefinitely postponed, and as the desperate illness of Sessler made a demand on my presence here, I came on to Muskogee, and have found his condition even worse than I expected.

Please to convey my sincere love to the Holston Conference when you meet them. It is possible that I shall never get to see the body in session. Tell the brethren for me how much I have

always felt honored by my connection with them, and assure them for me that I have always sought to be worthy of their confidence and esteem.

With a love that never grows cold or feeble, I am your brother in Christ.

He was still planning to visit Mary at Collingswood, N. J.:

The indefinite postponement of the Holston Conference has disconcerted all my plans. Of course I do not wish to come to you if the conditions are such as to give you any trouble. But as soon as I am able to visit you, and can do so without increasing your worries, I shall try to come.

Somehow I do not feel much like work, and I need a good deal of attention. But I do not think I ought to take up anybody's time looking after me.

I bought you a beautiful oak split basket at Jonesboro, and left it with Judge Williams at Johnson City. He is to buy some apples and chestnuts for me to take to you, as I pass through.

III

When he learned that Holston Conference was to meet on October 30, he could not resist the desire to be with his friends at Johnson City. Long after the days of his boyhood that prosperous town had grown up, only eight miles from Jonesboro, which, despite the overshadowing importance of its younger neighbor, continued to be the county site of Washington County. In these two near-by places lived most of his kinsfolk and friends who had survived the passing of the years. It was now forty-nine years since he became pastor of the Methodist Church in Jonesboro. His love for those people had been surpassed only by his love for his wife; and his coming to Johnson City was to pay homage to her memory. No other group of men in the world held such a place of esteem and affection in his heart as did the members of Holston Conference. The veneration for the fathers who received him into their midst when he came, as a youth of twenty, to be admitted to their fellowship, had lost none of its fervor with their passing. Time had only deepened his love for those great and good men. He had seen an entire generation pass; and had seen another generation in its place. But it was still his

Holston Conference. For the younger men, as they had come in, he had grown to have a father's love. The old veneration had blended with passionate devotion for the younger generation. To him they were "dear fathers and brethren"; and to them he was father, brother, friend, and incomparable and unrivaled leader.

He arrived in Johnson City on Sunday morning, and came into the church while Bishop Denny was preaching. It was the first time Holston Conference had seen him since his retirement by the General Conference in May. The suffering which he had endured for many years, the repeated "strokes" which had shaken his sturdy frame, the bereavement which had cast its shadow upon his spirit, had left their mark upon the great man's life. As he came down the aisle, while he moved feebly, his movement still had something of that dynamic which had characterized him from his youth. The tempo of his walk was broken by the weakness of the limb affected by the "strokes," so that there was a slight hesitation in each step; but, with head held high, he came into the midst of his Holston brethren, confident in their esteem and affection. They were deeply moved by his appearance. The service was halted and he was led to a seat on the platform. The worship of that hour was lifted to a new level by his presence.

On Monday morning Bishop Denny called him to the rostrum and gave him perfect liberty to use whatever time he desired and say anything which was in his heart. Dr. James A. Burrow, Secretary of the Conference, recorded in the minutes:

The Conference was pleased to stand and give hearty welcome to our own esteemed and much-loved Bishop Elijah Embree Hoss. He addressed the Conference in a tender and, sometimes, tearful talk on reminiscences of his life and experiences in Holston Conference and elsewhere in our Methodism. J. S. W. Neel made a talk of loving confidence in, and deep appreciation of, Bishop Hoss. The Conference stood and sang "How firm a foundation," while the members crowded around the altar to shake hands with the "best-loved man among us."

Bishop Hoss was a guest in the home of Judge Samuel C. Williams while in Johnson City. Judge Williams had been many years associated in the practice of law with Judge Samuel J. Kirk-

patrick, who was a brother-in-law of Bishop Hoss, having married his oldest sister, Dora Hoss.

On one of these last visits to Jonesboro an incident occurred which gave great pleasure to Bishop Hoss. Phyllis, the negro mammy of the Hoss family, who was the nurse and attendant of Embree Hoss and his brothers and sisters, has been mentioned in a former chapter. One of her sons, who was near the age of Bishop Hoss, bore the name Hense. The two boys had played together in boyhood. After reaching middle life they had seen each other but rarely.

Bishop Hoss had asked one of his kinsmen to drive him out to Cherokee, where he was born, and where most of his kinsmen lay buried. As they were driving slowly on the dirt road leading to Cherokee, they overtook a slow-moving, rickety buggy, drawn by a sleepy horse. As they passed the buggy, the slouching figure of the driver, with a foot dangling outside the body of the buggy, looked up. The Bishop recognized the driver as Hense. He at once cried: "Stop! Stop!" As soon as the car stopped he scrambled out as fast as his paralyzed limb would permit. Hense had recognized him at the same time and, seeing the car stop, had climbed out of his old buggy; and, leaving his horse standing in the road, was hurrying to meet him. Hense cried: "Lawd, ef it ain't Marse Embree." As they met in the middle of the road, they threw their arms about each other in tender embraces; and, forgetful of curious eyes, cried like little children. The memory of Phyllis was to be a blessing to Bishop Hoss to the last day of his life.

IV

After attending the session of Holston Conference he went from Johnson City to Collingswood, N. J., for a visit with Mary and her family. This was just at the time that the country was being swept by influenza. He had longed to be with Mary and her family; and, although he wrote to express the fear that he might add to the cares of her life, he could not resist the desire to visit her before returning to Muskogee. He was really a very infirm old man; but it was impossible for him to realize that he was in-

capable of caring for himself. He did not want anyone to be troubled with taking care of him.

As he had traveled, alone, from Muskogee to East Tennessee, in September, and then had returned to Muskogee, in October, and back to Johnson City by the end of the month; so, now, after Conference adjourned, he took the train for Collingswood. He had bought a split basket for Mary; and Judge Williams had filled it with apples, which he carried to the daughter whom he loved. It was to be the last of many such simple gifts which he brought or sent to her.

He reached Collingswood just before the armistice, and gave himself up to the celebration of that welcome event. While the war was raging he had been almost around the world and had felt its horrors with peoples of nearly every race. He celebrated that first armistice day with his little grandson. Little Francis had the pony which "Faddy" had given him. Together they put on the pony the tiny bronze bells which Bishop Hoss had found on a donkey in Canton and had bought for the "Little Boy." They rode together in the pony cart and "Faddy" poked the pony with his staff. The crowd pressed upon them so the child could not see until an Italian laborer picked him up, saying, "The little bambino want to see"; and the grandfather's heart was deeply touched by the simple act.

The good Bishop was not to escape the epidemic which was sweeping over every part of the land. At first there was no special alarm at his illness; but when, a week later, there came another "stroke," the family became aware that his condition was serious.

Dr. Sessler Hoss came promptly to his father's bedside. After a few days Sessler reached the conclusion that it was best for his father to be taken back to Muskogee. He felt that he must be with his father; and that he must be at home and with his patients in their distressing illnesses. It was most distressing to Mary to see her father leave her home almost on the eve of Christmas. He had wanted to spend Christmas with her. Sessler and his father left Collingswood on December 22, and reached Muskogee on Christmas morning. Bishop Hoss at once sent the following telegram:

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Mr. and Mrs. Headman:

After seventy-three hours reached Muskogee very tired but pretty well. Hope you are all better. Love to Mr. Headman and all the children.

FATHER.

Later in the day he sent another telegram:

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Headman and Mr. E. E. Hoss, Jr.
Merry Xmas to my children and grandchildren.

FATHER.

On January 2, he wrote with his own hand an affectionate letter to Bishop Denny. His handwriting shows that he was badly shaken, but he says little of his condition. A week later he wrote again to Bishop Denny and does refer to his illness:

Since I came back to Muskogee from New Jersey my health has been only tolerably good. In the midst of my weakness and sorrows, you and Morrison and Darlington and Du Bose are the only ones of my colleagues that have seen fit to pay any regard to me. It was not always thus. But these are changeful times.

As Lambuth and Atkins and Cannon have already gone to France, and as McMurry and others are to go to Russia, there will soon be quite a company of Bishops outside of "Districts," and not doing work to which they were appointed by the College. (He was still thinking of the work of the College of Bishops.)

The many friends of Bishop Hoss watched the papers daily for news of his condition, which was carried by both the church and secular press. The *Christian Advocate* gave reports almost every week. On January 17:

Bishop Hoss says in a personal letter to a relative in the Publishing House, written in Muskogee, Okla., January 7, that he has been seriously ill, but is much improved and at work. Since the report was circulated a few weeks ago stating that Bishop Hoss had suffered a stroke of paralysis, his friends have been very anxious about his condition. We are more than glad to receive this assuring message from his own pen and trust that it may reach his thousands of friends both in this and other countries. May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be sufficient in these latter days of his feebleness!

On January 7 he wrote Mary, mostly about Embree, whom he had missed seeing at Mary's home, before he left to return to Muskogee:

My Dear Daughter: I have received two or three postal cards from you since I got back to Muskogee. The last one came to hand on yesterday and was dated January 2. In the meantime, I have written to you two or three times and to the children at least once, and have had one card or note from Francis. The mails are very irregular. Whether Embree got to your house hoping to see me on the day after I left Collingswood and then went on to New York, I have not heard from you, but I learn from him that he had been sick for over two weeks or nearly two weeks in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York. He is now well. This morning he telegraphs me that he has taken the place with the United States Tire Company, which he expected to take before starting to see me, and has been temporarily stationed at Atlanta. His telegram comes from there. The whole matter puzzles me and perplexes me beyond measure. I am nearly heartbroken over it. The news that you are still so ill distresses me beyond measure. Give my best love to Mr. Headman and the children. Wishing them and you all good things, I am,

YOUR FATHER.

Although he does not write of the impending end, he evidently felt that it was near. On January 10 he wrote:

My Dear Son: In looking through my papers yesterday, I found among other papers my original license to preach and my parchment as a deacon signed by Bishop Kavanaugh, who ordained me, and my parchment as an elder signed by Bishop McTyeire. Have you my parchment as a Bishop or has Mary got it? Anyhow, put these in an envelope and endorse them very carefully. I am trying to do some work, not very much, every day. If I send you anything that you do not understand, why just mark it as well as you can and put it away.

This was written on a ruled sheet from a pencil tablet. On the second page every other line is skipped, and he did not sign his name. He was too weary to write his own name. He was probably almost asleep before the letter was finished.

On Sunday afternoon, January 19, he wrote a postal card to his little granddaughter, Embree Hoss Headman:

THE EVENTIDE

My Dear Little Girl: Faddie is pretty well this afternoon, but hopes to be better this Sunday afternoon. Give my best love to Mama, Daddie, and little Brubber. I send you my very best love. Faddie.

My Dear Little Girl

Faddie is
pretty well this

afternoon, but hopes

to be better this

Sunday afternoon,

Give my best-love to

Mama, Daddie

and little Brubber.
I send you my very
best love. Faddie

His last letter, written to Mary, six days later, was written with firmer hand and shows that both love and hope continued to the very last:

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

My Dear Precious Daughter: Your letter of January 22 was duly received this morning and carefully read. Please accept for it my best thanks. I am troubled, however, to learn that the children are suffering so many mishaps. May God carry them through all their ills, present and prospective. Give them my best love, and tell them that I never fail to pray for them, and to hope that they will come out of them all well and happy.

My own case is not entirely satisfactory. I have hoped and intended to come to see you again, but at no time have I been able to do so.

Tell the children that my heart is always with them, and that I have been confused and troubled not a little to be out of health. With much love.

FADDIE.

As indicated in her father's letters, Mary's children were very unwell during these months; and she was unable to leave them until about the middle of February. Her father's condition had become very much worse.

Dr. Sessler Hoss wrote Bishop Denny on February 21:

Since replying to your telegram, I have purposely refrained from writing you further, until I could be in a position to give you some definite information regarding Father's condition. There has been little change in it for the past few days. With the exception of the fact that he is perceptibly weaker, and is actively delirious practically all the time when awake, there is little to say.

That there can be any real improvement in Father's outlook, we have no grounds to hope. The condition is one that may last indefinitely or may terminate at any moment.

I shall always be sorry that Father has not been conscious enough since the receipt of your telegram to know of your inquiry. He has always loved you very devotedly and unwaveringly, and I think no name has been mentioned so often or so affectionately by him as yours.

Mary and Embree are both here, and join me in sincere affection to you and yours.

On March 3, a press report went out from Muskogee:

The condition of Bishop E. E. Hoss grows more critical. He recognizes no one now, and it is thought he will not rally.

Sessler wrote again to Bishop Denny on March 7:

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There is little change in Father's condition, other than the progressive weakness that might be expected. His eyesight is almost entirely gone and he is wholly helpless. That there can ever be any clearing of the mental condition I do not hope, and this is the saddest feature of the whole case.

There has hardly been a time when there have not been from one to three trained nurses in the house. Since the first week in October last I have done practically no work.

Just when the end will come, no one can tell; but it cannot be far off. I am profoundly grateful that he has had very little physical pain.

Although Bishop Hoss had been long ill his mighty frame was but little wasted. Two nurses were required to handle his stout body. After he became delirious he was unable to submit to the care which his utter helplessness made necessary. This made it difficult for him and for his nurses. After some time a competent negro nurse, who had had experience with such cases, was found. Having both skill and strength she was successful in caring for him. The family noticed, at once, that he was no longer uncomfortable as the nurse gave him necessary attention.

As he became quiet under the tender and skillful care of the negro nurse, it became evident that his mind was struggling to free itself from the delirium imposed by the frailty of his body; and that thought was striving to break through the shattered portals of speech. Noticing the same sounds repeated over and over, the family became aware that he was calling the nurse "Phyllis." The touch of her hands and the soft gentleness of her voice had carried him back to the days of childhood "on Cherokee," and he was a little boy in the care of the faithful Phyllis who had been a second mother to the Hoss family.

On April 12, Sessler wrote Bishop Denny:

Father's condition is most distressing, and I see no chance for improvement. The fine, beautiful things you say about Father are very dear to me. He has been a wonderful man, and to me, his son, the biggest, cleanest, finest gentleman I have ever known. We have been very close to one another, and the world is going to seem wrong when he goes out of it.

When news came of the dangerous illness of Embree Headman,

kind-hearted Dr. Rogers, who was waiting on Bishop Hoss, urged Mary to go to the bedside of her child. With a sad heart she left her father's bedside and hurried to her home at Collingswood, New Jersey.

The prognosis of Dr. Sessler Hoss was correct. There was no improvement in his father's condition. There was no pain. Body and mind were benumbed by the slow wearing down of his once powerful frame.

Bishop Hoss grew steadily worse as March passed. By the middle of April he was unable to take any food, and nourishment was given him by artificial means for eight days. At five o'clock on the afternoon of April 23 he went to sleep and slept four hours. When he awoke his nurse gave him a glass of orange juice, which he swallowed with ease. The end came quickly; and, without a struggle, he passed away at 9:45 o'clock.

The faithful nurse, whose patient and skillful ministry had brought comfort in those last painful weeks, wrote Mary two days after her father's death, giving such details of the passing as one woman can give to another. Telegrams from her brothers had immediately flashed the announcement of the end. The nurse wrote in part:

I hope by this time that you have got the letter I mail you Wensday Stating jest the condition Bishop was in Sence then he has Seasted at 9: oclock P.M. Wensday Apr. 23th how Serious he was the day he Seasted had not eaten any fare about 8 days we had been feeding him pepernising milk throw a Tube—he could not Swallow anything very well but it was Said to See him day in and out to no anything but Some time he would Call your name but he diden Seem to recenize any body Yes his flowers come on his birthday I tryed very hard to make him understand your Children Sent them he would Smell them and Smile but he diden ever Seem to gain any Concinous but very resless fare about 8 days and night up untill about 4 hours before he Seasted he went to Sleep and Sleep 4 hours and then wake he first got resless and then quiet and I give him a glass of orange juice he Swallow it better then he had fare Some time When he had finished his juice he jest mad to long breaths and passed away without a Struggle Now I continued to my best until the lass. Dr. Hoss was thire at the time he died he got the flowers both time

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he would Smell them and Smile When I tell him you Sent them
So he has had a Host of outer-town friend to come and Send
flowers I am mighty Sorry that you are Ill and cant come.

FROM LAURA.

Bishop Hoss had been ill for several years; the last stages of illness had begun four months before his death at the home of his daughter, in Collingswood, New Jersey. His family and his friends had been aware of the approaching end for many weeks. With lavish devotion they had done everything possible for his comfort as he approached the end of his sufferings and the coming of the hour of peaceful rest.

No word that should be spoken could bring to them such comfort as was brought to them by the memory of his faithful and devoted life.

Dr. Sessler Hoss, who had been with his father through the many illnesses of the last years of his life, was by his bedside at the end. Embree had come to Muskogee and was with his father during those long days of suffering; and was with him when he passed. Mary, having been compelled to return to her home by the illness of her children, was herself ill and unable to return for her father's funeral. Mrs. Sessler Hoss was very ill at the time.

Many of his most devoted and distinguished friends were unable to reach Muskogee for the funeral.

Funeral services were held in St. Paul's Methodist Church, Muskogee, on Saturday afternoon, April 26. Hon. G. T. Fitzhugh, of Memphis, Tennessee, and Dr. Theodore Copeland, of Texarkana, Arkansas, paid loving tribute to their friend. Bishop Hoss was buried in Greenhill Cemetery, by the side of his wife, who had died June 15, 1918.

Innumerable messages came from far and near, expressing the love and sympathy of friends in all walks of life. Resolutions poured in from Pastors' Associations, Conferences, and other Church assemblies. Tributes to the great man gone were published by the church press and by the secular press in every part of the nation.

Bishop Warren A. Candler sent to the *Christian Advocate* the following message:

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

Dear Dr. Ivey: I have just received from Rev. J. E. Carruthers, D.D., President of the General Conference of the Methodist Church of Australasia, the following message of sympathy on the death of Bishop Hoss, which I wish to communicate to the Church through the *Christian Advocate*:

Mossman, New South Wales, May 31, 1919.
Bishop Candler, Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Bishop: Will you please convey to your Board of Bishops and to your Church generally the sympathy of the Methodist Church of Australasia in the loss you have sustained by the death of good Bishop Hoss? We learned to esteem and love him very much during his visit to us in 1915, and we sorrow with you on the passing of one of such rare gifts and singular graciousness of spirit.

With fraternal regards, and praying for the continued prosperity of your great Church, I am, dear Bishop, yours faithfully,

J. E. CARRUTHERS.

Our glorified bishop and beloved brother Hoss was known and highly esteemed all around the world, and our Church will appreciate greatly this tender message of President Carruthers.

WARREN A. CANDLER.

CHAPTER XXXIII

MEMORIA

“Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame;
Whom neither ease nor honors moved
A hair's breadth from his aim.”

RUDYARD KIPLING.

I

THE family and friends of Bishop Hoss had witnessed, with subdued awe, his extended sufferings and his struggles with increasing infirmities. For ten years he had traveled and labored when his physicians were prescribing complete rest; for more than half that time he was never able to take a step without being reminded of the toll which had been taken by shock after shock of serious illness. At the last, for three months, he had been more helpless than a child.

Now the tired body was at rest; and his friends were able to think of him as they had known him before infirmities had impaired his physical and mental powers. Their messages, expressed in private letters and telegrams, and in words spoken and published, were fragrant with the memory of the personality upon which the cloud of no physical experience could rest. Some things they might now say, which they could only frame to say when their friend had joined the spirits of just men made perfect. An account of the life of Bishop Hoss would be incomplete without a recital of some of the things which they said of him after he was at rest.

Mention has been made, in former chapters, of his frequent visits to Galbraith's Springs, where he spent many weeks between 1908 and 1918. A warm friendship had grown up between the Galbraiths, who owned and operated the place, and Bishop Hoss and his family. Only a few days after his death Mrs. Headman,

still ill at her home, received the following letter from Mrs. Galbraith:

Galbraith Springs, Tenn., April 28, 1919.

My dear friend: My heart goes out to you in tenderest love and sympathy. You have been on my mind much of late—all these days since our dearly-beloved Holston Bishop entered into rest. How blessed to him the transition, but how sad for us that he is no more.

This morning, while in the garden engaged in a homely task, I looked up to the mountains and woods in their fresh robes of green, and my heart rejoiced in the beauty of the scene! I looked at the path around the garden to the Horse Shoe Bend, and I could see the dear Bishop and my little girl walking together in the spring of 1916! I hoped that he might find her in the country where they both are now. The great will be welcoming him up there, but I know he will take time to give my little girl a smile to her glad welcome.

MOTHER GALBRAITH.

In a full-page editorial, the (*Nashville*) *Christian Advocate* said: "The great commoner is gone. God raises up few like him. He had, and for many years to come will have, a secure place in the hearts of Methodist people and a large host of friends."

He had won friends in the widely separated lands to which his work had called him, as well as in his own beloved America. His winsome personality had inspired devoted and admiring friendship from his boyhood days to those last days when the flame of his life was consuming the utmost vital energies of his body.

On the editorial page of *The Christian Advocate*, New York, which was then edited by Dr. James R. Joy, this tribute was paid:

Bishop Hoss is dead, after threescore years of intense mental and physical activity and ten of waning vigor and halted step. Yet to the last he was himself and not another, one of those outstanding personalities which command the love of many, the esteem of most, and the honor and respect of all who knew them. Though chance, or Providence, made him a Southern Methodist, he was a Methodist at all points of the compass, and had the two great branches come together in his lifetime his qualities would have made him a large figure in the united Church. He was saturated with the history of Methodism, knew many of its leaders intimately; was influential in its ecumenical councils and unification

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commissions, and never happier than in a Methodist Conference, whether in Richmond, Boston, Toronto, London, Rio de Janeiro, Suchow, or Sydney.

Bishop Hoss's intensely active life is summarized as follows: Born in Jonesboro, East Tennessee, April 14, 1849; educated at Ohio Wesleyan and Emory and Henry; preached in Knoxville, San Francisco, and Asheville; taught in several Southern colleges, president of Emory and Henry, and professor of Church history in Vanderbilt; editor of the (*Nashville*) *Christian Advocate* (1890-1902); and since 1902 a member of the College of Bishops.

He was a man of remarkable versatility, extensive knowledge of men and things, and great power of written or spoken statement. His convictions were held with intensity, and pressed upon others with much strength of will, and he lived in a section and a time when controversy was the air which everyone breathed. If he did not love a quarrel, he was never accused of avoiding one if the interests of his Church or section were involved.

And in private he was the center of every group, a marvelous story-teller and generous friend. Deeply religious, he thought and worked as if in the presence of God.

The following is taken from an editorial which appeared in a great Southern daily newspaper, of which the editor is a Romanist:

The whole South has suffered an irreparable loss in the death of Bishop Elijah Embree Hoss. This distinguished churchman, educator, and editor passed away after a life crowded with good and useful deeds for his fellow-man. He goes to his reward mourned by the whole Southland, regardless of race, creed, or any other ties. Laboring assiduously in God's vineyard, he realized that every human soul had an equal valuation in the estimation of the Master to whose service he dedicated his life work. He will be missed, but things for which he stood will continue to grow and blossom and bear fruit.

The *Central Christian Advocate* said editorially:

One of the most conspicuous Methodist leaders during the latter half of the nineteenth century was Elijah Embree Hoss. He ever was a prodigy in argument, keen as a Damascus blade, but keen also as to the chivalry of argument which had a pride in fair fighting. There was no limit to his versatility in conversation, or as an offhand speaker.

ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS

Dr. John W. Boswell, who was associated with Dr. Hoss as Assistant Editor of the *Christian Advocate*, after writing of Bishop Hoss as citizen, teacher, preacher, editor, and Bishop, said:

Of the personal life of Bishop Hoss I knew as much perhaps as any living man except members of his family. I worked under the same roof with him seven years. I knew his disposition, his habits, his moods. He was generous, open-minded, frank. He was quick, impulsive, emotional. He was learned, critical, exact in the use of language. He overlooked the limitations of others in whom there was no presumption, and was patient with all except those who undertook to teach him. He was more help to me than any man with whom I was ever associated. I not only respected him and trusted him, but I loved him like a brother. That he trusted me I count one of the greatest honors of my life.

My seven years' association with Bishop Hoss gave me an opportunity to learn in what esteem a great man, with large affairs on his hands, holds his family. His wife was a superior woman, and he loved her devotedly and trusted her implicitly. No man could be more ardently attached to children than he was to his. He was the idol of their hearts. The elder son, his namesake, in business and often far from home, embraced every opportunity to visit him. The daughter likewise, separated by long distance and busy with children and household cares, could not often be with the family, but he visited her. The younger son, with whom the Bishop lived in his last years and during his long affliction, gave him constant attention, both as a son and physician. It was beautiful to see the care and affection of this son for an afflicted father. No doubt his faithful ministrations added many months to the father's life.

After the death of Bishop Hoss, a friend told the story of having spoken to him of a man, once rich and powerful, who had been convicted of crime and sentenced to a term in prison. When the name of this man was mentioned the Bishop's face went pale, but his head was held high and his eyes shone with a steady light as he replied: "He was my friend when he was wealthy and powerful. He is my friend now."

II

While teaching at Vanderbilt University he had been brought into intimate association with Dr. Charles Forster Smith, brilliant

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Southern scholar, writer, philologist; who was likewise a teacher at Vanderbilt. Dr. Smith afterward went to the University of Wisconsin, where he won a high place among the brilliant teachers of that great University.

Bishop Hoss and Dr. Smith were temperamentally dissimilar; but they were alike in open-hearted capacity for friendship. Friendship between two such men was destined to bring rare experiences to both men.

Dr. Hoss wrote in one of his incomparable paragraph editorials, in 1897, of a visit which he had in the home of Dr. Smith:

It was our good fortune a few weeks ago to be for two or three days the guest of our dear friend, Dr. Charles Forster Smith, at Madison, Wisconsin. His many friends in the South will be glad to learn that he is most pleasantly situated in his new home. That he is winning golden opinions for himself will not be news. So noble a scholar could not fail to establish himself in the good graces of any cultivated community in the world. Among his colleagues are Professor Ely, whose many books on economical and social questions have been widely read throughout the country, and Professor Turner, a very bright and entertaining young man who occupies the chair of American History, and who is sure to make a great name in the near future.

Dr. Smith had written many delightful articles for the *Christian Advocate*, beginning before Dr. Hoss had become its Editor and continuing for more than thirty years. It was most natural that he should write for the *Advocate* of his departed friend. No more accurate or intimate portrayal of that friend has been achieved:

Bishop Hoss was a versatile man, but it is my conviction that he was greatest as editor. After he became bishop I was too far away to know what he accomplished in that office. Here it is only as a friend and a man of books that I shall speak of him. I met him first in 1876, when he was twenty-seven years of age and just elected professor in Martha Washington College, Abingdon, Virginia. In talking with him then I was impressed by the wideness of his reading, and that same summer I was told by Dr. Buchanan, his old classical teacher at Emory and Henry, that young Hoss had been known at college especially for his omnivo-

rous reading. Years afterwards, when he became my colleague at Vanderbilt, it was his passion for reading and his capacity for friendship that especially distinguished him for me. I think I have never known one who read more widely or retained in his memory at ready command more of what he read. That quality of his was alone sufficient to make me ready to receive his friendship when he should offer it; but he had also a keen sense of humor and was one of the half dozen best story-tellers I have ever known. I could tell by the smile on his face, when I saw him look toward me afar off in the streets of Nashville, that he had a good story to tell me. His social gifts made a great impression on the circle to which I introduced him when he paid me a short visit in Madison. Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the Wisconsin Historical Society, said afterwards that he was one of the two best dinner-table talkers he had ever met; the other he had met also at my table, he said—namely, Richard Malcolm Johnston. On that visit Dr. Hoss was entertained at dinner at Dr. Ely's and so charmed this circle that next day a bevy of ladies called at my house to hear him talk more.

Just when we grew to be warm friends I cannot say, but I recall now, as I do few things in my past life, the time when my wife said to me one day just after he had gone: "He loves you." And when some time afterwards, as she lay dead in the next room, he came in, put his arms around me and said with unmistakable feeling, "My dear brother!" I got comfort as perhaps from nothing else that day. There had been one occasion before that when he had done just the right thing to win me. One Sunday morning before I was dressed there was a ring at the bell, and I went in dressing gown to the door. It was Dr. Hoss, who impulsively grasped my hand. "Come out here; I have just read something so good that I can't keep it from you." Then he sat down in the delightful summer air on a bench under a magnolia, and he read it to me. A man that shares his mental finds with me in that fashion knows instinctively the near way to my heart.

Perhaps I disappointed him in some things at first. Shortly after he came to Vanderbilt, while leading at Wesley Hall prayer meeting on Friday evening, he called on me to lead in prayer. Taken by surprise, I did the best I could; but it must have been as evident to him as to everyone else that, whatever my gift might be, it was not that. But some time later he called on me to speak on some question at a missionary prayer meeting, and then I arose and quietly remarked: "Dr. Hoss has asked me once to pray, now to speak; I suggest that next time he call on me to sing. I can do that quite as well as the other two." He saw both the fun of the

situation (I can't sing a note) as well as the truth of it, and left me in peace on that score afterwards.

When he left the chair of Church history at Vanderbilt for the tripod in the Publishing House (1890), except for the fact that his residence was farther removed, our growing intimacy suffered no check. He knew that I liked to write, and he continued as editor the same hospitality toward me that good Dr. Fitzgerald had always shown, and he seemed to know that the best way to make me do my best was to praise me a little. For example, October 1, 1896, he said: "Send along that other article and anything else that may be brewing in your mind. Your 'Entering College' has gone the rounds. A man that can write so well ought to write a great deal more." A few days later (October 17) he said: "Many thanks for the excellent sketch of Dr. Garland. It will go in promptly and will be read widely in every part of the Church. You seem to have a distinct gift for doing that sort of work, and you ought to cultivate it. The oftener you let me hear from you for the *Advocate*, the better I shall be pleased."

I had carried the memorial article on my friend Dr. Baskervill in my head and heart for many months before committing it to paper and was naturally pleased at Dr. Hoss's commendation: "Your very fine article on Dr. Baskervill is in this week's *Advocate* (October 25, 1900). . . . My first thought on reading your article was: 'The man who can write in this style ought to write a great deal more.' But then I said to myself: 'Perhaps it is only those who do not write so much that can write so well.' There must be time for brooding. Did I ever tell you what Bishop Keener said to me when I was elected editor? 'No man is fit to be an editor who cannot take an empty churn and a dasher and make ten pounds of good butter.' Alas, alas! I have often wielded the dasher while the empty churn resounded with noise, but the butter has refused to come."

The next letter I have before me is his reply to my congratulations on his election as bishop: "There is no man whose good opinion I prize more highly than yours, for I know both that you speak sincerely and that you know the force and carrying power of your words. For a long, long time I have had you hidden in my heart. It was not in me to do anything halfway, and I have committed to you my affection without the least reserve. My election to the episcopacy does not elate me in the least, though the fact of my being chosen by the largest majority that any man ever received on the first ballot in our Church is, of course, gratifying. Whether a man can learn a new trade after he is fifty-odd years of age is by no means certain. My feeling on the subject

is one of great diffidence. But I shall do the best I can and trust in God to take care of the consequences."

The next letter (March 25, 1903) reveals his love of nature: "I do love God's out of doors and above all material things his mountains. They are so steadfast, so serene, so typical of all high and noble qualities. If I had time I should like to write a little book about them—a very little book. But what can one do who is always on the run? Don't think I am complaining at my lot. On the whole and in the aggregate, I suspect that it is best for me to be perpetually busy with some sort of drudgery. My deliberate conviction is that God has always given me plenty to do in order to keep me from playing the fool. Who of us is there that would not play the fool if he could only have his own way? . . . There is scarcely a day but I think of you and always with admiration and affection. May the good Father, in whom we must believe or else die of heartbreak, deal very gently with you and yours in everything!"

A letter of December 27, 1909, gives a delightful glimpse of him as a reader and of the comfort he got from good books: "Last summer the doctors made me stay in two or three months. Of course I could not stay still and do nothing all of that time. So I did a world of reading, the most of which, if you will play the part of father confessor and let me acknowledge it, was not theological. I have gone through Thackeray again and again and have read the most of Balzac, though it was frequently necessary for me to hold my nose in doing so. Boswell's 'Johnson' yielded me lots of pleasure. I have struck new veins in Robert Burns. . . . Have you lately tried 'The Heart of Midlothian'? The last time I went over it I got a fresh sense of the majestic purity of Scott's genius. He handles the most delicate aspects of social life and deals with the most flagrant of human sins, yet always so as to give one a piteous horror of all wrongdoing. Of course I have kept at my Greek Testament. I should wither up without it."

On September 1, 1911, he wrote me one of his best letters: "You can hardly have any conception how much good it does me to hear from you. I shall soon be sixty-three years old, and I do not form new friendships with the same facility as in former years; and, besides, 'No man having drunk old wine straightway desireth new, for he saith the old is better.' The recollection of all our associations is one of the holy things in my life. Lawyers occasionally use the phrase 'incorporeal hereditaments.' It is a very apt phrase. There are some things which never take on bodily or tangible form, but are nevertheless very real and very precious. . . . During the summer I have been very busy, but have found time

to read Shakespeare a good deal and have also gone very carefully through Edmund Burke's 'French Revolution.' The opulence of his intellect is a constant amazement to me. Of course I have done a great deal of miscellaneous reading. Somehow or other I cannot get along without it. As I grow older I become more and more thankful for the fact that I have been all my life a lover of books. Next to men, they are the best things in the world."

The last letter I ever received from him was the tenderest (September 6, 1912): "Your most gracious and welcome letter of September 1 did not reach me until two days ago; else it should have had a much earlier answer. I have read every line of it twice or thrice, and today I read it aloud to Sessler. It will go where it belongs, into the family archives. Never was a message of friendship more gladly hailed. I read several of your letters as they came out in the *Nashville Advocate* and intended to write and tell you how much I enjoyed them; but my stroke came, and for a while I was forbidden to write at all. The news that you are once more in a normal condition gives me intense satisfaction. God grant you increasing health and strength and the full realization of all your hopes concerning a serene old age under Italian skies, though it is certain that sooner or later you will weary of even Italy and long to be back in the hill country of upper Carolina."

After describing his attack of illness he said the doctors "assured me that I could not go to any sort of work for six months without risking my life. That of course was not agreeable information, but I accepted it as courageously as possible. To a man who has made a conscience of work for forty-five years it is rather disconcerting to be ordered to keep quiet. Sessler's presence was a great joy to me. No one could have been gentler. After a few days at Muskogee he brought me here (Tate Springs), where we have been two weeks; and he will not leave me while I have any need of him. Beyond doubt I am improving, though very slowly. My throat and voice are still sadly out of repair, and my nerves play me now and then very disagreeable tricks. I am doing my best to be utterly idle and utterly useless; but that doesn't keep me from having two blessed hours a day with my Greek Testament and a turn at a few other things. I may not get well. There may come a slow disintegration of the nerve centers. God knows best. My only prayer is not to lose my grip on myself and become a cross and sour old man. I am full of love to all my friends and of gratitude to Almighty God. 'Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' . . . With undying affection, your friend,
E. E. Hoss."

III

The body of Bishop Hoss rested beside that of his wife at Muskogee until 1924. Both he and Mrs. Hoss had often expressed the wish that they might rest in the soil of their native land. Dr. Sessler Hoss had died two years after his father's death. Arrangements for the removal of their bodies to Tennessee was made by their son, Embree E. Hoss, Jr., then living in Memphis.

They were reinterred at Jonesboro on April 12, 1924. Here they rest in a plot in which direct ancestors have been buried during one hundred and seventy-four years. The John Sevier Chapter, D.A.R., Washington County, were in attendance. Large numbers of the preachers of Holston were present as their great leader was laid to rest in the soil which he loved.

Services were held in the Methodist Church, built by relatives and friends of Bishop Hoss. There he had been baptized; had attended Sunday school as a boy, united with the Church when eleven years old; there he was licensed to preach at seventeen; and there, at twenty, had become pastor and, after preaching his first sermon, had taken his own father into the Church.

Bishop Denny had come from Richmond for the occasion; and delivered the Memorial Address, from which several paragraphs are given:

We do well to bring them back to the land of their birth, to the home their fathers won from savage Indian and foreign foe, to the commonwealth those fathers made possible and then made great, to the land they loved and on which their memories dwelt with a tenderness that glowed with light undimmed, to the murmur of these streams whose music they first heard, to these mountains lit with stars by night, so often by day a very pillar of cloud. Here above all other places they can most fittingly await the resurrection of the just.

Bishop Hoss was gifted with the power to love, and for his beautiful wife he spent that love lavishly. Never can this speaker forget his first letter from that manly lover, nor the first sight of that wife as she alighted from the train in a little valley town on her way into the mountains. She looked like a queen, and her laugh showed her appreciation of the thoughtfulness of her husband in asking the Methodist pastor to meet her and offer

assistance. His love for her never waned, but rather grew greater and ever more tender with the passing years.

But his capacity for love—his shining characteristic—was not confined to wife and children and even distant kindred. He loved all men, and since true love always serves, he gave means and personal service through his whole life to the utmost and without stint. Nor from those who did him ill did he withhold his love. As he had opportunity to them he was solicitous to do good. His magnanimity was as unbounded as it was magnificent. Not with strain was such service given. His service to them was natural and seasoned with the salt of grace. He gave, not in a manner to humiliate the recipient, but as a favor to himself.

Love attracts love. Bishop Hoss was loved widely and truly loved. His brethren delighted to put him forward, they were proud to put him forward. The many and honorable and important positions he filled are a testimony to the love in which he was held, as well as to his unusual ability and his mental and moral endowment. Who can wonder that such a man had followers, many of them?

Not with hooks of steel, but with cords of love he drew men to him and bound them. He wrought into man's heart a way by love; that wakened love to answer that which came.

He was born a genius. How shall we limn his life? The features are a multitude and the time is short. Genius, like the wind, bloweth where it listeth, and when Embree Hoss was born it blew a gale. In mind he was a marvel. His memory was accurate and tenacious, it was like wax to receive and like marble to retain. In apprehension he, like the Gadites who came to David in the hold, was as swift as the roe upon the mountains. In comprehension he was like a well-ordered army, without stragglers. In wit he was as bright and pure and clean as one of these near-by rushing mountain streams. In the instant command of his resources he was like a well-equipped plant, all the machinery of which started by the touch of an electric button.

Let us adapt a sentence applied to the great Scotch preacher, Dr. Robert S. Candlish. Bishop Hoss was hot-tempered and warm-hearted, logical and impulsive, a confident leader of men and singularly disinterested and unworldly where his own interests were concerned, unsparing of his own strength and careful of the health of others. Moreover, for a man of his ability and knowledge of human nature he was singularly unsuspicious. With evident reluctance he gave up his confidence in those he knew and trusted. His faith in them gave way not at the first crack

in the enamel, but only when the break was too evident to be denied. At the first opportunity, in answer to the first sign of sorrow, he eagerly restored them to his confidence. He hoped for the best even from the worst.

In his boyhood, those terrible so-called days of reconstruction, few students in the South had the best educational advantages, yet out of his small college he came in mental training and in wide knowledge as well equipped as if his opportunities had been unlimited. He learned how to study, and he learned to love and value study. He knew that "gold and your own blood will not buy back lost time." All his life he was a student. He knew how to combine an undimmed interest in the ethical and spiritual with an absorbing love of the best literature. He was a rapid and ravenous reader, yet he was not a glutton without power to assimilate what he read.

He was a giant among the preachers. Who ever doubted his independence or his courage? He did not believe that to be a Christian preacher it was necessary to be a weakling. Of him it could be said with exact truth that "He would not ingratiate himself," he had not a trace of that insincerity which is perhaps the class sin of clergymen. He neither could nor would be all things to all men; he never said or did anything because it was desired or expected, no matter by whom, that he should say or do it. "He tried to live by the measure of his Lord, and his heart knew no fear of man nor fawned to gain man's favor." The only popularity which he craved was the popularity that followed not that which was sought after.

To have known him was a privilege, to have been his intimate friend was a responsibility and a joy. "Nothing in this life is so enriching and so ennobling as to know intimately, and to love devotedly, a truly great and a truly good man; such as by the grace of God to him and to us," was Embree Hoss.

We leave their bodies here, but we carry our memories of them with us till we meet them in the presence of God.

IV

At the Centennial Celebration of Holston Conference, at Knoxville, in 1924, a committee was appointed to arrange for the erection of a suitable monument at the grave of Bishop Hoss. Careful attention was given to this matter, the entire Conference giving hearty support; and the monument was ready for unveiling at the session of the Conference, held at Johnson City, in 1926.

MEMORIA

On Friday, October 8, at 2:30 P.M., the Conference attending in a body, the unveiling ceremonies were observed. Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Hoss, Jr., and their son, E. E. Hoss, III, Mrs. Mary Hoss Headman and her two children, Francis and Miss Embree Hoss Headman, were present. The ceremonial act of unveiling was performed by Miss Embree Hoss Headman, granddaughter of Bishop Hoss.

Bishop Horace M. Du Bose, long-time friend of Bishop Hoss and Bishop-in-charge of the Holston Conference, made the address, from which some extracts are given:

It takes a thousand years to make a man; a thousand years of human passion, human intellection, and human activity. The tides of life, thus impelled, break, at last, in potential being and leave a man of mastery at the feet of the generations. Bishop Hoss was a man of the ages; a product of the larger life and mind of the world. The mental powers of Bishop Hoss would be accounted extraordinary in any age or record of history. Hellenic in its fine enclosing mold, Roman in its logical sturdiness, Bactrian in its wisdom, and Hebrew in its reverence, his mind partook of the qualities of completeness and finality. The originality of his thought was pronounced; his speech was lucidly clear, and his words were always unmistakable as to their meaning. He matched the golden soul of truth with living forms, and expressed the ideals of the living day in terms of classic grace. His public utterances were as truly in accord with his private convictions as sunlight is in agreement with the light of the stars. He was also in an attitude of constant harmony with himself; and that self was no less in constant harmony with the demands of uprightness and honor.

Bishop Hoss richly earned in his representative service of the Church the title of "Foreign Minister of Methodism." To an extent which has fallen to no other man in our Church, he was made the official spokesman of the connection to the great Methodist bodies of the world. In England, in Ireland, in the Dominion of Canada, in the commonwealths of Australia, as also to sister bodies on this continent, he bore to the people called Methodists the official greetings of our household. The record of these services is, together with his name, forever enshrined in our grateful memory.

As preacher and educator Bishop Hoss rounded out a full life of activity and brought to each of these offices the idea of unflinching

service. Threescore and ten years were the measure of his pilgrimage, and they were years of strength and majesty to the end. His career and messages as a preacher were determined by his own religious experience. He was first of all a man; and into the consciousness of that manhood the Spirit brought a lifelong testimony of action and devotion. His processes were genuinely, unfailingly spiritual, and his preaching partook of the power of this spirituality. His themes were Christ, His works, His power in salvation, and the life of the Spirit which expresses the Kingdom of Christ among men. Many preachers of this generation who heard his remarkable and grasping discourses on such subjects as "What Think Ye of Christ?" and on the "Messianic Lordship" will profit from it in their experience in preaching to the end of their commission.

As a preacher Bishop Hoss was not less individualistic than in other matters. In the pulpit he ranked with the foremost men of his age; and while he knew the literature and the science of preaching, he followed rather the native and inspired impulses of his own mind. Perhaps it may be said that so many sound rules of preaching were observed by him that he was tied up to no single one. Exposition, forensic action, illustration, literary and historical citations, exhortation, judgment and correction entered into his pulpit utterances. Oftentimes these rose to heights of eloquence and power; but whatever the altitude of utterance there was always the ground level of exact teaching, Scripture relationship, and the consciousness of a personally received and a personally delivered gospel.

The Church's memory of this, its great servant, is equally happy with reference to each of the offices in which he was employed; but the recollection of his episcopal ministries are peculiarly blessed and happy. In the episcopal office, to which he was elected by the General Conference of 1902, Bishop Hoss employed the fullness of his strength in serving the Church. He was tireless in travel and labors. He fairly covered the territory of the connection in his preaching and speaking tours, and was known by face to a vast multitude of our people. As an administrator, he was brotherly, considerate, and open to the approach of the humblest of his fellow-workers. He was loved and idolized by thousands, and as must have been the case with one of his strong and positive nature, he was not without the adverse judgment of others. But none ever rose up to question the lofty purpose of his soul nor the unchangeable integrity of his walk.

The Memorial, erected by Holston Conference, at the graves

MEMORIA

of Bishop and Mrs. Hoss, is a simple but beautiful granite monument, with coping around the square; at the head is a solid granite block, flanked by short, square columns graven with Greek crosses; each grave is covered by a granite ledger. The headstone bears the inscription:

IN LOVING MEMORY
OF
ELIJAH EMBREE HOSS
SCHOLAR, TEACHER, EDITOR, BISHOP
A PREACHER OF THE WORD OF GOD
A GREAT CHRISTIAN GENTLEMAN AND LEADER
IN GRATEFUL RECOGNITION OF HIS FAITHFUL
SERVICE THIS MEMORIAL IS ERECTED BY E. E. HOSS, JR.
AND PEOPLE OF THE HOLSTON CONFERENCE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH
A.D. 1926

On the base is the following quotation from Kipling:

“Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in faith and fame;
Whom neither ease nor honors moved
A hair's breadth from his aim.”



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